

SARTAIN'S
UNION MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE & ART.

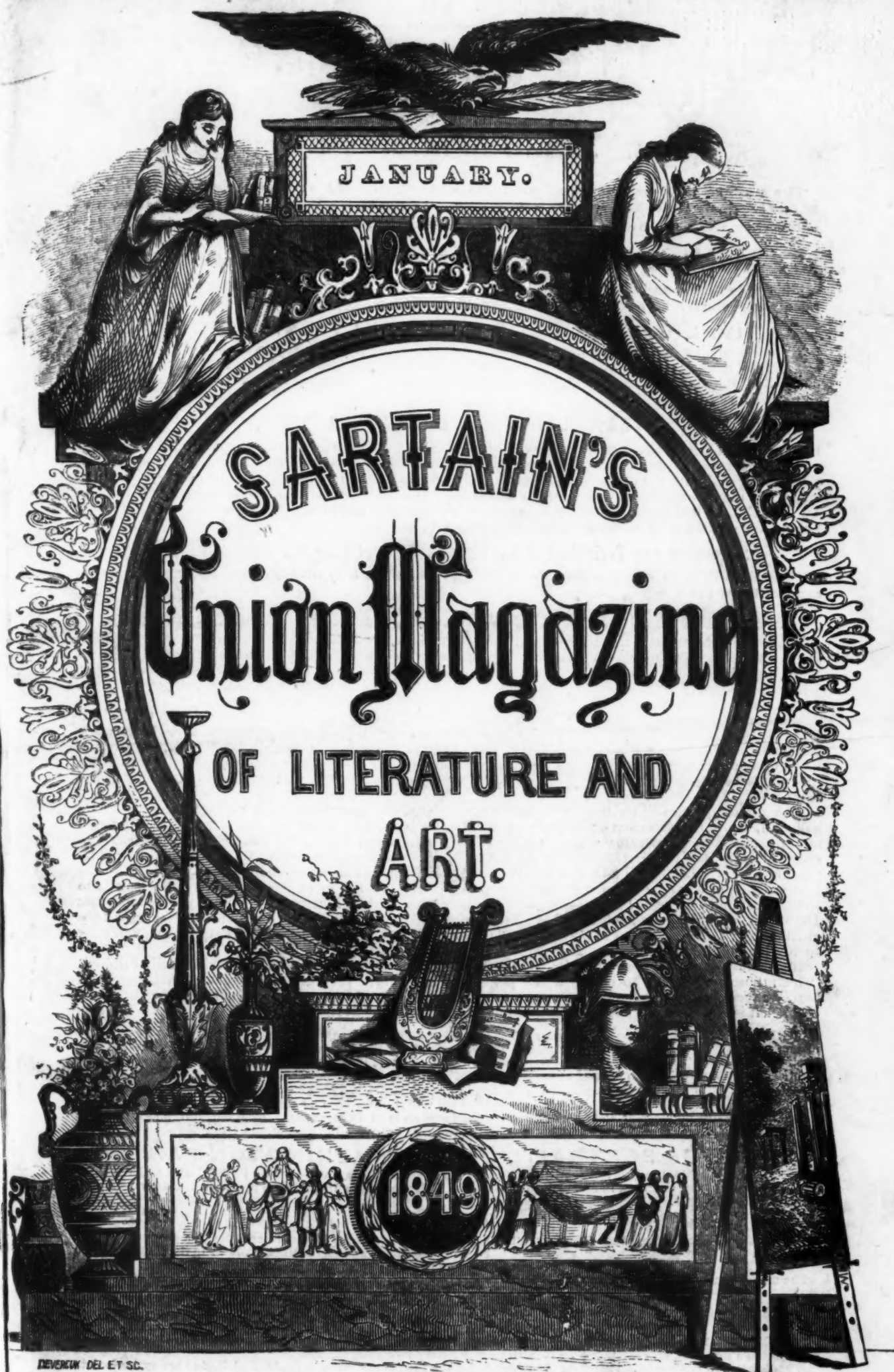
1849.



Liberty introducing the Arts to America.

Vol 4
MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND,
PROFESSOR JOHN S. HART, } Editors.

Proprietors. { JOHN SARTAIN,
WILLIAM SLOANAKER.



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GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO A READING PUBLIC!

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE

OF LITERATURE AND ART.

MRS. CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND AND PROFESSOR JOHN S. HART, EDITORS.

The undersigned having purchased the subscription list and good will of the UNION MAGAZINE of New York, have removed the Office of Publication to Philadelphia, and commence with the number for January, 1849, under the title of

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

This Magazine was begun in July, 1847, and during the brief period of its existence, has risen so rapidly in public favour, as to have become already a firmly established

RIVAL OF THE OLDER MONTHLY PERIODICALS.

Notwithstanding its success under the management of its former proprietors, its future publishers feel confident of making it far more desirable still, by the intended improvements which their superior facilities will enable them to command. Besides the varied and occasional embellishments, the work will contain, every month,

TWO HIGHLY-FINISHED MEZZOTINTO STEEL PLATES,

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Surpassing any Periodical of the class now issued from the American Press.

Their aim will be to furnish a Monthly Miscellany, that is not only lively and entertaining, but useful and instructive; in which

DOMESTIC HOME TALES AND SKETCHES,

calculated to elevate the moral and intellectual faculties, shall be substituted for the namby-pamby articles which occupy so large a space in the popular periodicals of the day. In short,—the pages of SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE will be such as *no parent will hesitate to place in the hands of a rising family*: while in the quality and character of the embellishments, it will be made to DISTANCE ALL COMPETITION. It will be emphatically a FAMILY MAGAZINE, and of the most attractive form.

The contents of each number will be original, and consist of articles in prose and verse, by AUTHORS OF ESTABLISHED REPUTATION. The Critical Department will be conducted with the greatest care and impartiality; and while personality and needless satire will be sedulously avoided, opinions of merit or demerit will be candidly and fearlessly expressed. There will be also a monthly record of all that is interesting to lovers of the Fine Arts, respecting the progress of Art and Artists throughout the country.

The utmost pains will be bestowed on the engravings, not only to furnish plates executed with care and skill, but in the selection of subjects, to adopt such as from their dignity and importance command attention, or from their beauty and artistic excellence, attract and charm. They will consist of transcripts, either of HISTORICAL OR SCRIPTURAL PICTURES of unquestionable merit, or of original paintings by CELEBRATED AMERICAN PAINTERS, and occasionally of compositions by the best artists, made expressly for the work. Portraits of remarkable or eminent persons will also add to the interest and variety of the series, together with free and spirited illustrative etchings. In the COSTUME DEPARTMENT (which now appears to have become an indispensable adjunct to a Monthly Magazine,) we shall present *Coloured Plates of the Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter Fashions*, in a style no way inferior to anything of the kind now published.

In conclusion, we beg leave to state, that every promise made will be faithfully and literally fulfilled, (which those accustomed to compare the performances with the promises of Magazine publishers will hardly expect,)—that the first number of a volume will be found to be always a fair specimen of every other that is to follow, except in its possessing a beautifully engraved Title Page.

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SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1849.

No. 1.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE ANGEL TO THE SHEPHERDS.

(See Engraving.)

BY THE REV. ALBERT BARNES.

And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—*Luke ii. 8-14.*

THE angel came to announce the birth of the Saviour. We may suppose that the night was calm. The flocks were lying quietly around; the shepherds were awake to guard them from danger. The stars shone brightly above them, and nature was still. To men in the situation of the shepherds, it was not an unnatural employment to contemplate the heavens—to observe the stars as they moved on in their silent and majestic course—to observe when a new star arose, and when one which they had watched, sank into the west—to mark the place of the planets, as compared with their situation in former times—to follow in their slow circuit, those that travelled round the pole—to fancy the stars grouped into figures of animals and men—to inquire what these wandering fires were, and what they might reveal of God—and to lift their thoughts in speechless, but sublime devotion, to Him who made them all. This was an old employment for men occupied as they were—for it was in this way that the study of astronomy began on the plains of Chaldea.

To them, thus engaged in the silent contemplation of the heavens, and perchance as pious Jews, when watching the course of some bright star, meditating on the predicted time when 'a star should arise out of Jacob,' an angel suddenly appeared. Perhaps they saw a light in the distance which they took to be a new star. Perhaps, dim at first, it gradually brightened and expanded.

Perhaps it took the obscure form of a celestial being, and as it drew nearer, the form became more distinct; the light became more intense; the stars faded away in the increasing brightness; the celestial visitant hovered over them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.

The visits of angels to our world have been said to be 'few and far between.' Yet these dwellers in higher worlds *have* come down from time to time to the earth, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that they would come. What is more natural than to suppose, that, as benevolent beings, they would feel a special interest in any manifestation of the character and purposes of the Deity, relating to the wretched, to the sinful, to the lost, to those who are exposed to danger? If there is a race that is fallen, and that may be recovered; if there is a class that is, in human language, *unfortunate*, and that may be aided; if there are those who are exposed to the malicious arts of beings superior to themselves in skill and power, and that may be defended; and if, in behalf of such sufferers and wanderers, there is any manifestation of kindness on the part of the Deity, and any service which they can render in executing his purposes of benevolence, it is to be presumed that they would be ready to show their interest in such a race. This is the characteristic of a holy mind—for it is its very nature to pity the wandering, to sympathise with those that

suffer, and to hasten to the relief of those who are in danger.

And this accords with all that we know of the angels. In vision, Jacob saw them ascending and descending on a ladder which reached from earth to heaven, and the Saviour said that, in like manner, they would be seen ascending and descending on the Son of Man; thousands and tens of thousands accompanied the God of Israel when he came down on the holy mount to give law; they accompanied the Redeemer in his goings, singing his advent in Bethlehem, meeting him when tempted in the wilderness, strengthening his human nature when exhausted in the garden of Gethsemane, watching his tomb when he rose, and announcing to his sad and dejected disciples, the fact that he had ascended to heaven. They bore the departing Lazarus up to Abraham's bosom, and they 'come forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.' 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them who fear him, and delivereth them;' an angel announced to the shepherds that a Saviour was born.

What interest, it may be asked, had the angels in this? Two answers may be given to this question.

1st. They had the interest which results from the fact that they desire to learn all of God and of his ways which can be learned. The birth of a Saviour for man was an important event even to the inhabitants of heaven. It was a new manifestation of the divine character, purposes, and plans. It could not but have an important bearing on the divine government. It had relation to the salvation of a fallen race. It was somehow connected with the manifestation of mercy; with a disclosure of the method by which sinners may be saved; with the question how the law of God could be maintained, while the sinner was forgiven; with the glory that should result to God from the incarnation and atonement.

It is with reference to these things that they come down to our world. It is not to admire the magnitude of our earth that they visit it—for it is among the least of the worlds which the Almighty has made. It is not to contemplate the height of our mountains, the sublimity of our waterfalls, the length and grandeur of our rivers, the beauty of our vallies and prairies, the fragrance of our flowers, the awfulness of the tempest, the majesty of the ocean, or the splendor of the sky at night, that they come, for in all these respects there is reason to suppose that the wonders of other worlds far surpass ours. It is not to admire our works of art, our architecture, sculpture, or painting; not to study our books of science, poetry, or devotion; not to hang enraptured on the lips of our orators; not to follow with applause our heroes to the field of carnage, or to welcome back the conqueror laden with the spoils of victory, for however these things may appear to mortals, they can have little to interest angelic minds. Nor in all the accounts

which we have of the visitations of those celestial beings to our earth, is there an intimation that they have turned aside from their high purpose of mercy to admire what man has reared, or what he regards as so magnificent and wonderful. Have they come to visit the pyramids, the Mausoleum, the Parthenon, the Coliseum, the works of Phidias, of Rubens, of Canova? Have they lingered with delight around Marathon, or Leuctra, or Pharsalia, or Waterloo? No. They have come to learn not what man can do in his works of art, in his prowess in battle, or his eloquence in the forum, but what God does for his salvation.

2nd. They had the interest which results from benevolence. It was not that they were to be personally benefitted by the advent of the Redeemer to our world—for they were holy, and had no need of redemption. It was not that they could carry the glad tidings to any of their own race who had fallen—for the redemption was not to be provided for those of angelic rank fallen into sin:—it was because they felt a sympathy for the wants and errors of suffering man. It was just that which warms the heart of benevolence everywhere when glad tidings can be conveyed to the suffering and the sad.

The fact which the angel came to announce was the birth of a Savior. It was not the birth of a hero, to go forth at the head of armies to subdue the nations; it was not the birth of a prince, to occupy in splendor a hereditary throne; it was not the birth of a philosopher, to enrol his name with those of the sages of the world; it was not that of a founder of kingdoms, to record his name by the side of those who founded Assyria and Babylon:—it was the birth of him who was for ever to occupy the lonely pre-eminence of being a Savior of lost men. Humble in the circumstances of his birth; of a poor and unhonored family; with none to usher in his appearing with worldly pomp and grandeur, he was yet to occupy a throne more magnificent than that of David and Solomon, and to reign over an empire infinitely more far-spread and enduring than that of Semiramis, of Cyrus, or of the Cæsars.

It may be asked why the angel came to make this announcement to *shepherds*? Two answers may be given to this question. *Perhaps* it was that there might be brought to remembrance the beautiful prophecies which spoke of him as a shepherd—"he shall feed his flock as a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his bosom." *Perhaps*, as the shepherds belonged to an humble class, to intimate that the "glad tidings" of salvation would find its friends first among those of that class. At his first appearing, therefore, it was shown by the message which announced his advent that his gospel was not designed primarily, or mainly, or exclusively for kings and nobles, but that it made its way down to humble ranks, to be welcomed by them, and to raise them up to be "kings and priests unto God."



ENGRAVED BY J. CARTAIN THE ORIGINAL BY W. H. PAGE.

THE STATE AND PEOPLE

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

LIBERTY INTRODUCING SCIENCE AND THE ARTS TO THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

(See Title Page.)

BY PROF. JAMES RHOADS.

WHILE yet, unbroken, frowned her ancient woods,
And on, untamed, majestic rolled her floods;
Before the bold Italian dared to urge
His faltering barks to startled nature's verge;
Tired of the petty strife of kings and lords,
Of blood-stained glory won by venal swords—
Deserting Europe's earth-tied, willing slaves,
Thy spirit, Liberty, o'erleaped the waves,
With bounding step alighted on the strand,
And met the Genius of her chosen land.
"Hail young America," with joy she cried,
"Thy land shall be my hope, my home, my pride.
Where I myself, there too my children dwell—
Arts, and their sister Science,—guard them well:
Thy mountain peaks do not more proudly rise,
Than shall thy sons before the nation's eyes;
Not richer treasures in thy hills are stored,
Than shall their heaven-directed thought afford.
Science shall till thy fields, shall read thy skies,
And bid unnumbered votaries arise,
Whose deep researches into Nature's laws
Shall wake the world to wonder and applause.
But not alone in mighty minds shall burn
The fires of truth,—the poorest hind shall learn:
Thy proud, peculiar glory it shall be,
All minds shall flourish, where all men are free.
While thus fair Science shall thy land illumine,
And start each flower of knowledge into bloom,
Brown Art shall gather guidance from her lore,
And triumph where he feared to tread before.
Rivers shall leave their beds at his command,
To flow submissive to his leading hand;
The crazy cataract to toil shall bend,
And its vast energies to aid him lend.
The very vapours, e'er they melt away,
Shall pause awhile his mandate to obey,
And trained to harness in his iron car,
His burdens bear with rushing speed afar;
Or, bound to service on the ocean wide,
Bear on his ships, unheeding wind or tide.

E'en red-tongued lightnings, curbed with steady hand,
Shall learn to execute his stern command;
Submissive grown, to distant cities bear
His simplest wishes, and record them there.
Meanwhile, to cheer and purify the heart,
The fairer brother shall perform his part;
Wake gentle pity with his flute's soft strains,
Till man his primal innocence regains;
To mutual love and confidence incite,
Till all thy sons in harmony unite.
Should War's wild trumpet sound its dread alarm,
His "golden lyre" the patriot soul shall warm,
Each slumbering arm arouse to mighty deed,
And bid each maiden pray, each warrior bleed:
High-souled resolve in every breast inspire,
And even the timid stir with martial fire:
Oppression's power shall falter, tyrants fail,
And bright-eyed peace and heaven-born right prevail.
Then shall remembered deeds of fearful strife
Quicken his painter pencil into life;—
From brow and eye, from bearing still and stern,
Thy youth the hero's sentiment shall learn.
The speaking canvass then shall learn to glow
With every passion given to man below,
From love to pride, in kindred beauty seen,
Like Donna Alda and Evangeline;—
Or give his sculptor chisel taste and tone,
That form and warmth may dwell in blocks of stone.
To loosen then the high strung mental chords,
The Poet breathes his tender thoughts and words:
With plaintive verses moves the willing heart,
And urges sympathy in tears to start.
Oh, if the angels round the heavenly throne
One thought of earth or earthly feeling own,
It is when human hearts are taught to bleed
At human sufferings and a brother's need.
Thy minstrel's triumphs on all other themes,
On beauty's fragrance and ambition's dreams,
On all the glories I have shadowed forth,
Time shall display, and thou shalt know their worth."

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

(See Engraving.)

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

A MOTHER prayed with her heart alone,
For her lips made ne'er a sound:
The angels came in her darkened room,
And waved their wings around.

"Oh Lord," she prayed—"Thou Lord of might,
Oh, grant my darling Fame,
Among the nobles of the world,
To wear the noblest name.

"A name whose glory waxeth bright,
With still increasing fire;
A name to stand while ages pass,
And make a world admire:—
Oh, may there be some spirit near,
My soul's high wish to bear—"
But the angels stood with drooping wings,
Nor moved to waft her prayer.

"Oh God," she prayed, "thou Infinite,
Oh, grant my darling power;
The might of soul that sways a host,
As the fierce wind sways a shower:
And may there be some spirit near
My fervent wish to bear"—
But the steadfast angels sadly stood,
Nor moved to waft her prayer.

"Oh God, who art all Beautiful,
Oh, make my darling fair;
That he may still from life draw love,
Life's essence sweet and rare.

So every heart shall be a harp,
Beneath his touch to sound."
But the shuddering angels sadly stood,
And drooped their wings around.

"But if," she prayed, "thou God of love,
He may not grasp at fame,
Oh, grant him strength to face serene
A cold world's cruel blame.
And if he shrink from earthly power,
Nor aim to sway the time,
Gird thou his soul to cope with sin—
A conqueror sublime.

"And should he sometime fail to strike
Each heart to love's great tone,
Oh, may he tune to seraph height
The music of his own.
Now may there be some spirit near
My humble wish to bear."
The angels rose on rushing wings,
And bore to God her prayer.

"TOO LATE."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A STORM without a cloud!
A sweeping whirlwind woke!
And Europe's wariest monarch bowed,
And Gallia's sceptre broke,
While Paris, with a maniac shout,
Exulting rent the sky,
And throngs, in frantic zeal embraced,
They scarcely knew for why.

France, in her halls of power,
A gathering conclave eyed,
Elated with her sudden deed
Of wonder and of pride,—
While one,* who mused amid the stars,
And one,† who held more dear
The poet's thrilling reverie, poured
Strong counsel in her ear.

But, as a fleeting dream
Doth shift its chart of flame,
Strangely, to that tumultuous scene
A mournful woman came;
The widow's sable wrapped her form,
As one estranged from joy,
Yet graceful, with a mother's care
She led a princely boy.‡

Bright was his sunny brow,
Though bearded warriors frowned,
And strong in childhood's innocence
He fearless gazed around,—
While, gathering courage from the hour
Of trial and of dread,

* Arago.

† Lamartine.

‡ After the revolution of 1847, a strong sensation was produced in the National Assembly by the appearance there of the Duchess of Orleans, leading the young Count of Paris, and asking for him the throne of France.

She claimed for him that father's throne,
Who slumbered with the dead.

A hush!—as when the sea
Its stormiest wave hath borne,
And the old, seamed and riven rocks
Await its dire return,
In breathless silence of the soul
Each listener bent his head,
For France with trembling pulse stood still,
In syncope of dread.

A moment since, she deemed
In ecstasy divine,
Her grasp was on the altar-horns
Of Freedom's glorious shrine:
What should she do?—relapse?—relent?
Bewildered and amazed,
Almost to penitence she turned,
As on that child she gazed.

Then, from a deep recess,
Pealed forth the voice of fate,
Quelling that agony of doubt,
With the strong tones,—"*Too late!*"
"*Too late!*"—These cabalistic words
The threatening billow swayed,
And Bourbon's throneless dynasty
Passed—like an empty shade.

"*Too late!*"—those sounds of woe,
Alas, have sometimes hung,
Amid the parting gasp and groan,
Upon the quivering tongue—
Death hath no other pang so keen,
Though all his terrors roll—
The knell of life for ever lost,
The funeral of the soul.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

A LOVE TALE I offer, reader, which owes little to the embellishment of fancy; it is a simple fragment of the romance of real life, and will interest you, for the sake of the artist to whom it was the controlling incident of his destiny.

The scene was the parlor of a large old fashioned mansion, in — street, Philadelphia, elegantly furnished in the style usual in houses of the wealthy, some eighty years ago, when the city, now so flourishing, was little more than a large village. The occupants of the apartment were a young girl, and a gentleman much older, whose resemblance to his fair companion, notwithstanding a strength bordering on hardness that marked his lineaments—bespoke near relationship. The maiden's beauty was of that soft and touching kind, which, exquisite as it is, wins gradually upon the heart, rather than strikes the sense like that of the more dazzling order. Her dark brown hair was parted in waves over a low white forehead, and her complexion was of that clear paleness which better interprets the varying phases of feeling than a more brilliant color. Her eyes were dark gray, and so shadowed by thick and long lashes, that they seemed black in the imperfect light; her small mouth was "a rose bud cleft," but the slight compression of the lips betokened determination and strength of will. The features were classic in their regularity, and the superb curve of the neck, and the rounding of the shoulders would have enchanted a statuary. Her attitude of dejection, the drooping lids on which trembled the unshed tears, and the heightened tinge in her cheeks, showed that she was agitated by painful thoughts; while the frown on her brother's brow, and his hasty, irregular step, as he paced the room, bore equal evidence that his displeasure had caused her sorrow. There had been words between them, such as should not pass between those so near in blood—especially when the brother is the sole support in life to which the orphaned sister may cling.

Mr. Shewell, for that was his name, continued to pace the apartment, while his young sister wiped away at intervals the tears that stole silently down her cheeks. Suddenly he stopped before her, and said, with a sternness his effort to speak mildly could not overcome:

"Once for all, I ask, will you do as I wish, Elizabeth?"

"I cannot, brother," she answered, looking up.

"I cannot consent to marry one whom I could never love. I have told Mr. ——— so, and his application to you after knowing my decision, does not speak well for him?"

"Elizabeth!" said her brother, with a vehemence that startled her. "I will know the reason of this obstinacy. You were not wont to be so—my wish was law to you."

"And so it is—and so it shall be, brother, in all things right. But I cannot do what duty, virtue, religion forbid; I cannot utter false vows of love, nor give my hand where ———"

"No more of this romantic nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Shewell; "your duty is to do as I counsel for your good—your religion is nought—if it teaches disobedience to your natural protector. Mr. ——— is the husband I have chosen for you."

"But I cannot love—and therefore, will not marry him," answered the girl, firmly.

"Will not?"

"No, brother!"

"I'll tell you whom you shall *not* marry, then," cried the brother, angrily. "The beggarly young quaker, on whom you have thrown away your affections. You color—ha! and it is for *him* you have rejected the excellent offers made to you within the last year! Now, listen—Elizabeth, you are not to see, or speak to that rascal of a painter, again! So, you hear me!"

"Brother, I do," was the reply.

"Give me your word that you will never speak to him again."

"I cannot"—she faltered—and a violent burst of tears choked her voice.

"Go to your chamber," cried the brother. "I will take care of you, since you will not take care of yourself. Not a word—but go!" And, as the weeping girl quitted the parlor, Mr. Shewell called the servants, and laid his injunctions upon them, one and all, to refuse admittance to "Ben West," should he ever present himself at the door, and on no account to convey to him any communication from their young mistress, on the penalty of severe punishment.

Elizabeth retired to her chamber, to weep long over her brother's austerity, and to wonder who had betrayed to him the closely kept secret of her love. Her thoughts, after many conjectures, fixed on the right person; it was—it could be no other than the suitor she had rejected, who in the hope

of furthering his own views, had informed Mr. Shewell of her interviews and correspondence with the young artist. How she hated him for this mean betrayal! it would have been a pleasure, for the moment, to pour on him the scorn she felt; but her heart was made for gentler emotions than the desire of vengeance, and her thoughts were soon turned to plans how she might effect a reconciliation between her brother and her plighted lover. As it grew towards dusk, she rose, put on her cloak and hood, and bidding a negress, a faithful slave, attend her, went to the house of a friend where she had been accustomed, of late, to meet the youth to whom she had promised her hand.

The interview of lovers should be sacred from the intrusion of those unconcerned. The world of hope and happiness, or of sadness and apprehension, that lies within their view, is invisible to other eyes. Hours passed ere the two parted; and then it was with lingering words of deep affection—and promises of truth through all the changes and chances that might await them; promises—that, come what might—their faith should be kept inviolate; and that no interference should prevent the fulfilment of their vows, when fortune removed the barrier that now interposed. They parted—to meet no more for long—long years; the boy-artist to his toils—as yet unrewarded by fame or gold—to his dreams of a bright future, and cheerful hopes destined to many a disappointment ere the goal was won; the maiden to her solitary, secluded cherishing of the one dear trust which alone gave life its value; to sorrow and strife and trial, which strengthen and purify faith in the loving heart. It was late before she reached home; and her steps had not been unwatched. The same ungenerous espial had followed her that evening as hitherto; her brother was informed of her visit, and interview with the youth he had forbidden her to see; and in his resentment at what he termed her daring disobedience, he resolved on measures that should subdue her spirit to submission. Elizabeth found herself next day a prisoner in her own apartment. None of the household were allowed to approach the room save the female slave before mentioned; and Mr. Shewell himself gave notice to his sister, that she would be allowed no freedom till she gave the pledge he required—never to hold intercourse with young West. She refused to give the promise, and bore the durance patiently.

Elizabeth Shewell was the daughter of an English gentleman; and having been early left an orphan, was committed to the charge of a wealthy brother, who deemed himself the sole and rightful arbiter of her destiny, and had determined that she should make an advantageous match. Though not naturally an austere man, he possessed a resolution which nothing could bend; it never occurred to him that his gentle and yielding sister could offer opposition to his will, espe-

cially in that wherein he most desired her submission; and when she did show symptoms of having a mind of her own on subjects involving the happiness of her future life—her resistance only strengthened his determination to control her decision. "What does a young girl know about marriage?" was his mental observation; and the conviction that she was incapable of wise judgment, justified, in his opinion, the severe measures he thought fit to adopt, that she might be made happy in spite of herself. The evil of imprudent and unequal marriages was sufficiently obvious to all who had any observation of life; it would be his own fault if he permitted a giddy girl to precipitate herself into ruin. Such, and similar were the reasons by which he quieted conscience, when the pale, sad face of his sister, would utter reproaches more keen than words could have conveyed.

Elizabeth was not inconsolable in her forced seclusion; for the faithful negress was the bearer of many a letter between the separated lovers; and the sadness of absence was cheered by the sweet assurances contained in those folded treasures, of which almost every day brought her another. She trusted and hoped on; for her fond and true heart felt itself strong to overcome all things. She kept, in her spirit's depths, the vow of Adriana—

"In war and peace—in sickness and in health—
In trouble, and danger, and distress—
Through time and through eternity—I'll love thee."

At this period the genius of the youthful painter was hardly known beyond his own neighborhood. It was not long, however, before the knowledge that artist power of no common order was hidden in the quaker lad whose poverty prevented its full development—awakened the interest of a few liberal minded gentlemen in New York and Philadelphia. The productions on which young West had bestowed most labor were purchased by them; and these evidences of his great talent inspired them with a wish to aid him further. His industrious application to the art, to which his life had been consecrated with the prayers and blessings of his parents—enabled him in a few months to realize a sum sufficient, as he thought, for a foundation on which to begin the building of his fortunes; and by the advice and assistance of his patrons, he determined to go and prosecute his studies at Rome; Rome, that inspiration of the artist's soul—that shrine of all that is great and glorious in the world of reality or imagination! The spirit of our hero longed to bathe in that pure bright atmosphere—to rejoice in the creations of the genius of the past; but another impulse, not less fervent, impelled him; for on the success for which he would strive, depended the happiness of the one dear being, for whom he would have sacrificed every other hope and aspiration.

Elizabeth shed tears of mingled joy and grief over the farewell letter of her betrothed. In it were portrayed his wishes, his aims, his plans; the

warm coloring of youthful hope was shed over his vision of the future, and he claimed her promise of unchangeable love—the guiding star of his life—the reward of all his toils. How bright seemed the prospect; and how dimly were discerned the clouds and storms that might soon overshadow it!

In the year 1760 West sailed for Leghorn, and thence proceeded to Rome, where he arrived in July. To his biography belongs the account of his reception and brilliant success; our business is with the maiden of his choice, who, though restored, on his departure, to freedom and society, lived only in the hope of reunion with him she loved so deeply, and in whose rising fortunes she rejoiced, because they brought nearer and nearer the day of their joyful meeting.

Five years passed, and West was established in London. His fame was spread throughout Europe; sovereigns did honor to his genius; independence was secured; and his desire now was to return to his native country, and claim the hand of her who had remained faithful to him in every change of fortune. Letters from his American friends altered his purpose. They informed him that Mr. Shewell still opposed his marriage with his sister, and that she could not receive him at her home. A plan was proposed—somewhat romantic, but suited to the exigencies of the case, which had met with the young lady's approbation. The artist's father was to take Miss Shewell under his protection, and cross the ocean to bring the bride to her husband.

This scheme was highly pleasing to the lover, who wished to save his betrothed the pain and mortification a struggle with the will of so near a relative would occasion; and he wrote to his friends to signify his glad assent and to urge her immediate departure. To Elizabeth also he wrote, describing the life to which he should introduce her, and the impatience and anxiety with which he should await her arrival. All a lover's fond hopes and blissful expectations were poured out in his letters, and earnestly he besought her to hasten the hour when their long separation should be ended.

The course of their true love, which had run not over smooth, hitherto, was destined to another interruption. One of the letters, by some unfortunate miscarriage, fell into the wrong hands, and the whole plan of her flight was discovered by her brother. There is reason to believe he forgot the tenderness due his sister, in his resentment at what he termed her obstinate disobedience and duplicity towards him. Forgetful that past harshness had justly forfeited her confidence, and that he had no good reasons to offer for a refusal to sanction her heart's choice; he aimed to conquer as before—by violent measures. Once more the fair girl was condemned to the solitude of her own apartment; her sole companion being the female slave who had always attended her. The

injustice with which she was treated roused the spirit of Elizabeth, whose nature was yielding in matters of trifling import, but firm as adamant where principle was concerned. Her love for the artist had become a religion to her; her heart reposed on the faith of the chosen one; the world beside him was nothing, and her duty to him was felt to be paramount. Her resolution was taken. The negress, in the confidence of her young mistress, was the bearer of letters between her and the devoted friends of West, who had at first concerted the plan of her going to him.

These friends were Francis, afterwards Judge Hopkinson, Benjamin Franklin, and William White, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania. The particulars of Miss Shewell's escape were communicated by the Bishop himself to a descendant of the brother, whose permission the writer has obtained to relate them.

It was not long before a plan was matured, and communicated to the young lady, who approved it and promised her co-operation.

It was past midnight, and a vessel at the dock was in readiness to set sail for England in less than an hour. The preparations had been completed before dusk, and passages engaged for the elder West, and a lady who was to be brought on board late that night. At that period the custom was to retire to rest at an early hour. The deep silence that reigned through the city was unbroken by voice or footstep; and the lights had long been extinguished in Mr. Shewell's house, as four or five men, wrapped in cloaks, passed cautiously along the street opposite, crossed directly in front of the mansion, and stopped, looking up as if they expected a signal from one of the upper windows. All was quiet, and dark; the faint light of the lamps scarcely serving to dissipate the gloom, in which it was hardly possible to recognize the features of each other. They had waited but a few minutes when a window above was softly raised, and the outline of a figure might be dimly discerned bending from it, as if seeking to discover who stood below. One of the party threw up a rope, which was caught, a rope ladder was drawn up, and after the lapse of a short time lowered again. Those below pulled at it forcibly, to ascertain that it was securely fastened; and then one ascended to the apartment into which the window opened, and gave his assistance in fastening the ladder more firmly.

It was now the moment for summoning all her energies; and Elizabeth stepped upon the ladder, aided by her companion; the negress having been dismissed at the usual hour for retiring, for her mistress was too generous to involve her in difficulty by making her a party to her elopement. The descent was accomplished in safety, and the trembling girl was received in the arms of those who awaited her, so overcome with fear that she was near fainting, and unable to articulate a reply to the anxious inquiries of her friends. One terror possessed her

—the dread that her brother would be awakened by the noise, and intercept them before her escape could be accomplished. She made eager signals that they should be gone; and, supported by two of the party, walked forward as rapidly as possible. Her strength might not have held out for a long walk, weakened as she was by alarm and anxiety; but a carriage was in waiting at the corner of the next street. Before they reached this, a noise of hasty footsteps startled them; and the party hurried with their prize into the shadow of a narrow alley. The beating of the poor girl's heart might have been heard, as they stood thus concealed; and her apprehensions almost darkened into despair as the irregular footsteps approached. It was only some late wanderers returning home, perchance after a revel unusually prolonged, and unwonted in that city of orderly habits. When the sound of footsteps ceased, the maiden was borne rather than led along by her friends to the carriage, and placed securely within it. One by one they followed her, and the carriage was driven fast to the wharf where the vessel lay, in readiness to weigh anchor. The elder West—the father of Benjamin, came to receive them, and to welcome his future daughter-in-law. The weeping girl was conducted to the cabin, and in silent sympathy with her feelings, natural in a situation so new and embarrassing, the friends stood round her. The ship's crew were busy on deck; and in half an hour all was ready to set sail. The signal was given for the departure of those who had escorted the fair passenger; they took a kind leave of her, each speaking words of encouragement, and hope that the future might be all sunshine to one so trustful and so loving. A slight bustle overhead—a noise of cheering, and the vessel was in motion; the danger of discovery was over; Elizabeth breathed more freely, as the bark that bore her to her lover glided over the waters—but she wept still—tears, not of unmingled sorrow, but the natural vent of the conflicting emotions that oppressed her agitated bosom. She had quitted forever home and country; abandoned him who was nearest in blood; the friends of her childhood and youth; to enter on untried scenes; to encounter unknown trials; to meet the cold gaze of strangers, who might judge her harshly; perhaps the scorn of a hard and heartless world! Then came thoughts of the lover who waited for her, and she half reproached herself for having lingered over the sacrifices made for him. The moment of their meeting; the bliss that was to repay her for years of hope deferred; the bright and smiling future; it was a sweet anticipation of happiness—but her heart was chilled to think of the dark, cold ocean still rolling between them; the weeks that must pass before that happy moment arrived; the uncertainty that hung over it, and might dash the cup even from her lips. In the alternations of feeling caused by such reflections, she passed the rest of that sleepless night.

With the bright morning came thoughts more pleasant; and the kind assiduity of Mr. West, who strove to cheer her, and pointed out to her admiring observation the many brilliant and beautiful things to be seen in a voyage—was not unrewarded. She ceased to weep, and the sunny smiles that animated her face in conversation with him whom she already regarded as a father—showed a soul susceptible to all that was beautiful in nature, and all that was lovely and amiable in social life.

The voyage was a tedious one, the vessel being delayed by storms and contrary winds. She arrived safely, at length, in the harbor of Liverpool. Many people were on the wharf, and there was no little commotion—for the arrival of a ship was not then so common a thing as now, and the people were eager to hear the news from the colonies, between which and the mother country discontents had already arisen to an alarming height.

Amidst the scene of confusion—the shouting and running to and fro, one pressed forward eagerly, making his way through the crowd to the edge of the pier, and was one of the first to spring on board of the vessel as she touched the wharf. It was the painter, West. His father, whom he had not seen for eight years, had perceived him, and with an exclamation of joy on his lips started forward to greet him. The son, unable to speak, waved him aside with his hand, and gasped the single word—"Elizabeth?" while the eagerness of his pale face expressed the questioning more earnestly than language could have done.

The old quaker pointed towards the cabin—the young man rushed forward, and in an instant the long divided lovers were locked in each other's arms.

The elder West had followed his son, and saw the embrace in which both forgot their long years of cruel separation. Again and again the young artist drew back to gaze on his beloved, and clasped her again to his full heart.

"Hast thou no welcome, Benjamin, for thy old father?" at length asked the old man, who had stood quietly for some minutes, smiling at the joy he witnessed.

"That I have, father!" cried the son; and a warm greeting was given to the venerable parent, who needed no apology for having been at first neglected. The happy party left the ship, and proceeded the same day to London.

On the second day of September 1765, the wedding was solemnized in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-fields. The lovely young bride of that day felt that she had done right in sacrificing some natural scruples, that she might, in the face of the world, bestow her hand on him to whom her faith was pledged. The years that had flown since their parting had added a grace more purely intellectual to her girlish beauty, with a touching interest never imparted till sorrow has chastened

the gay spirit of youth. As she stood at the altar, the meek light of truth upon her brow—her eyes downcast, or lifted at intervals, beaming with the gentle and loving expression habitual to them—all who saw her thought so beautiful a bride had never stood in that sacred place. And he, the young husband, looked and was worthy of the priceless gift.

In London, Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York, was the special patron of West. By him he was presented to the king as a young American of extraordinary genius. George III. received him with much kindness, and introduced him to the queen, with whom Mrs. West, "the beautiful American," as she was called at court, soon became a favorite. She was frequently sent for by her majesty to her private apartments; and the charm of her gentle loveliness, of her artless and winning manners and her cultivated mind, thus acknowledged, was owned through the circles of the proudest aristocracy in the world. The talk in the *beau monde* of London, was of the fair American, whose fresh and guileless nature, even more than her beauty, had produced a deep and wide sensation. Yet this universal admiration and homage, and the smile of fortune could not spoil so pure and child-like a spirit. Her letters written to friends at home, and still in the possession of the family, breathe only of happiness—the kindness of all she met, and in particular of "our gracious Queen Charlotte."

The story of West's career is familiar to every reader. It will be remembered that the Royal Academy of Fine Arts was established through

his instrumentality, and that he was honored by the king with favors the most liberal and munificent. The exhibition at the Academy of the first picture painted by West at the command of his majesty, established his reputation. In 1772 he was named historical painter to the king, and on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was unanimously elected President of the Royal Academy. His wife had never cause to regret that she had given up her country for him, nor to mourn the disappointment of the bright hopes of her youth.

When the artist was at the height of his fame, a portrait of his wife, painted by him, was sent by her across the Atlantic as a peace offering to the brother, who had never yet forgiven her elopement. But Mr. Shewell refused to look upon the picture; and till his death it was stowed away among the lumber, in a small room in the attic of the ancient family mansion. This closet was the play room of the grand-children; and one of them, a little girl adopted by Mr. Shewell, remembers having often beaten with her switch, in her saucy moods, the "naughty aunty," whose resemblance her grandfather could not bear to see. The sending of her picture was not the only attempt made by the affectionate sister to win back the heart estranged from her. But her letters were unanswered; and after some years Mrs. West wrote only to her niece, the mother of the celebrated Leigh Hunt.

Years have passed since then, and the memory of one who loved so much, is cherished with reverent affection in the hearts of her American kindred.

JOY IN CREATING.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

Since thro' primeval darkness first
Th' Eternal's fiat chaos broke,
And new-born light in glory burst
On earth, as it to being woke,
Each bright creation of the mind
Hath been a joy, as was to God
His last, his noblest work, mankind,
That in his image Eden trod.

Behold the sculptor, when his thought
Takes shape to the obedient hand—
When in the solid stone is wrought
The form of his conception grand;
How godlike joy illumines his brow—
How leap the pulses of his heart,
As his ideal fair doth grow,
A model of undying art!

O what to him is sleepless toil?
Or what the ease that fortune lends!
A work consumes his "midnight oil,"
Whose joy all outward good transcends.
Ask some wan LUTHER* how he thrives—
Who all the ills of want hath known—
Quick comes the heart's response—*Man lives*
No real life "by bread alone."

Go seek the lowly spot, where he
Gives form and hue to visions bright;
In each creative motion see
The language of his soul's delight!
For ah, the lineaments divine
That gild his spiritual dream,
Upon the glowing canvass shine,
And warm with life and feeling seem.

* Corregio.

As He who hung his bow in heaven,
Rejoiced to see his promise bright
Take form, as to the arch were given
The colors of celestial light;
So Genius, in its great employ,
The purpose of the soul portrays,
In hues that speak the artist's joy
To eyes that all enraptured gaze.

And mark the Poet, when his brain
Is swelling with ambitious thought,
How, as he builds the lofty strain
Where great intent to life is brought,

His eyes, that "in fine frenzy roll,"
With an unearthly lustre shine;
While every fibre of his soul
Is tremulous with joy divine!

He knows that not for fleeting time
The efforts of his life shall be—
That guided by Truth's law sublime,
He labors for ETERNITY.
CREATION is the poet's life,
Through which grows strong and large his heart,
Forgetting earth-born care and strife,
In its immortal work of art.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

"When the storm
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops."

I.

An opening in the cloud!
And sunlight gushing tremulously through,
Drinks up the white, thin shroud
That spread where lately shone the summer dew.

II.

The sky is dark again;
And roaming sadly in the woodland path,
I deem that grove and plain
Lie in the shadow of celestial wrath.

III.

The crow, in accents harsh,
Gives voice to sorrow in his olden haunt,
But nigh the reedy marsh,
I hear no more the black bird's merry chaunt.

IV.

The brook no longer winds
In silver beauty by the homes of men,
And, full of laughter, finds
A green concealment in the shrubby glen.

V.

But melancholy tones
From the worn, pebbly channel faintly rise,
Like low, despairing moans
That leave *maternal* lips when *childhood* dies:

VI.

And well the brook *may* mourn;
For the bright leaves that shaded from the sun
Its tripping wave, are torn
From the dark, wind-toss'd branches one by one:—

VII.

And on young herbs that made
Its margin beautiful, the hoary frost
A blighting finger laid,
And their green witchery of hue is lost.

VIII.

The flowers no longer raise
Their cups of fragrance, courted by the bee;
But the blithe squirrel pays
Enriching visits to the walnut tree.

IX.

Dry twigs beneath my feet
The secret of my neighborhood betray,
And from her still retreat
The partridge flies, on whirring wing, away.

X.

What teachers are the oaks,
With their torn mantles waving in the blast;
While the black raven croaks
A dirge for Beauty in the dust at last?

XI.

How sweetly do the skies,
And the wide earth, that withers far below,
Though tongueless, sermonize
On that *great change* we all must undergo!

XII.

The distant hill uptowers,
With its gray top in smoky vesture clad;
And, robbed of sunny flowers,
The meadows round look desolate and sad.

XIII.

What eastern monarch owns
A robe of richer color than these leaves,
That speak in rustling tones,
And fall in rainbow flakes when autumn grieves?

XIV.

Though blest the distant coast,
Where grow the flowering lemon and sweet lime,
No foreign land can boast
The passing beauty of our Autumn-time.

WHAT IS POETRY? AND WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

BY JOHN NEAL.

POETRY is warmth, color, atmosphere, tone, flavor, embellishment—*exaltation*! It is the instinct of a higher nature—of another and a better world. It is the unquenchable fire. The winged seeds of thought are poetry. The dripping gold of the drenched wilderness, over which the sun goeth, after a shower, is poetry. The tinted shell—the painted bird—the purple winged butterfly dusted with gold—the flowers that lavish their beauty and their breath upon every passing wind, letting the “delicious secret out,” like a young woman in love, with every swaying motion—all these are poetry. You have but to lift your eyes—put forth your hands—unstop your ears—and open all your senses to the imperishable about you, and lo! another poet is born! Another of God's anointed hath appeared upon earth; and prophets and bards and kings are marshalled anew, even along the trampled highway, and among the money-changers.

Music itself is but one kind of poetry, eloquence another. Indeed it were safe to say that Music and Painting, and Eloquence, and Sculpture, and Architecture, and Poetry, are but different manifestations of the same power—interchangeable terms. The moment they have reached a certain elevation, they are disencumbered of earth, and the habiliments of earth, and like Chimborazo, are begoldened with the splendors of the empyrean.

Of the mighty Past; of the buried Nations, whose very dust is the highway from kingdom to kingdom—whose breath is the atmosphere, the whirlwind, the tempest and the fire that trouble us from age to age, what know we beyond that, which having outlived the “wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds,” and being imperishable, may be called their poetry? absolutely nothing. Their history, their monuments, their traditions, their heroes and their princes—what were they to us, but the common dust, the nameless rubbish of empire, if, in the days of their strength and wantonness, there had been no poets to sing their deeds, or to tell of their exaltation?

Very pretty,—very; but——

Your elderly unmarried gentlemen, who wear white waistcoats buttoned very close—and always slipping up, signet rings and ponderous seals, turn up their little pug noses at all this trumpeting, and cannot for the life of them understand it.

And this they are continually repeating, whenever they hear anybody mention the word poetry, or have any reason to suppose that anybody they have to do with, entertains a different opinion. And yet, odds-bobs! (an abbreviation of odd-as-Bob-is) they themselves, if they only knew it, are brimful and running over with poetry, when they are about the commonest every day business of life. Else why their snowy and scented linen? their smooth collar?—their dandy gloves?—their fashionable coat of superfine broadcloth? Superfluity is but another name for poetry—just as poverty and prose are synonymous. Counting house poetry, it may be, to be sure—drawing room poetry—or bachelor poetry—but still it is poetry. It is one of the clearest, though commonest of *Her* manifestations—whose pavilion is the western sky, velveteed and starred with all the acknowledged tints of the season.

They feed well—the blasphemers—they know the aroma of a cantelope or a peach—they love to tear open a ripe fig, or a golden orange—to gouge the core of a watermelon with a silver scoop—to blow off the foam of a tankard—to revel among the larger bunches of a transparent grapery changing at every change of light, like a dish of ripened opals—and yet they would persuade themselves, and you, that they know nothing at all about poetry, and care less! O, the simpletons!

They are not to be cheated in their wines, or their soups—in the fashion of their tables or chairs—carpets or looking-glasses: They sleep on hoarded air—they wash with scented soap—they are built round about with rose-wood and mahogany—they loll away their Sabbaths on couches or sofas covered with velvet, and rising and sinking with every change of position: and yet, if you will believe them, they have no taste for poetry—no patience with it. Why, what do the fools understand by poetry? I would give something to know.

There now is a tall, fashionable young man—a something between a substance and a shadow, not wholly paid for—who wears embroidered slippers, a smoking cap stiff with gold, and a magnificently flowered wrapper, who *dems* poetry, every time he tries at a novel, or opens a newspaper: and takes the liberty of wondering what on *airth* it is good for. Tell him that he himself is a

poet—that he wears poetry—that he thinks poetry, so far as he thinks at all, about his dressing gown, smoking cap, and embroidered slippers—and that he only wants to read poetry, to talk poetry, and to write poetry, and just such poetry as he tramples on, or slumbers in, every day of his life, to be remembered—and he would gape in your face like a tame lioness, or call the watch, with an hysterical scream.

There are those who love to see shapely women well dressed—they glory sometimes in their own flesh and blood, where they find others glorying in it—and have an eye for color, a choice in the sway of snowy feathers, or in the arrangement of a sumptuous shawl—the planting of a spirited instep—or the piling of a turban—who go up one street and down another, all their lives long, wondering why people cannot be satisfied with the comforts of this world; why they have such a hankering after the concert room, and the theatre, and poetry and stuff—Poor creatures! how little they know of the poetry singing and swelling in their own bosoms! Most egregious of paradoxes! if they could but be somebody else for half an hour, and look into their own hearts and history, and at the sum total of all they had lavished upon show—mere show—upon that which other men, who wear drab coats of the finest cloth, and broad brimmed hats of the finest beaver, and rig out their wives and daughters in the best of every thing, call sheer wastefulness, or the vanity of vanities, how they would gasp for breath!

All these men go for the substantials—each in a way of his own; and while they all differ among themselves about what are the substantials, they all agree in abusing them that glory in the superfluities of life: never dreaming, bless you! that all our commonest household comforts were, but the other day, superfluities and extravagancies, and that our luxuries are fast becoming necessities,—our poetry, prose.

They are for having no ruffles—instead of no shirt. Of course, they neither borrow nor lend. They owe no man a dollar, and they do not care who knows it. They never read poetry. They have no opinion of poets—never hearing of them on change. They rather think—on the whole—that there may be something in Shakspeare, or Milton, or some o' those fellows, because they have heard very sensible men—in their way—speak highly of them. Go a little nearer, and enquire into the private life, perhaps, of these contemners of poetry, people who pay as they go, and like to do every thing openly and above board, and always mean what they say—whereby they flatter themselves they are distinguished from the man of imagination, the Poet; and you will find one paying more taxes than he ought, only that he may appear richer than he is—another giving his check for a militia fine, that he may be thought younger—and another taking unmeasurably long walks, for no earthly purpose,

and sitting a great way off the lamp, with a newspaper in his hand, or going up three pair of stairs to see the baby, never dreaming, bless your heart, that all this time he is making poetry for himself, and trying to deceive others about his age. If you inquire, you will find that he betook himself to these little, dainty self-deceptions, within a month after he bought his first pair of spectacles.

Watch these men. They are all poets—poets in their own way. They love poetry. They live and breathe in it; not exactly the poetry that Shakspeare or Shelly, Coleridge or Wordsworth, Longfellow, or Bryant weave, to be sure; but still poetry—poetry, nevertheless; and yet, if you were to talk to them about Lear's "*pernicious daughters*," or Milton's "*invincible locks*"—of the "*meteor flag* of England—of "*the torch and torrent of the mob*"—of "*the round ocean and the living air*"—of Southey's Arabian, that galloped a whole day without stopping—he would ask why the plague he did not say so, and have done with it, instead of—

"Far over the plain, away went the bridleless steed!
With the dew of the morning his fetlocks were wet:
And the foam frothed his limbs in the journey of noon,
Nor staid he, till over the westerly heaven,
The shadows of evening had set—

But go a step further. Watch your opportunity, after your friend has got his nap out—your *particular* friend, perhaps, in all that concerns his own comfort—and begin to talk about "*hair that is brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun*," of horses bits that keep "*wrangling*" as they go—of chargers tossing the "*creamy foam*"—of playing fountains and their "*loosening silver*"—and you will find your man beginning to wake up and look about him. Persevere—lug out one of your favorite volumes—give him a touch of Longfellow's skeleton in Armor, one of the finest things, by the way, ever written by mortal man, and worth whole volumes of what the newspaper people and book-wrights are so fond of chattering about—give him, for example, as if you meant it,

"Under a loosened vest,
Fluttered her little breast,
Like doves within their nest,
By the hawk frightened."

followed by—

"She half enclosed him with her arms,
And pressed him with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed into his face.

"'Twere partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That he might rather feel than see
The beating of her heart."

Do this, and ten to one, the white waistcoat begins to crawl up, and the heavy watch seals to jingle of themselves. And why? Simply because, if the man had not something, somewhere,

in the shape of a heart, he would never think of luxuriating in white waistcoats and-so-forths—while so much might be saved in the long run, by wearing second hand cassimeres. And having a heart—or something in the shape of a heart, somewhere—he cannot be insensible to such poetry. Watch him narrowly. You will find the poetry of his nature all agog—before he begins to feel about for his nightcap.

And *why*, let me ask again—do tell us *why*? Simply because that inherent love, that original, instinctive relish for the wondrous and the beautiful, which, up to the very hour when he first heard you chiming Coleridge in his ear, had betrayed itself in gold sleeve buttons, cambric handkerchiefs, stiff shirt collars, and flashy dressing gowns—or in always being *there*, with the punctuality of a stop-watch, and never venturing near enough to any woman to know how she behaves, when “by the hawk frightened,” nor whether, on the whole, it were better to feel or see the beating of her heart, becomes instantaneously, and forever, a new creature. He draws a full breath for once. He sees a new heaven and a new earth. He looks out of the window, and, for the first time, as the youthful women go trooping by, he sees the very streets in flower, the churches and the highways. He is no longer a man of business—but a busy man. He is uplifted in spite of earth and the daughters of earth. He begins to study for himself—to think for himself—to watch the ebb and flow of nations; and to wonder where the plague he has been, and what he has been doing all his lifelong, not to understand such poetry as *that*.

Anon, you catch him twirling his watch chain, till the golden sparks grow troublesome to the eye; or lifting a tumbler of porter to his mouth—and stopping to blow off the yeasty foam, or looking sideways through the cloudy purple, up into the clear blue sky—and all the time trying to persuade himself, and you, that he does not care a fig for poetry—he knows he does’nt—because he would’nt go bail for Homer himself, to keep him out of a sponging house.

Come down upon him now, with that glorious bit of Longfellow—

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn,
Blew the foam lightly!”

And if he does’nt jump out of his chair, then, let me tell you, my friend, the fault is yours. You have spoilt the story, in telling it. Otherwise, he would swear the author of *that air* was a fine fellow, and he should’nt mind asking him to dinner—poor devil—if you thought it would do.

I have known half a hundred of these fellows—men, who did’nt believe in poetry, though they

lived and died in the very midst of it, and were themselves, in all the better business of life, neither more nor less than poets—not satisfied with faring sumptuously every day, and wearing purple and fine linen; with living in four story palaces large enough for an English Duke, with hunting and fishing half the year through, with keeping half a dozen fine horses, and a something still finer and more showy, they love to wander away into the deep of the wilderness every year, in the blue summer time; and up and down Broadway, in the season of shawls and feathers, of pale cheeks, and soft, shadowy, indolent eyes, under pretence of fishing—*fishing* for blue water lilies! And you would tell me these men are no poets, and appeal to them for the truth of what you say. But try them—if they are ambitious, and going it on all fours, no matter for whom, Taylor or Cass, Van Buren or the Queen of Sheba, just say this over to them, and watch their countenances, the while, as I have, and see if their teeth don’t clatter—

“He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head”—

or, you may try one of them with a touch of the thunder-bass;

“Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock:”

or, upon “the Deep’s untrammelled floor,” the “fragrant boddice”—and the “robe that creeps rustling to her knees” and my life on it, the fellow’s pulse goes up to 85°, though he must pull out his watch, and carefully adjust it by the wooden dial over the way, to an hour that never changes, while you are talking with him. It is one thing to feel poetry, and love it—another to know that you love it—and still another, to be willing to acknowledge it, above your breath, among men of business.

A tolerable horseman might be bagged upon the spot, with—

“Once more upon the waters, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider;”—

a skating sportsman, familiar with Havre-de-Grace, and canvass backs, by—

“And with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on;”—

or, a fresh water sailor, given to *Yotting*, with—

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt
With his prey laden;
So, toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden.”

These touches are felt, like soft hands throbbing in yours, or smoothing your untroubled hair, as you lie half asleep on the hill side, with the scented winds playing about you, when the uplifted voices of a higher sphere—the thunderous anthem of the Sea, the tumbling oceans of Niagara—where the bottom of that sea appears to have dropped out—would go by like the noises of a dream, or the roar of a city. They are felt and acknowledged, too, where Alston's "Thou of the purple robe and diadem of gold;"—Byron's "blood red tresses deepening in the sun;"—Campbell's "warrior horse" that "paws the light cloud, and gallops on the storm;"—Allen's "loud clangor of descending wings;"—Beattie's "pomp of groves and long resounding shore;"—Pierpont's "misty hall of Odin," that,

"With mirth and music swells,
Rings with the harps and songs of bards,
And echoes to their shells"—

or Akenside's enthroned spirit, who

"Rides on the vollied lightnings through the Heavens,
Or yoked with whirlwinds, and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day"—

and even the glories of "Thanatopsis," would be listened to with a shrug, as "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing!" And what does that prove? That such people have no relish for poetry? No, indeed. But it proves just this—that, inasmuch as there are different kinds of poetry, so are there different kinds of people to enjoy it, even as the stars that make up the host of heaven, differ in magnitude and brightness.

But, a step lower, if you please. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." If years are the pulsations of Eternity—the beating of a woman's heart is their echo. In passing a cabinet-maker's large window, I saw a woman stop and look in at a cradle, and her eyes filled; and, though she was very young, and almost child-like, you might have written her history upon the spot. Her pale face, her trembling mouth, her way of clasping that shawl, were so many chapters in her life—but that one look was a volume.

"Through shattered roof,
And warp and woof
Of honey suckle woven thick,"

I saw the fire going out upon her mother's hearth, and the wail of a broken heart moaning to itself, went by me in the stillness of the night that followed.

I knew another carry off by mistake, instead of her marriage robe, the grave clothes of a little child, that happened to lie near the bundle she had been hugging to her heart, and only laid down long enough to look once more into the eyes of her betrothed. When she opened that bundle, how think you, she felt and looked? Translated into downright English prose, both of these young women had been visited with the awful spirit of

prophecy. Both were poets—and poets forever and ever, in spite of themselves.

Yet lower—one step lower, if you please.

There stands another woman, with her left hand uncovered, her profile toward you, and one shoulder heaved a little out of her dress—just a little, you see. Of course that left hand is the plumpest and fairest; it is upon that hand you are to look for the jewelled finger; it is with that hand she plays her fan at you; you may be sure that a profile view of her face, and her shoulders are so much of her stock-in-trade, (not stocking-trade, my dear,) in other words, they are all the poetry about her which the customs of society will suffer to be published.

Children are poets. Watch them for your life, and you will find every motion, every attitude, every thing they do or say, up to a certain age, pure poetry. I saw one pitched head over heels out of a chaise, not long ago. He fell under the horse's feet. One wheel passed over him and caught in a tree. He was standing on the sidewalk, with a bright smiling face, and snapping a little toy whip. "Why! I should have thought the child would have been killed!" said a woman, who had just heard the story. With that, the poor little fellow stopped playing, looked up into her face, and fell to rubbing his head, and then he set to with a roar you might have heard all over the neighborhood. He had never cried a whimper till then. That child was a poet—an orator—and a dramatist—he was intensifying for the stage, or the forum. His sympathy for himself was unspeakable.

Lower yet! You would not think of hunting for poetry in a price current, or at a board of brokers; and yet every phrase they employ—these deriders of poets and poetry, whose ears are pen holders, whose lips are pen wipers, and whose tongues are blotters, and good for nothing else,—when they are profoundly in earnest, will have something of that sky-tintured, shifting splendor you see in mother of pearl. To-day the stock market is *healthy*—money *easy*—cotton *looking up*—or money *tight*, and cotton *flat*—sugar a *drug*, and molasses *brisk*. It never enters their heads, however, that they are blaspheming an "octave higher" than the very poets whose "acceptances" they glory in snubbing, *because* they are poets. Ask Bryant, or Sprague, or Halleck, or even Willis, if I do not tell the truth.

Every dreamer is a poet—every sick man that wanders by himself. Not long ago, I heard a very respectable gentleman say of his grandchild in a doze, "Take that baby out and stretch him on a board, and fasten him down, and give him a lick of black paint all over—and don't let him wink till he dries." Yet he never dreamed that he was talking poetry—and in a fair way of rivaling Dante himself.

But enough. Ask that grey-headed lawyer, who scoffs at poetry, why he is not satisfied with

common broadcloth—would it not keep him as warm?—why he goes to a stylish tailor?—what should *he* care about the fashion of a day? Ask another, who has grown rich in spite of himself, why he denies himself ten thousand things that go to embellish life? and why he wears himself away in the thankless drudgery of accumulation for others? and then try to make him believe that it is because, and only because, by nature he is a poet and a dreamer—bedevilled with phantasmagoria—besotted with visions that must vanish upon the death-bed, if not before—haunted by apparitions that he knows are after his heart's blood—and if he does not break his gold-headed cane over your back, or apply for a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, then I'm out in my reckoning, that's all.

And yet nothing can be truer. Luxury and refinement are poetry. Accumulation and Power, Wealth and Strength, Wisdom and Beauty, are all Poets, and their doings Poetry. But for that unquenchable instinct, always pushing ahead with all its energies, we should still be living in caves or in the holes of the rocks, and feeding on acorns, or carrion, or something worse—our own flesh and blood, perhaps. With woollen shirts like the Roman senators, or with rushes for carpets, like Elizabeth in the day of her glory—what should we be good for? In other words, but for the poetry in broadcloths and flannels, in Brussels, Kidderminster and Imperial tapestry, what would there be left worth living for?

Is there not as much warmth in the Frieze overcoat, or the homespun wrapper lined with grey flannel, as in a fashionable sack turned out with velvet, and half a hundred other fiddle-de-dees? Why encourage the grape, the melon, or the peach to wax larger and larger every year,

and swell and ripen, till the very air is perfumed with its growth? Why stuff your pigs and your turkeys, one before and the other after death? Why wear gold watches?—or “shoes at a guinea a pair,” under the name of boots? “It is not all of life to live.” There is more of life in the *how*—“nor all of death to die.” Something depends upon the *wherefore*.

What then is poetry?

It is the beautifier and embellisher of Earth. It is the flavor and bloom, the light and shadow, the carriage and bearing, the un-do-withoutable, the Faith, Hope and Charity of all our possessions. But for poetry, the peach would disappear, the apple run backwards to the crab, the wild grape

“Hang dropping in the shade—

O'er unfledged minstrels that beneath were laid”—

sour enough to set their teeth on edge—the rose would dwindle to a savage and scentless blossom, the dog to a wolf, the sheep to a hairy nondescript, woman to a beast of burden, man to a slave and tyrant, and children to stews and fricasees, in a season of scarcity.—Are you answered?

Ay, but—there is another question. What is poetry good for? What does it *prove*?

Good for!—But we have no time to waste on that part of the question. *Prove!*—why it proves that men, women and children are poems, and all their doings poetry. A certain sort of children over sea have been very prettily called, *jeux d'esprit*. “On a improvisé un enfant,” whispered Napoleon to his mother. Had the first been called epigrams, or ballads, or songs, and the latter an epic—solemn as death, and terrible as the grave, with its catastrophe of shipwrecked empires and its machinery of “gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire,” it would have been much nearer the truth.—Q. E. D.

MY LITTLE COUSIN'S ALBUM.

BY PROF. JAMES LYND.

A TREASURE-HOUSE, where fondness stores her wealth,

A book in which her high and holy name

Friendship may write, and even love by stealth

May stamp mementoes; here, too, counsel sage,

By shrivelled hands, that tremble as they write,

May pen its oracles—“The Album!” All,

Who love or know its owner, spare your mite,

Though but a single line, to cheer her and delight.

Come, father, mother, sister, brother, yield

An hour of idleness to this kind task,

And on these pages let your love be sealed;

Here let its richest tokens be enshrined,—

It is for her you love; 'twill call a smile

To her young cheek, and in the softest tones

Her thanks will breathe themselves; it will beguile

Her sadder hours, long hence, when she has ceased to smile.

Nor let the aunt and uncle be unsought;

Summon the cousin, schoolmate, and the friend;

The grandsire, too, grey-haired and wisdom-fraught;

And each admirer must himself approve,

By bringing to this fane his offerings rare;

And for the Album's mistress, oh, let all,

As glides the pen, send up an earnest prayer,

That she may be, for aye, as pure as she is fair.

A VISION OF THE SOUL.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away—But my words shall not pass away."

THE Voice of Dreams held converse with my soul,
And led me forth from life. My reflux thought,
Upon the electric wires of wondrous sleep,
Had compassed the immeasurable Past,
And journeyed with the Ages. I had scaled
The Alps of human research, where the Mind
Sits brooding o'er the ruins of all time;
And totteringly my unused feet had trod
The ice-tesselated temples, whose dread shrines
Are the upthrown vitals of extinct volcanoes—
Whose columns are gnarled clouds—whose awful arch
Is the indrawn chest of storms—whose architraves
Are garnered winds—whose visionless capitals
Are the footstools of that unseen Deity,
Whom men call SCIENCE!

And my soul had sunk,
Even from those wildering deserts, it had sunk—
Sounding a measureless deepness—through the maze
Of whirlpools which engulf the Northern seas,
Down to the interminable caves of Ocean.
I trod the unfathomed waters, where the forms
Of vasty snakes like islands lie entombed;
I passed the innumerable hosts of dead,
Marshalled like armies, where attraction wanes,
And bodies have no weight;—I climbed the hills
Of long-forgotten treasures—heaps of gold,
And piles of gorgeous merchandry, that years
And ages have collected in the marts
Of the dead empire Ocean, whence again
No caravan shall bear them—whence not one
Of all the uncounted fleets, that in the ports
Of sunless silence ride in endless lines,
Shall voyage forth beneath the flag of MAMMON.

Cold SCIENCE, throned upon her awful snows,
And MAMMON, reigning o'er the withered wrecks
Of a dead ocean! These my soul beheld,
Like one who draws the curtains of his fate,
And seeth Perdition: in her agony
My spirit moaned aloud.

Once more the Voice
Of Dreams went out, before me, as a wind,
And drew my weeping soul. Night came and went,
And days fled swiftly on the rolling wheels
Of golden suns; and seasons, like swift steeds,
Burdened with wealth, and driven by ancient Time,
Rushed past my sight—and vanished.

On, and on
My soul moved trembling through the depths of space;
Cherubim brushed it with their snowy wings,
And radiant angels of the mercy-seat
Breathed Eden's odors as they earthward passed,
Drying its tears with their celestial smiles.
On through the depths of space—a million worlds,
Dazzling in hazy glories, crossed my sight;
Myriads of stars stretched gleaming from my gaze,
And countless suns in bright effulgence burned.

Then fell my soul into a wildering trance
Of mystic silence. Solitude seemed bound
By the awful weight of an eternal hush:
There was no atmosphere—no pulse, to thrill
With the faintest whisper: vision was no more,
For light was absent—all was darksome void,
Where matter and its attributes were not—
Where chaos yet was viewless.

And there pressed

A thought upon my brain, as if a weight
Of madness was approaching; and I cried
That this was Death, and that there was no God.

But suddenly, as with electric flame,
A light fell all around me, and a sound
As of a thousand pinions rocked my soul:
The immensity of visible space revealed
Itself before me—and the stars fled back,
And systems melted into mist, and suns
Dissolved in ambient radiance—until Space,
All Space, was peopled with my soul alone.

My vision swept the untenanted universe,
And from the shadows of infinity
I heard the whisper of the Uncreate,
And bowed my listening spirit. Then arose
Up slowly, like a phantom shape, from out
The invisible Beyond, a shadowy globe—
And my soul knew it was the Earth.
An atmosphere of congelated tears
Covered her brow as with a hoary frost,
And the depth stirred around her as with sighs.

Then, with a measureless reach, as if one blind
Should strain for sight, my soul looked trembling down,
And saw where, stretched athwart the boreal snows,
An old man, tost with a tempestuous grief,
Lay writhing—while above, in midway light,
Gleamed like a sorrowing god before mine eyes
The Angel of the Wretched.

He was crowned
With thorns, that gleamed amid the light like gems;
His brow was rigid, as with conquered grief,
And his deep eyes glittered with unwept tears.
I trembled as his sorrowing glance met mine,
And my soul bowed like Mary at the Tomb,
Whilst the angel talked with her.

And then I knew
That the old man, wrestling with his mighty grief,
Like Jacob with the Evangel of the Lord,
Was the great mass of crushed humanity
Bound to the Earth with shackles, which the kings
And great ones of all time had forged from swords
And spears, in the dread furnace of red War,
Whose fires were fanned by mortals' dying breaths,
And fed by Slavery's hecatombs of lives

Then, like the waters of the Deep, updrawn
By the pale moon, my tears gushed thickly forth
Beneath the Angel's glance;—and stretching out
Mine arms, the while my bosom heaved and tossed
Like a stirred sea,—I lifted up my voice,
Like Samuel 'mid the Holies,—“Lord! here am I—
Speak! for thy servant heareth!”

And the Voice
Which had outled me from the world, and showed
The desert throne of Science, and the dead,
Unightly realm of Mammon, now spake low
In a strange whisper, as if all the waves
Of space were breathing lips; and the wide sound,
Circling infinitude with a subtle reach,
Thrilled through my swaying soul—“Arise! and work
While the day lasteth—for behold the night
Cometh, when no man worketh!”

AUNT BETSEY'S FIRESIDE LECTURES.

NO. I.—ON SCANDAL.

MR. EDITOR:—When you asked me to write for your Magazine, you could scarcely have been aware of the little leisure allowed me; yet, unwilling wholly to refuse a favor so courteously sought, I may send you now and then an extract from some papers in my hands. How they came into my keeping, I have reasons for not telling. They are, at least, worth to your readers as much as any thing of mine would be; and, although that is rating them very low, it is all you could expect from

Yours, with best wishes for the success of the Union Magazine.

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WE are a quiet family of a half dozen: my excellent sister and her excellent husband, the one a steady, sensible, notable housewife, the other a zealous gentleman farmer, whose purse suffers occasionally from his promising experiments; their daughter KATE, in the bloom of seventeen, light-hearted and bright-minded, not the less winning for being not a little mischievous, as Kates always are; their son TOM, two years older, somewhat of a coxcomb, but a good fellow at bottom, who is dubbed a law student, from spending a few hours a week in 'Squire Lackbrief's office; AUNT BETSEY, my mother's older and only sister; and myself, familiarly called UNCLE TOM, of whom the least said is the better, a confirmed bachelor, and less fond of talking than of using my pen, though it is of little use except in recording such scraps of second hand wisdom as I hear from others.

We have clubbed our incomes, and live moderately on sufficient means at the comfortable homestead, not very remote from Philadelphia. Tom will have enough, unfortunately, to render the practice of his nominal profession unnecessary; and Kate will not be dowerless, for she is the pet of us all. Our visiting neighbors are few, and, happy among ourselves, the evening seldom finds us separated.

AUNT BETSEY is (if you will pardon the gender for the sake of the truth,) the master spirit of our circle. She was born of American parents, (stories I am sorry to say,) in Scotland, where she spent the first sixteen years of her life. Some years after the family had come back to seek the wreck of their confiscated property, she became the wife of a hickory Quaker, who had been turned out of meeting for commanding a squad of continentals, but, living among his relatives, relapsed again into *thees* and *thous*, a fondness for drab, and for wearing his hat when it would have been as comfortable, not to say, civil, to put it off. He even went to *meeting* occasionally, though Aunt Betsey never would, preferring to attend a little Epis-

copal church, the only one of any kind within reach. She never had any children; and, on her husband's death, came to reside with those of her sister, who had just been left orphans. She is, therefore, an odd mixture. The Scotch accent (only the Irish have a *brogue*,) lingers upon her tongue, and breaks out rather broadly when she is startled or excited. She is a staunch republican, yet cannot conceal a weakness for aristocratic forms, and talks of *the Queen* as if there were no other (soon there may be,) in the world but prolific little Vic, the names of all whose children she has by heart, wonderful as the effort of memory may seem. She is a staunch Presbyterian, yet falls most naturally into a little of the *plain* language, and having been shut up much to her Bible, she quotes it as the language of her best thoughts, mingled with snatches from the Prayer Book, (which I observed she sometimes mistakes for the actual Scripture,) and often verses from the Psalms in metre, as they were sung by the church she attended when a child. Her cap is of the sprucest Quaker pattern, with the obstinate addition of a little bow of ribbon; and the plain, exquisitely fine cambric, folded precisely over her bosom, has an edging of most precious lace, yellow as fine gold, which she would not miss for the world. It is her dignified protest against Quakerism, as her silence in the responses is against prelacy. Where her ample, pearl-colored silk dress comes from, is a mystery to me; for it is always new, though she was never known to shop, and it looks like the product of no modern loom. A diamond brooch sparkles at the junction of her neck-kerchief, with a brilliancy which makes little Kate's eyes nearly as bright, since she knows it is part of a set destined to be her wedding gift, so that I am fearful that the child will take the first man that offers, for the sake of wearing the jewels. Aunt Betsey's charity falls secretly and purely as the dew, on all the poverty she can discover, but her self-righteousness is betrayed by her busy knitting needles, which are never out of

some heavy woollen stocking; and never did Pharisee blow a trumpet before him with greater complacency, than she produces the aggregate of her toil for the benefit of the bare-legged in Kate's Sunday school; on which occasion (nor then only,) do we hear a diatribe against the waste of time in mere fashionable network. Tom, the scamp, sometimes asks whether embroidery was not an accomplishment for the noble ladies of olden time, and sly Kate quotes an *octavo* on the subject, by the Countess of Wilmot, (Aunt Betsey's finger wears a *pietra dura*, an heir loom, on which a crest with a coronet, is exquisitely cut;) to which she quietly replies, that Americans should have "no brow for such balderdash."

Aunt Betsey is most in her glory, when, on a winter evening she sits in her own corner of the ample fireside, where never glows the grateful anthracite, our hickory grove being of much more value to us than all the coal region. It is then, taking her theme from something that has occurred in the conversation, she adjusts her tortoise shell spectacles, and leaning back in her chair, after a scrutinizing look at the progressive stocking, begins a lecture full of womanly wisdom. She is sure of willing auditors, and of a page in her Nevoy Tom's (so she calls me) journal.

Nov. 10th, 18—. This afternoon Tom returned from town, bringing Kate a letter crossed and recrossed in a minute, faint-inked chirography, from a quondam schoolmate of hers, now a dashing belle. Kate's brow flushed, and her hands trembled with excitement as she read the epistle under the lamp.

"What is it, my child?" said her mother.

Kate read on to the last word of the glossy rose-colored sheet; and then, drawing her chair between my sister and aunt Betsey, she began:

"Only think, Fanny Pryer says that old Miss Meddler told her that—"

Here she sunk her voice so low that Tom and I (his father was deep in the account of a cattle sale) could only catch—

"Mrs. ***** you know Miss ***** that married the rich brewer's son only two years ago ***** Major ***** used to be her lover ***** father broke off the match ***** came back from Europe ***** constantly walking together ***** family consultation ***** likely to be a duel ***** every body talking about it ***** hushed up ***** must not say any thing to any one, at least that she told me *****"

"Fie! fie! my dearie, what does thee fash thy bonny head with such bletherin' malice. Its no becomin' a lassie like thee, or any lady, to file her tongue with tales like that. The vilest sign of a woman, I know, is being given to

SCANDAL.

(Aunt Betsey was regularly set in for a fireside lecture.)

"Old Dr. McCreechie, of the Tolbooth-kirk, never said a truer word, than that a 'scandalous tongue always showed a licentious heart;' for 'out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and it is only out of an evil heart evil things can come. Charity, which is a complete name for all goodness, just as *Love* is the name of God—'thinketh no evil.'"

"But, aunt, dear aunty," put in the blushing Kate, "when people expose themselves, surely charity—"

"Is not easily provoked, dearie, which, though I do n't know the oreeginal, means, I suppose, is not easily suspicious of evil, sees every thing in the best light, makes every possible allowance, and even imagines excuses it cannot see, because 'it rejoiceth not in iniquity,'—hates the very sight and thought of crime, and, if it cannot discover innocence, turns its bonny eye away up to heaven with a tear in it, as a prayer for the sinner's pardon to our heavenly Father, who 'pitieth our infirmities, and remembereth that we are but dust.' So should thee do, my darling. If our good God looked at our evil, 'who could stand?' and it aye seems to me like a defying Him who is ever hearing what we say, to speak of our neighbors' faults, because the Saviour has told us that we shall be measured by our ain stoup. I have heard ministers say that the name of the devil is *accuser*, and we know that he was a liar from the beginning, so that wickedness, lying and scandal make up his character; and your scandalizers are just the little devils that the muckle de'il uses to do his mischief with. But when our Lord came to destroy the works of the devil, and set us a pattern of a good man, he became the friend of sinners, because he pitied them, and interceded for their pardon. How much must God hate to hear us talking scandal, like the devil! How much must He love to hear us talking kindly, and gently and meekly, like his well-beloved Son! When the Blessed One was upon earth, his words were all merciful, except to those who thought themselves better than others and spoke evil of them; that was enough to prove that they were desperately wicked themselves, because it was so unlike our Father in heaven. They made a great pretence of goodness, but they were hypocrites, just white-washed sepulchres. Do ye no mind, when they brought to him the poor fallen misdoer, and she lay silent in the dust at his holy feet, without a word to say, in the sorrow of her shame, how he bid the one without sin to cast the first stone? There was but One without sin among that company, and he just bid her 'go and sin no more.' Indeed and indeed, Dr. McCreechie was right, there is always a licentious heart where there is a scandalous tongue; it is they who love the sin that love to talk about it, and they, who know they would not resist temptation, that are most ready to think another has not. Their imaginations are just like the black corbie that Noah sent out of the ark,

scenting the dead and the loathsome, and flying to glut themselves with what is vile; but let yours, lassie, be like the sweet silver-winged dove that came back with the green branch of hope in her bill. The world is bad enow, but God loves it, and his Son died for it, and it is yet to be like another heaven; and there's many a green branch for the dove, if there be many a dead thing for the corbie. It was like a dove that the Spirit came down to the Saviour, and without the spirit of a dove we can never fly up to him. Never be like a corbie, Katie dear, except it be those that God changed from their nature, and sent to carry bread to his hungry saint."

"Aunt Betsey! Aunt Betsey!" my sister, with no little warmth, exclaimed, "I can't hear you talk so to the child—as if our kind hearted Kate could ever be like a carrion crow. I'm sure that she is too good, and too well taught to do any wrong to any one if she knew it; and all she has said has been to tell us what Fanny Pryer says, and according to her account, these ——'s have brought the talk of the world upon themselves."

"Whisht! whisht! Mistress Wheatfield, (aunt Betsey is scrupulous in giving my sister her matronly title, as honour due to the female head of the family) if I am a wee bit hard on the lassie, it's no in unkindness. But, 'deed, our Katie is just like the rest of us, the descendant of old Adam, and, what for should I not say, a daughter of old Eve? for she it was that the devil threw his glamour over, and the pleasant voice of his bonny bride led the man astray. The apostle calls woman the weaker vessel, but he himself tells us that God puts strength into weak things, and women are strong for good, but may be also, as all know, strong for evil. As you train the lassie, you make the wife and the mother; and the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, as some one says. We are over-fond of talking about the dignity of the sex, and unwilling to allow that *woman* can do wrong, in the same breath that we condemn *women* for doing wrong. Let Katie wear the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit, which are of more price in God's sight than pearlings or diamonds. It's more than folly to say out in the Church that we are 'miserable sinners,' and that 'there's no wealth in us,' and after each commandment, 'Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law;' and then, at our firesides, draw ourself up as if we could not fall into the sin which others have fallen into. Human nature is a poor frail thing, and the more we think so of it, the more charitable will we be toward our fellow sinners, and the more humble ourselves. 'The beginning of strife is like the letting in of water,' and so is the beginning of an evil habit. If you do not stop it at the first, the tide will soon be too strong for you. Katie has never talked scandal in my hearing before, and I am fain to keep her from ever talking it again."

"But dear, good, precious aunt Betsey," half sobbed Katie, "I only——"

"Yes, dearie, you *only*——Miss Meddler *only* told Fanny Pryer, and Fanny Pryer *only* wrote to you, and you *only* told us, and if we *only* went on telling others, and they others, the character of those people, who may be innocent as lambs, would be ruined. Just bring it home, and think what it is to have one's fair character stained in such a way! We would not be thieves, yet we take away what no gold or silver could buy or redeem; we would not be murderers, yet we break the hearts of our fellow-beings with shame; and this by *only* repeating what malice dared first only whisper in a single ear—until every one hears it, and, then, we excuse ourselves by saying, 'the thing is so public that it is the talk of the town!'"

"Don't tell me that circumstances are so strong as to make the thing certain. Such is the time for Charity to plead; for she 'hopeth all things.' Tom there can tell—that many a man has been condemned on circumstantial evidence, whose innocence afterwards was 'brought forth as the light.' Our good house-dog Faithful, that Tom shot, because a sheep was killed, and the dumb beast, that could not speak for himself, came home bloody about the mouth, had been but defending his master's flock from the strange mastiff that was found the next day dead behind the stonedike; and all our sorrow can never bring back to our ear the deep bark at midnight that told us the sleepless sentinel was on his round. How sorry should we be, when this story of the ——'s turns out false, if we have allowed ourselves even for a moment to think so ill of them, much more, if we have led others to do so. One, who knows men's hearts better than we can know them, has left a blessing for those, against whom '*all men speak all manner of evil falsely* for his sake;' so the world treated the prophets and apostles; and so they crucified the spotless Lamb of God. Never then think a scandal must be true, because all the world tells it. One 'little tongue,' that is 'set on fire of hell,' may set the world on fire."

"Even if the scandalized people are guilty, we are not called on to be their executioners. A hangman is always held infamous by the general prejudice; but they are worthy of infamy, who perform that office as amateurs. The devil has not so cloven a foot but he may wear a kid slipper; yes, and he can write letters on rose-coloured paper, Katie, though they smell of musk instead of brimstone."

"Dear me! aunt Betsey," said Mr. Wheatfield, who had been listening for some time, "you that are so charitable, should find an excuse for the devil himself."

"I can only answer you by repeating an answer a far better woman once said to just the same speech—'*He never had a Saviour offered to him.*' We might well pity the devil for being so

wicked; but that is no reason why we, 'who profess and call ourselves Christians,' should be like him. And now, Katie, my darling," said aunt Betsey, as she rose up and then bent her stately head to kiss our pet on her wet cheeks, "go your ways; and when you repeat the Lord's Prayer to-night, pause to think what you mean as you say: 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us—and lead us not into temptation—but deliver us from evil!'"

Here Jonas came in with our little supper, which

we are too fond of old-fashioned comforts to miss, and aunt Betsey's lecture on Scandal was ended.

* * * * *

Nov. 13th. 18—. Tom tells me that the scandal about the ——s is now acknowledged to have been entirely without foundation. Major —— was the admirer of Mrs. ——'s younger sister, and, through her agency, the opposition of the father has been made to yield. The wedding, after a delay of some years, will soon take place. So aunt Betsey was right, as she always is.

NEWPORT BEACH.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

THE crested line of waves upheaving slow,
Like white-plumed squadrons in compact array
Moving to launch their thunder on the foe,
Each gathering in, with hushed yet ardent will,
Its strength of purpose ere the war-cloud burst,—
And with accumulate energy press on
Their foamy ridges, to dissolve at last,
Like passion's billows, into gushing tears,
Or, with an inarticulate moan, expire.

Wave after wave successively rolls on
And dies along the shore, until more loud
One billow with concentrate force is heard
To swell prophetic, and exultant rears
A lucent form above its pioneers,
And rushes past them to the farthest goal.
Thus our unuttered feelings rise and fall,
And thought will follow thought in equal waves,
Until reflection nerves design to will,
Or sentiment o'er chance emotion reigns,
And all the wayward undulations blend
In one o'erwhelming surge!

In meditation's hour, these waves recede,
And then appear the relics of the soul—
Trophies long cherished, fragments of wrecked hopes,
That freshened by the dew of memory, gleam
Like a mosaic pavement, whose dim hues
And worn inscriptions suddenly grow clear
Beneath reviving moisture: purple shells
And gay weeds fleck the strand, like garlands torn
By fierce ambition from the rocks of Time,
To drift unheeded down oblivion's main;
And mystic characters indent the sands
Frail as the records which men love to trace,
With the approaching tide to pass away.

Like the sea, too, our being ebbs and flows
From fountains unexplored of inward life
To the world's sterile coast, with restless dash
Chafing its bound; then mournfully sweeps back
To lapse in earnest consciousness again.
For what to thee, O, thoughtful soul, imports
The monotone of apathetic days,
Save as the prelude to a higher strain,
In which the symphony of Truth shall blend
With Love's celestial anthem? Far apart
From the insensate crowd thy real life,

Like the deep under-current of the sea,
Resistless and invisible flows on!
O, for a human ear attuned to catch
Its muffled voice, or gently-beaming eyes
To pierce, with keen regard, the playful wave,
And watch its hidden course!

For, to continue the similitude,
After each tempest, both of mind and sea,
Cometh tranquility; then rosy hues
Flush the horizon with a glow that warms
The sleeping flood like Hope's blest reverie,
And the low ripples, with their soothing plash,
Lave the gay tinted pebbles till they shine
Like precious jewels in the sunset fire;
And the wan moon her slender crescent shows,
A diadem benign, serenely high,
While the lulled wave as gently heaves below
As the fair bosom where is treasured up
Our heart's best life, and its pellucid depths
Reflect the firmament as truthful eyes
With crystal softness mirror love's pure gaze.

What pristine vigor braces the glad frame
That dallies with the breakers, meets the surge,
And feels the sportive tossing of the brine!
As in the world's antagonistic sphere
We wrestle and grow calm, the vague unrest
That haunts impulsive natures, yields awhile
To the encircling presence of the sea,
Inviting thought to an excursive range,
And, with its plaintive and impetuous roar,
Stilling the tumult of the eager heart.

The antique genius shaped a noble truth
In moulding Aphrodite as she stands
Prepared to yield her beauty to the sea.
A winsome coyness half made up of fear
And half of love, betrays itself in grace;
With eyes averted from the tempting flood,
She grasps her loosened hair, and as the wave
Strikes her pale feet, a swift recoil
Checks the advancing step, and thus she broods
A lovely image of subdued desire,
Action and thought that quiver and unite
In exquisite proportion; thus we pause
Upon the brink of glory unachieved,
Or sacrifice resolved,—our hearts appalled

By the chill touch and drear infinitude
Of Fate's relentless tide.

Thy breath, majestic sea, was native air,
And thy cool spray, like Nature's baptism, fell
Upon my brow, while thy hoarse summons called
My childhood's fancy into wonder's realm.
Thy boundless azure in youth's landscape shone
Like a vast talisman, that oft awoke
Visions of distant climes, from weary round
Of irksome life to set my spirit free;
And hence whene'er I greet thy face anew,
Familiar tenderness and awe return
At the wild conjuration;—fondest hopes,
And penitential tears and high resolves
Are born of musing by the solemn deep!

Then here, enfranchised by the voice of God,
O, ponder not, with microscopic eye,
What is adjacent, limited and fixed;

But with high faith gaze forth, and let thy thought
With the illimitable scene expand,
Until the bond of circumstance is rent,
And personal griefs are lost in visions wide
Of an eternal future! Far away
Where looms yon sail, that like a curlew's wing,
Prints the gray sky, are moored enchanted isles
Of unimagined beauty, with soft airs
And luscious fruitage, and unclouded stars;
Where every breeze wafts music, every path
By flowers o'erhung, leads to a home of love,
And every life is glorified with dreams:
And thus beyond thy present destiny,
Beyond the inlet where the waves of Time
Fret at their barren marge, there spreads a sea
More free and tranquil, where the isles of peace
Shall yield thy highest aspiration scope,
And every sympathy response divine!

A WISH.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Would I were any thing, that *thou* dost love!
A flower, a shell, a wavelet, or a cloud—
Aught that might win a moment's soul-look from thee!
To be "a joy forever" in *thy* heart,
That were in truth divinest joy to mine!
A low, sweet, haunting *tune*, that will not let
Thy memory go, but fondly twines around it,
Pleading and beautiful, for unto thee,
Music is life—such life as *I* would be!
A *statue* wrought in marble, without stain,
Where one immortal truth embodied lives
Instinct with grace and loveliness; a *fane*,
A fair, Ionic temple—growing up,
Light as a lily, into the blue air,
To the glad melody of a tuneful thought
In its creator's spirit, where thy gaze
Might never weary—dedicate to thee,

Thy image shrined within it, lone and loved.
Make me the flower thou lovest! Let me drink
Thy rays, and give them back in bloom and beauty!
Mould me to grace—to glory like the statue!
Wake for *my* mind the music of thine own,
And it shall grow to that majestic tune,
A temple meet to shrine mine idol in!
Hold the frail shell, tinted by love's pure blush,
Unto thy *soul*, and thou shalt hear within
Tones from its spirit-home! *Smile* on the wave,
And it shall flow, free, limpid, glad forever;
Shed on the cloud the splendor of thy being,
And it shall float—a radiant wonder—by thee!
To love—*thy* love—so docile I would be,
So pliant, yet inspired, that it should make
A marvel of me, for thy sake, and show,
Its proud *chef d'œuvre* in my harmonious life.

SONNETS.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

THE GRAVE.

Thou small square portal of eternity,
Why on thy threshold will my spirit start?
Why to the inner temple of my heart
Rushes the frightened blood tumultuously?
No horrors in thy tranquil depths I see;
Myriads in gloomy state this way depart,
Till Time looks wearied on Death's pageantry;
Yet, mystic grave, use takes no awe from thee.
Why should it be, that man his galling cares
Beside thy lintel so reluctant throws?—
Why for his fetters grieves, why hugs his woes,
When thoughtful Faith within that portal bears
A torch which flashing through the murky airs,
On beckoning Hope a steady radiance throws?

TO HOPE.

Thou art no exhalation of the brain,
Raising mid foggy doubts thy phantom light,
To tempt thy followers on from pain to pain—
Forever distant, yet forever bright
O no! thy luring rays ne'er shine in vain
Athwart the shadows of uncertain night—
Thou proud incentive to heroic gain,
That waken'st from despair the spirit's might,
And from defeat excit'st to victory!
Though, star-like, thou retreat'st as we advance,
And from our eager grasp wilt ever flee;
Yet, star-like, guid'st thou, with unchanging glance,
In glory streaming towards eternity,
To cast a light beyond the grave's expanse.

TOMO, AND THE WILD LAKES.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

ALL the upper part of New York is a vast wilderness. What in other countries would be called great rivers, take their rise here. On the North are the Raquette, the Black, Beaver, Grass, Oswegathie, and the like, which roll their waters through the forests, till they find the St. Lawrence. Into the beautiful Champlain empty the Saranac, the Du Sauble, and the Bouquet, while from the South comes the lordly Hudson—whose birth place is among wilds and lakes almost inaccessible. In this mighty wilderness, are mountains terribly magnificent—rising up alone, cold, dreary, and sublime. Here, too, are lakes—more than two hundred in number—wild as they were before the white man ever came to their shores, and beautiful, often beyond any thing to be described on paper. Lake George and Champlain, are of the tribe, and have the good fortune to be more accessible than the rest of their family, but there are multitudes which are no ways inferior to them in beauty, and far superior to them in wildness.

In former times this was all the rich hunting ground of the Mohawks; and for a long period they trapped the beaver and the otter, and feasted upon the moose and the deer, unmolested. But in process of time, a shrewd old Sachem of the Abenakis Indians, in Canada, discovered this choice hunting region. At first he came alone; but the abundance of his success caused his young men to watch and follow him, and he was obliged to lead them into it. To this day, there are marks left by which he endeavored to frighten any from following him. Those who have gone over the old "Indian carrying place," between the waters of the Saranac and the Raquette, will know what I mean. The old Sachem contended that all the ground occupied by the lakes and rivers that emptied into Canada, must belong to the Canada Indians, while the Mohawks contended that the ground was all theirs from immemorial possession. These disputes caused bitter enmities, severe contests, and much bloodshed. On the banks of the rivers and around all the lakes, is many an unknown grave—where they waylaid and murdered each other. Even to this day, you can see the eye kindle, and the form enlarge, as the Abenakis tells the story of these wars, and lauds the superior courage of his tribe; and I presume, though I am unacquainted with them, that almost any of the remnants of the Mohawks,

would do the same. The story I am about to relate was told me by one of the former tribe.

The bark canoe is the horse, camel, carriage, and vessel of the Indian. It is made so light that the owner can carry it on his head for miles through the forest, and yet capable of carrying several men. Each tribe has its own pattern—some exceedingly graceful and beautiful—so that on seeing a canoe, you can tell in a moment to what tribe it belongs. They are all made of the bark of the white birch, lined with white cedar rived very thin, sewed with the roots of the spruce, and gummed, (or *puccoed*, as the Indians call it,) with the gum of the same tree.

Has my reader ever passed through the enchanting lake—Champlain—from White Hall to St. John's? If he has, he has had a great amount of enjoyment in a small space—provided he had some friend by him to whom he could say, "Oh, how beautiful!" As he left the bold shores and lofty mountains that looked down on the lake on both sides, Vermont and New York—and came along the flattened shores in Canada, did my reader ever notice a small, flat island in the lake, just before he reached St. John's? Those who speak the English language, call it "Ash Island." The Indians, for reasons, soon seen, call it "Head Island."

On one occasion, a company of thirty Mohawks in their canoes passed through the wilderness which I have named, into Champlain, and then *down*, north, towards Canada, in order to waylay, and intercept any of the Abenakis who might be coming up to hunt. Just at night, the warriors killed a moose, and landed on Ash Island, to camp for the night. Here they built their camp fire, and began to roast their moose. Just after this, there came along a single canoe, containing an old chief and three hunters, on their way to the hunting grounds. Noiselessly they moved their paddles. Before they were seen they had discovered the smoke of the camp fire. They waited till dark, and then silently landed on the shore opposite the island. One of the best swimmers was sent to examine the canoes, and see who were the owners. There were bushes all around the shores of the island, and the Mohawks were busy in cooking their supper. The night was very dark. The scout crept up among the canoes, which were drawn up, and, according to the immemorial custom of the Indian, turned bottom

side uppermost. He examined their form, counted their number, and returned to his companions. The cunning chief laid his plans instantly, and lost no time in executing them. He directed two of his men to swim silently back, and as still as the night, to land, and with a sharp knife, slit every canoe lengthwise from end to end. They went on their perilous errand—landed—crept up, and cut each canoe full of slits. They were just starting to swim back, when a Mohawk rose up with a huge thigh bone of the moose in his hand, which he had just been picking. "I wish," said he, "that this bone might strike an Abenakis on the head!" He then gave it a throw over the bushes into the lake, and sure enough, it *did* strike one of the swimmers on the head, and stunned him! The other Indian was close at hand, and instantly understood it. He was afraid that when his companion recovered from the stun, he would thrash the water, and make a noise. So he silently and coolly dragged him under water, and drowned him! All this was the work of silence, and of a very little time, and the Indian returned and reported to his chief. The three now entered their canoe, and paddling out towards the island, began to fire on the Mohawks. These poor fellows raised their war whoop, rushed into their canoes, and put out into the lake. But now came their trouble. Their canoes began at once to fill, and to sink. The cunning Abenakis came upon them with the war shout. The Mohawks were in amazement, and were knocked in the head like dogs. They were all killed except one, who was designedly saved alive. What a victory for three men! In the morning the prisoner was brought forth, expecting to be put to death by all the torture that could be devised. But their plan was different, though hardly less cruel. They stripped the captive, and made him look at the twenty-nine heads of his countrymen which were now impaled on as many stakes, and stuck up all round the island. (This gave it the name of "Head Island"—"*uirutup-island*.") They then cut off his nose, ears, and lips, and put him ashore. "Now, go home," said they, "go home, and tell Mohawks to send more men! Too easy for three Abenakis to whip thirty men—tell Mohawks send more men!" The poor maimed creature pursued his way through the pathless wilderness, and after suffering incredible hardships, reached his home, and told his story. The Mohawks were mortified beyond expression. Their hundreds of schemes for retaliation are not told. But in due time their vengeance was ample and full. The number who lost their lives as a sequel to the "Head Island" tragedy was very great.

"Shall we go back and tell what we have done?" said one of the victors, to his chief. "No, no! These heads will stay here, and they will tell the story. We must go on before it be too late to hunt deer in the dark of the moon." And

onward, and up the lake the canoe moved, till they reached the Saranac, where Plattsburg now stands, when they turned into that river, and followed it up. They made no stop, even to hunt, till they had passed beyond the rapids, one of which is seven miles long. Around all these, they carried their canoe and implements for hunting. In a few days they had reached the upper Saranac lake, or as they called it, the "*San-bellon-inipus*," the *beautiful lake*! And beautiful it is—almost beyond expression. Its waters are deep, clear, and sweet. The lake is almost fifteen miles long, studded with islands, and surrounded with enchanting shores.

As the canoe emerged into the lake from the long neck or outlet, the sachem held up his hand, and the paddles were motionless.

"I smell smoke," said he in a low voice. "I smell smoke—some Mohawks somewhere in the lake."

"Can you see any smoke?" said one of his companions.

"See none—smell him sure." The canoe moved very slowly and silently. When opposite Eagle Island a low whistle was heard—so low and feeble that none but an anxious ear would have caught it.

"That no Mohawk—that Abenakis whistle," said the leader. He made a motion, and the canoe turned towards the Island. Just as she reached a little niche on the southern side, a young man rose up from the moss in the bushes, and with a leap, stood within a few feet of the canoe.

"Sago, sago," said he in a voice but little above a whisper. "Brave Tomo is very welcome. Of all men in the world, Tomo is the man I want to see."

"Is the Saranac Hawk alone?" said Tomo, with a distrustful look around the lake.

"All alone."

"Was the smoke that I smelt from the camp-fire of the Saranac Hawk?"

"No, old friend, it was the smoke of the Mohawks who are hunting in the upper part of the lake."

"What is the young Hawk doing here?" asked Tomo.

"Come up the rock, and I will tell you. Come alone." The chief stepped lightly on the rock, and in a moment they were both out of sight. The canoe was lifted out of the water, and laid over behind a fallen tree; and in a few moments no one would have suspected any one being on the Island. Long and low was the consultation between the chief and the young man whom he called the Saranac Hawk.

The young man might be twenty-two or four years old. His form was straight, lithe and symmetrical. His light hair and blue eye showed that he belonged to the Saxon race. He wore moccasins, after the Indian fashion, made of the soft

moose-skin, and which gave no sound to the foot-steps. He had a green dress, in the hunter style, with a knife hanging in a little sheath at his side, a small leathern ammunition-bag in front, a little axe or hatchet hanging in his girdle behind, a green cap on his head, and a rifle, long and of small bore, in his hand. His eye was mild, but a certain glance that accompanied a compressed mouth showed that the spirit that looked out of that eye was a stranger to fear or to indecision.

"I will give you rifle," said the young man whether we succeed or not, if you will only make the attempt."

"Tomo will not want rifle to keep, if young Saranac Hawk be dead."

"But I shant be killed; or if I am, it's no more than I would wish to do." These last words were spoken to himself.

"Can't young Hawk find many white squaw so better as this one?"

"No, my good Tomo, there is none like this. We were children together, and we have been betrothed a long time."

"Umph! How foolish you white folks are! When Indian want squaw, he no do so. White man court, and court, and court great while—maybe years. When Indian want wife he go to young squaw—sit down by her—then he hold up two forefingers—then squaw he laugh—then they already be married. Much better way!"

"It may be so," said the young man impatiently; "but what will Tomo do? Will he help me?"

"He smoke first, then think."

As quick as said, the young man had his flint and steel out, and his well-filled tobacco pouch at his friend's service. The other two Indians were then brought in to help smoke and think. Among them all there were not provisions enough for a single meal. The first thing was to procure something to eat, and the next was to devise how to cook it without making a fire. After a long season of silence, which seemed interminable to the young Saxon, the old Indian said, "We want to help young Saranac Hawk to get his bird, but are few. We only four, and Mohawk thirteen, and much dogs to smell and bark."

"We must do head-work," said the young man, "since our arms are too short to reach them. Let me speak my thoughts into Tomo's ears. We must go off at once—cross over the carrying-place—pass through Stony ponds and Stony brook—go up the Raquette—cross Moore mountain, go up to Incapacho-inipus, (Long Lake,) there kill deer and dry meat. They can't hear our guns so far, nor see our fires. We will then come back and make them think *Chepi* (ghosts) have come. We can do all this in two nights, and by that time they will be done hunting in Fish Ponds, and come on this lake, and then we have good place to be *Chepi*."

"Young Hawk say well."

Each one then drew the girdle tighter around the loins, and stood ready to start. Cautiously, without stepping on a single dry stick, did old Tomo go to the best point of observation and look out over the lake. Far in the distance, miles away he saw a speck, which at first he thought was a loon; but a further look convinced him that it was a canoe crossing the lake towards Fish creek. "They have been into the lake fishing," thought he, "and are now going to their hunting-ground for the night."

From Eagle Island was a distance of about three miles when they came to the "carrying-place." On landing, the young man with his rifle went forward in the little path, to be seen only by the practised eye. Behind him came the canoe carried on the head of an Indian; and then followed the others, all in silence. In a time almost incredible they had passed through the woods about a mile, when they came to a small pond. What a beautiful place! It was about half a mile in diameter, perfectly round, and its clear beautiful waters seemed to reflect back the trees that stood round it, and the heavens which hung over it. It was indeed the jewel of the desert. On its grassy shores were more than one deer timidly feeding, while here and there the huge trout threw out his forked tail in sheer ecstasy. A single loon sat in the middle of the pond, and raised his clear shrill notes on seeing the new-comers. As this was in the travelled way of the Mohawks, the company hurried on silently. The very rifle in the hands of the youth seemed to ache to shoot one of the deer, but prudence told him better. They slackened not their efforts till they had passed through those beautiful ponds—and down Stony brook into the Raquette river. They then turned up the river, and felt safer, because now out of track of any new band of Mohawks who might be coming up the Raquette. By great and almost superhuman labors, they were over and beyond the upper falls by sunset. Here they might safely hunt; for the roar of the falls, full one and a half miles of rocks and roar, precluded the possibility of their being heard. Not a morsel of food had they eaten during all the journey of one day. Two of the Indians now made a camp-fire, and having smoked their pipe, coiled up under the smoke, and in a few minutes were fast asleep. The chief peeled a small spruce, and with its bark and a stick of a yard in length soon made "a jack," or half lantern—open in front and dark behind. He next got some dry roots of pine, full of gum and highly inflammable. Then some dry outside bark of the cedar, which he pounded very fine, and tied with green bark—which was the "Indian candle." By midnight the jack was in the bow of the canoe, the pitchy roots in the jack ready to be lighted up in an instant, and the Indian candle lighted and slowly burning, like the end of a dry rope. They were going to hunt deer in the Indian way. In the bow

of the canoe sat the young man—just behind the jack, while the old Indian sat in the stern to paddle. In perfect silence and darkness the canoe moved up the river towards the outlet of Long Lake. The plunge of the musk-rat and the lunge of the otter as he gambolled and slid off the steep bank into the water, were frequent; but no deer was heard. At length a noise like a calf walking in the water was heard, and the young man raised the Indian candle and swung it in the air a few times, and it was all in a light blaze. He then applied it to the pine knots in the jack, and they too were on fire. There was now a strong light thrown out in front of the canoe, while all behind the jack was perfect darkness. Slowly, and without lifting his paddle from the water, and almost without moving it, the Indian turned the canoe towards the deer. As it neared the animal, he was seen standing in the water about knee deep. He looked at the light without moving, while his eye-balls seemed to be balls of fire. He seemed like a picture of a huge deer—such a picture as is thrown upon the canvass by the magic lantern. The bats are flying in all directions,—the owls seem to be holding a jubilee, and hoot and laugh and sneeze in all imaginable and unimaginable tones. The strange light changes the trees on the banks of the river into all manner of shapes—castles, towers, churches, and palaces. The thin, cold fog rises from the river like a veil, and again the banks are covered with domes, and pyramids, and cones of silver. The forest seems like a breastwork of most wonderful workmanship. The wild-cat, too, screams, and the wolf in the distance is howling. But the deer—the deer! The Indian and the young man keep their eye on him alone. There he stands—a huge buck, with his monstrous horns and his eyes of fire! He dreams of no danger. He never thinks of what may be behind the brilliant light. The canoe hardly moves, and the Indian gently shakes it, as much as to say, I can go no further. The rifle rises up, the outer sight just so as to have the light strike it, while the back sight is in the dark. But the young Hawk knows what he is about. Quick as thought he raises the deadly iron, and a stream of fire leaps from its muzzle. The deer gives one supernatural leap high in the air, and drops dead! “The Saranac Hawk no forget where to point the winding gun yet,” said the Indian, in great admiration. By straining every muscle, they got the deer into the canoe, and returned to the starting place. The two sleepers were now aroused, who proceeded to dress the deer, and to roast unweighed steaks for their repast. After which, the two hunters went to rest; and they sat up, and cut up the deer and dried it in the smoke and blaze of their fire. They worked, and the others slept till ten o’clock the next morning, when a new meal was cooked, and nearly an hundred pounds were cured and ready for transportation. They were now prepared to return and carry their plans into execution.

About a fortnight previous to the commencement of our story, a young man was walking home with a charming girl, the choice and the pride of his heart, in one of those deep and beautiful glens which are so frequent in Vermont. Their parents had removed into this new and wild country years ago, and had lived as neighbors and friends—their log houses being about two miles apart. But others had come in, and the forest had fallen before the ringing axe; the humble school house was seen at an early date, and all the blessings which follow in the wake of shrewd and watchful industry. Robert Ralston, and Mary Parker, were the eldest in each family, and from infancy they were so frequently in each other’s society, that it happened very early, that if either was absent from the little log school house, the other found it a long and profitless day. Robert was sure to find the earliest flowers of the wilderness in the spring, and the sweetest wild grass in the autumn, and Mary was never forgotten. If the wolves were more plenty than common, or if the snow was deep and untrodden, Robert was sure to see that Mary got safely home. The heart beats in the wilderness just as it does in the city, only more freely and purely. Nothing had crossed them, and by the time they had arrived at manhood and womanhood, they ran to each other like two birds that had never been separated, and never dreamed that they could be. Almost without the common hopes, and fears, and crosses of lovers, it seemed to be understood, that as soon as Robert should get his farm cleared up, and a comfortable house and barn, they should go and occupy. And so manfully had Robert applied himself, that the crops were in, the house raised—for the second generation of houses in Vermont were all framed houses—the barn was built, and partly filled, and a hug-horn cow, that would have been admired at any agricultural fair, had such things then been in vogue, fed in the pasture near by. Mary had her preparations well under way, her chest of towels and sheets all of pure linen, and most of them the work of her own nimble fingers. In two months they were to be married.

They were walking together towards Mary’s house just at evening, and engaged in conversation in the twilight voice of love, when suddenly a light glanced through the trees, red and fierce. Robert turned his head, and saw in a moment that it must come from his new farm. “What *can* the matter be?” said he. The red glare increased. “Mary, can you get home alone, dear? There must be something wrong up yonder.”

“Certainly, Robert, I can already see our house, and shall be there in a few minutes.”

The lover gave the hasty kiss, and darted off through the woods, intending to reach his new farm by a shorter way than the usual road. That determination saved his life. Although he ran like a deer, yet the distance was over a mile, and

the woods were dark and so full of bushes and fallen trees, that it was long before he reached it. But when he did reach it, how his heart sunk within him! His house, and barn, and their contents, were burning into ashes. Elsie, his pretty cow, was in the agonies of death by inhuman butchery, and his pigs, and a pet lamb, were all killed. The poor fellow could hardly keep from weeping aloud. He sat down on a stump in the edge of the woods, where the light of the fires could not reveal his person, if the foe were any where round, and there sat as motionless as the black stump on which he sat. He knew that this must be the work of hostile Indians—but why they should select him, he could not tell. The only imaginable reason to be assigned was, that once on a hunting excursion, he delivered the old chief, Tomo, from the hands of his enemies, who had nearly surrounded him, and were exulting, that in a few hours they should have him in their power, and under their tortures. He did it by stratagem, or "head-work," as Tomo called it. Since that, he and Tomo had been the best of friends. Tomo gave him an Indian name, signifying "Saranac Hawk." But while this gave Robert one warm friend in Tomo, it made all Tomo's enemies to be his. They marked him for their vengeance. While thinking over the present and the future he happened to turn his eyes back, and another stream of fire sent out its red light. It was in the direction of Mary's home. Like a lion, he bounded away in the path which he had not taken, but which the Indians had, regardless of nothing. Away the poor fellow bounded, till he reached the well known opening, and truly enough, Mr. Parker's house and barns were in a bright flame. Not a soul was to be seen. The Indians had done the mischief and were off. By and by a neighbor came cautiously up, and among others, the Parker family, who had fled into the woods at the shouts of the savages—all but Mary—no one knew what had become of her. There were no signs of blood or murder, and it was evident that she had not been consumed in the house, unless she had first been murdered. But, oh! the agony of doubts and fears! They lifted up their voices and wept. The fires sent up their bright light upon the surrounding forest, only rendering it more intensely dark beyond their glare. They hung around the smouldering ashes, till, after a most weary night, the morning came. Then how anxious to find the trail of the foe, and to find who and what they were. Long and anxiously did they search and follow the woods; but so cunning had the Indians been in concealing their retreat, by walking backwards over soft places, wading and following brooks, and the like, that it was almost impossible to follow them. But in the course of the second day, Robert Ralston got fairly on the trail, and with thriling joy found the footprints of Mary Parker! She was then alive! These were the prints of her own little

foot! They were even and regular, too, as if she was well and strong, though undoubtedly sore at heart. Without stopping for food, or any thing, save his rifle, Robert followed the mauraders, determined to rescue his betrothed, or die in the attempt. In a light bark canoe, he followed them on the waters, and carried it over the mountains, till he had found them in the upper Saranac lake, as before mentioned. He was hanging on their rear when Tomo and his two companions came to him. Not daring to fire his rifle, or to make a fire in the day time, he had lived on fish caught at daybreak, and cooked in the dead of the following night.

Once more the little party were at the lower end of the Saranac, while the enemy, with their captive, was at the upper end, fifteen miles distant. They had come out of the pond, and were camped on a point projecting into the lake, by which the upper end is made into a bay in the shape of a T. Softly they went up the lake near the shore, listening to every sound, and watching every ripple of the waters. About midnight they passed the camp of the Indians, so silently that not a dog barked. They could see that they had just come in from their night hunting, were talking and laughing, and apparently delighted with their success. The smell of roasting venison filled the air. Robert tried to pierce the darkness, to catch a glimpse of Mary, but in vain. In pursuance of their plan, upon which Robert had been contriving and working all day, and the night previous; somewhere about two o'clock in the morning, one of the Mohawks aroused his companions, and pointed to a small, bright, steady light on Watch Rock, about a mile distant. They all started up, and set off to see what it meant. In a moment, two more lights were seen, one east and the other west, deep in the bay! What could it be? As they came near Watch Rock, instantly the light was quenched. The others followed, and went out. They went round the rock, went to the shores—could hear nothing, could see nothing! Again they went to their camp to consult, when, lo! these lights appeared again in three different places! They listened, but all was silence. They now began to be afraid. It must be Chepi! (ghosts.) The captive maiden, slightly bound, has her curiosity excited, and saw at once that it must be the light of the candle—sure sign that the white man was near! She thought, too, that they burned steady and clear, like the candles of beeswax, which she had made for her own Robert to hunt with! She doubted in her own mind whether they were intended as signals to her, or for stratagem. After much talking, and doubting, and fear, the Mohawks concluded once more to go out and see if it certainly was Chepi—and if so, to break up their camp, and be away as quickly as possible. They took their dogs with them to aid in the search. The lights now seemed to burn up directly out of the water!

Again they came near, and again, one after another went out before they reached them. One of the old dogs stuck his nose over the side of the canoe, and after snuffing a moment, uttered a yell. They all stopped and listened; but nothing was to be heard. Did old *Wamparetah*, (white-foot,) see or hear a Chepi? Again they turned towards their camp, and when about half way to it from where the lights were, they heard a blow, a low scream, and the paddles of a canoe! Cautiously they came to their camp, when they found the sentinel whom they left with the captive, lying dead, with a blow which had crushed his skull. The captive, too, was gone, the fires put out, or mostly so. Was it Chepi? They smoked and talked in low tones, till the day dawned. They then found the footprints of other feet besides their own, and little pieces of bark floating on the lake with pieces of candle on them, so well cut as to length, as to be quenched at the right time. They were more chagrined still, to find how completely they had been deceived.

The low scream which the Mohawks heard, was that of joy, when the captive maiden saw her lover strike one blow at the sentinel, and

catch her in his arms the next moment. Quick as a deer the youth bounded with her in his arms into the canoe, and long before the Mohawks got back to their camp, they were far down the lake.

All that night and the next day, the little party pushed on. On the second day, on "The Plains of Abraham," they met a party of Green Mountain boys in pursuit. Loud were the cheers, warm the greetings, and unaffected the joy when Robert showed the unscathed, blushing maiden hanging on his arm. But who can tell the tears and sobs when he delivered her to "the old folks?" They trembled, and wept, and laughed, and screamed. The loss of property was forgotten, and all united in a day of special thanksgiving to God, for his great goodness. The neighbors all turned in and helped Robert put up a new house, and so he actually won his bride a month sooner than he otherwise would. Old Tomo assured all concerned, that the lesson which the Mohawks had received at Head Island, and on the Saranac lake, would keep them away in future. He pronounced Mary a pretty squaw, but stood to it that the white man did not know how to court a wife.

— TO —

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE.

"Tu Manes ne læde meos; sed parce solutis
Crinibus, et teneris, Delia, parce genis."

I do not say, "Forget me not,
When in the tranquil grave I lie!"
Nor bid thee come to mark the spot
With bleeding heart and streaming eye.
Thou hast been faithful to my life,
And, when its sands are nearly run,
Watch me but through the latest strife,
—Then let thy task be done!

I would not bury in my tomb,
A wealth of tenderness like thine;
Nor wish the spirit veiled in gloom.
That threw such cheering light o'er mine.
Live for the living, not the dead!
Thy mission is to love and bless;
And tears enough there are to shed
O'er conscious wretchedness.

Still, like an angel smiling peace,
Go whisper hope to hearts that ache;
And guide them where all sorrows cease,
By the bright path thy footsteps take!

I shall not need thy tender care,
I shall not hear thy gentle tread,
Nor canst thou reach me with thy prayer,
Among the mouldering dead.

Far, far within a happier sphere,
My ransomed soul on Jesus' breast,
Shall wait thy coming, without fear,
To join me in the holy rest.
And if I may from that pure height
Look on thee yet as I do now,
O let me see the same sweet light
Upon thy placid brow!

O let me meet thine upward eye,
Undimmed by unavailing tears
For him, whose trouble has swept by
To usher in immortal years!
Recall no more our days of pain!
Think of the love that charmed our lot!
And, in fond trust to meet again,
Dearest, forget me not!

A VILLAGE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

PREMONITORY symptoms of that great event in village annals, the Fourth of July, would begin to show themselves in Monticello about a month previous. First, a notice of a meeting to be held at Hamble's on the Saturday evening following, would make its appearance in the "Republican Watchman." As that meeting was attended generally by the one who inserted the notice, (usually the aspirant for the oratorship,) the editor of the paper publishing it, (to have the job continued,) and the landlord, (who dropped in with the eye to the future benefit,) there were sufficient, of course, for a chairman, secretary, and the maker of the necessary motions. A committee, composed of the most influential names in the place, was then appointed, and in the next "Watchman" a "flaming" account would appear of the "large and respectable meeting held at Hamble's on Saturday evening last to consider the propriety of celebrating the approaching anniversary of American Independence," &c., &c., &c. A tremendous editorial notice would call attention to the account of the meeting, the editor "hoping that this glorious anniversary of our nation's birthday would be celebrated by the patriotic inhabitants of Monticello in an appropriate manner," &c., &c., &c.

This would lead to another meeting, and those whose names had been mentioned, feeling a little flattered by the notice taken of them, would of course "be on hand," and the "necessary arrangements" such as the appointment of the orator, reader, marshal of the day, &c., would take place.

All the arrangements however, with regard to the dinner and tea, from an instinctive dread of what the rivalry between the two taverns would produce, were generally "laid on the table" until the other matters appertaining to "the celebration" were more in a state of forwardness. Still, before this time, a sting in the fair fruit of the enterprize would usually be planted. Those of the "great men of the village" the "big bugs," as "loafer Jim" called them, who had been overlooked in the distribution of the honors of committee-ship, although having too much pride to exhibit their chagrin, would nevertheless cherish the rankling at heart, and be determined in their own minds "to throw cold water" at every suitable occasion, on the whole matter.

Things would however appear to run smoothly,

the orator would throw himself, body and soul, upon his manuscript, the reader con over "the Declaration" once or twice a week, and the marshal be in a state of great excitement for three or four days previous to the event, as to his arrangements. But as the time approached to within a day or so, a ripple would be seen upon the smooth current of things. The shrugs and contemptuous exclamations of the oppositionists would be exchanged for downright expressions of disdain for all the proceedings, and emphatic declarations "that the whole affair would prove a failure," adding, as for themselves they were "determined to celebrate on their own hook."

Such was the state of things in Monticello a few days before "the Fourth." The difficult task of settling which landlord should have the dinner and which the tea had been satisfactorily accomplished, but still those malcontent spirits remained, and we were all struck aback by a handbill on one of the posts of Wiggin's tavern stoop, calling a meeting of the Temperance Society, to discuss the propriety of having a "cold water celebration" at "the Bridge."

A meeting was however held by the committee of arrangements, at which it was agreed that Wiseman (chief of the oppositionists) should be appointed marshal of the day in place of Lapham, who was unexpectedly called away on business, and Whitson (Wiseman's shadow,) added to the toast committee.

In consequence of these sagacious proceedings the meeting called for the evening was abandoned on a plausible pretext, and the future assumed a smiling and propitious aspect.

The evening of the third was soft, balmy, and beautifully starlit, and long did Hull and I linger on the village-green enjoying its dimness and coolness after a day of exceeding heat. After a while we started for our respective places of abode, but catching the gleam of a light in the office of Mayfield (the appointee to the oratorship), we went towards it for the purpose of entering. We were within a pace or two of the steps when we were arrested by a loud ejaculation in Mayfield's voice from the interior. "Spirit of Liberty!" was the exclamation, in a kind of suppressed shout; and advancing to the single window at the side of the building, we there saw our friend, stationed before a small office looking-glass in an oratorical attitude, firmly clenching his manuscript in one hand,

whilst with the other he was making the most studied yet energetic gestures. Much inclined to laugh, we placed ourselves in the deep shadow of a large lilac bush, and listened. Detached words were all that we could hear, as he spoke in a sort of guttural suppressed voice, as if fearful, even at that late and quiet hour, of being overheard. "Freedom!" (extending both arms over his head)—"Ægis"—"country"—"temple"—"oh!"—with a burst, throwing himself in a tremendous attitude, and "making eyes" like a catfish when the hook is extracted; then sinking again—"patriotism—national virtue—column of true greatness;" then pounding his breast as if it were a bass drum—"American heart—lofty feelings of republicans"—then snatching up a ruler, and flourishing it in the air, stamping on the floor at the same time—"the red battle-field—clash of weapons—Bunker Hill—the snows of Germantown—glorious Independence," fell from his lips like a hail-shower, at the very apex of his "veiled voice." At length he prepared himself to be pathetic. Advancing his right leg, and clasping his hands, he looked intently forward and exclaimed, "patriots—venerable men—gray-haired heroes—going down fast to the tomb—country's gratitude—eternal fame"—until our laughter, so long bottled down in our throats, fairly gurgled up to our mouths, and we simultaneously gave birth to a hearty burst of merriment. Mayfield started from his position; his features relaxed into an inexpressible look of sneaking sheepishness, and, throwing his manuscript aside, he advanced to the window, while we darted round the angle of the building, making the slumbering village street fairly echo with our peals of laughter, and sought our respective pillows.

Roong—doon-n-n-g—such was the sound that saluted my ear all at once, and dissipated a bright dream that was hovering around my couch. Starting to my feet, I found that the gray dawn had opened. How fresh and cool every thing looked. The distant trees were just struggling out from the dimness, the nearer fields were seen half and half, and the village houses stood out clearly and distinctly in the soft light. Not being a very early riser, and desirous of husbanding my strength for the day, I returned again to my pillow; but I had hardly pressed it, before a fife and drum struck up immediately under my window a most violent quickstep. Conscience! how I did anathematize that music! But every thing comes to an end, and so at last did that quickstep. With a sensation of relief I again composed myself to slumber; but I had hardly closed my eyes before—spat—went a little cannon close by my office walls, succeeded by a most diabolical volley of fire-crackers, mingled with the shrill yells of boyish glee. All the young male population of the village seemed congregated there. Crack—again went a pistol, a horrible splutter again of the little rockets—and 'hoor-raw for Fourth er July! hoor-raw for

Fourth er July!" bawled the boys. I tossed with nervous vexation, but the hubbub still continued, until at length the whole assemblage went to a different quarter of the village. Aha! thought I, I'll have my nap yet. Vain boast! Scarcely had I turned over and folded my arms in a comfortable position, before the bells of the Court House and Presbyterian Church commenced ringing. And a most prodigious clatter did they make. They appeared to be running a race. One was a tenor and one a bass, and most amusing was the consequent blending of the tones. They sounded like the cracked voice of the last "member from Sullivan," that said "Mister" with a grumble, and "Speaker" with a squeak. As this musical contest proceeded, the bells became more and more excited. Every now and then they seemed to kick up their heels so high as fairly to turn summersets, and then they would come right side up again, with a jerk of tremendous power. At length, with a most awful kick and double summerset each, they fairly gave over, and the sounds ceased. Still the humming echo appeared to vibrate along the walls of my apartment, and to say "sleep no more to all the house." And blessing most heartily this despotic mandate of the infernal (I beg Dominie Fowler's pardon) bells, I left my couch (poetically speaking) and donned my garments. The sun was just poising himself upon Bromson's Hill as I came out into the open air. The sky was beautifully burnished—a few golden wreaths of clouds were dissolving from the east, and all gave "token of a goodly day." (Hem! Shakspeare.) Knots of boys were scattered along the village street, busy with their miniature cannon and fire-crackers, and almost exploding themselves with excitement; the country people were coming in—and several members of the two military companies (the Artillery and Rifle) were straggling along the broad sidewalk. Great times were evidently in preparation. Wooden booths had been erected the day before in various quarters of the village, and were now stored with a plentiful supply of eatables and drinkables to supply hungry and thirsty customers, great numbers of which were evidently anticipated, particularly the latter.* Crowds of country lads and lasses dressed in all their finery were scattered around,

* Amongst these booths was one belonging to Betsey Lossing, (a quarrelsome old woman who resided about a mile from the village,) situated very near my office. Betsey was in all the glory of a ruffled cap, striped neckerchief, and brown dress. She looked as if she was not only the mistress of her small domain, but was able to quell any disturbance that, as the day advanced, and the liquor became stronger, might arise amongst her customers. She had much experience in Fourth of July's, and I could perceive that a frown was lingering about her eyebrows, ready at the first emergency to spring out upon her forehead—and there was a play too about the corners of her mouth, and a half sharpness in her tone, as if she knew she was to be put into a passion at all events, and rather longed for the time to begin.

some sauntering in couples, others gaining elevated places "to see the procession"—whilst others were thronging around great broad-wheeled wagons filled with good things, and were swallowing apple-pies and mugs of cider, as if they had never ate or drank before, and this was the last time they ever could again. Towering in the midst of this rocking and swaying scene was the tall lank figure of Jack Traver the pedler, holding a couple of pocket knives of formidable size in his hand, and offering them to the listening group around him.

"Look here, ladies and gentlemen! how much! don't all speak at once, you can't all have 'em! a shilling a-piece! one shilling a-piece! can't you say two? Come now, one shilling more on this glorious anniversary! one shilling more for Independence and them what fout, bled, and died at Bunker Hill and so forth! What do you say?"

But martial music now struck upon my ear, and, turning, I found the two uniform companies in the act of filing past, to take their place at the head of the procession that was now forming. A loud flourish of the music again rose upon the air, and Marshall Wiseman and his aids made their appearance. The Orator and Reader were also visible on the steps of the tavern, ready to occupy their destined place; the companies wheeled into platoons; the Marshall, after a tremendous curvetting of his steed, pranced immediately before the "music," and the procession moved.

We arrived without accident at the church, whose bell, in connection with that of the court house, had been in perfect convulsions from the first starting. The exercises commenced "with prayer from the Rev. Mr. Lookgrave."

The next exercise in order was the first of the two "patriotic odes," written by the village school-master, who was the standing poet on such occasions, and set to music by Job Paddock, the singing school teacher, and leader of the Presbyterian church choir. The performance of these odes was, in the opinion of many, and particularly Job, the most important part of the celebration. The choir had been engaged in rehearsing them for a fortnight previous, and had, as they thought, made themselves perfect. Accordingly, as the Rev. Mr. Lookgrave took his seat, at Job's signal, which was a loud rap with his fiddle-bow, the choir rose. It was composed of six of both sexes, and after "sounding the pitch," they dashed off with a tremendous burst. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself. In his hurry and excitement Job had substituted in the hands of full half of his singers the second ode for the first, leaving the latter in the hands of the others. The consequence was that, plunging as it were into the bowels of the performance, some two lines had been executed before Job (or in fact any of them) became aware that they all were entangled in a net of two different airs and sets of words. Job's violin, which before had been screaming and

squeaking at an awful rate, instantly ceased, as well as his voice, which was a cracked tenor, but the performers in their fever (it being their first appearance on a Fourth of July occasion) had fairly run away from his guiding and restraining influence, and were now rushing like wild horses right through both tunes, utterly regardless of each other, and only anxious to get at the end of the performance as soon as possible. The consequences were most ludicrous. Now a shrill treble shot up, piercing like a keen arrow a rumbling bass note, and now there was a perfect chopping sea of tones, tossing up and down in the most laughable discord; here a line of the first ode would come to an end in the middle of one of the second, then one of the second would snap the head off of one of the first—then a prodigious burst in one would totally overpower and blot out, as it were, several notes of the other, which at length however would struggle up and again assert a hearing; the most inopportune words would emerge from the contest coupled together, such as "tyrants—freemen—liberty—chains," until the whole audience were well nigh choked with laughter. At last Job, in an agony of mortification, after vainly rapping on his violin for some time, fairly shouted "silence," which had the effect of stopping entirely, as if they had suddenly dashed up against a stone wall, his unruly and frightened choir in their headlong and breakneck career.

Order being at length re-established, the reader of the Declaration arose. He was a diffident, nervous young fellow, and had dwelt so long upon his task, particularly the first line, "When in the course of human events," repeating it over and over again in his mind, during the whole of the preceding exercises, that on rising and finding himself the centre of all eyes, flurried and trembling he transposed the words to the following effect—"When in the hoarse of cuman events—" and then stopped short with his mouth open. I struggled not to smile, but a titter from a young lady before me destroyed my equilibrium, and a suppressed gurgling in the throat of Williams, told that others were in the same predicament. His face crimson and his knees quivering, the unfortunate reader blundered on. Conscious of his mistake, and his mind dwelling upon it, he lost more and more his self-possession, until his voice amounted to a gallop, and nothing could be distinguished but one unbroken strain of trembling sound. He at length dashed through it, and coming to the last sentence, such was the impetus his voice had received, that it fairly shot over the last word, and it was not until he again looked, that he became conscious he had arrived at the end of his task. Repeating then the last word, with the most abrupt falling of tone, he sat down breathless and pale, and stared around him as if he had just awakened as to his identity and where he was.

Cowed and broken-spirited by the first display of his choir, Job declined making a second effort, and Mayfield instantly took his place upon the platform with his manuscript rolled in his hand, and a glass of water on a little table at his side, and after a low bow to his audience, commenced.

I will not follow Mayfield in all his flights and spasms, attitudes, and inflections of voice. Suffice it to say, he was sensible throughout, and at times eloquent. Being ambitious, and having moreover an eye upon a fat office in expectancy, he thought it a good time to be vastly patriotic. Occasionally, with a vivid recollection of the last night, I looked at Hull, and when Mayfield launched forth into a magnificent invocation of the Spirit of Liberty, we both looked down to conceal our laughter. Shortly after, when throwing himself into an attitude precisely like the one in which we saw him in the office, he commenced, with clasped hands, an address to the patriots of the Revolution, the seat fairly shook with our suppressed merriment. This part of the oration was addressed to old Major Blueson and Captain Ring, who were seated on the platform at the right of the speaker, and who were the only representatives of the old worthies of that era. Malicious report, however, had long whispered that old Ring had been a tory in "the times that tried men's souls," and fully of this opinion was his comrade the Major, who had positively refused at first to be seen in the company of "that 'ere old cow-boy," as he termed him.

"Why, bless your soul, lad!" said he to one of the committee who had remonstrated with him just before the setting out on the procession, "he was nuther more nor less than a shabby cow-boy, and I'm the man what knows it. It's a rael shame that he should walk by the side of an old Revolutioner like me!"

Soothing, however, his wrath by promising, if he patronized the captain this time, he would not be asked to do so in future, the committeeman had induced the old major to relax so far as to suffer Ring to walk by his side, but there the condescension had ended. The major kept his eye pertinaciously fixed in a sidewise direction, with his shoulder turned from his companion, thus causing himself to shuffle along somewhat like a crab. He moreover was entirely deaf to all the captain's conversational eloquence, the latter being naturally garrulous, and warmed now by a stiff glass of 'gin and sugar," was experiencing a pressing desire to talk about "old times."

Even on the platform the major had kept up his enmity. With his sharp features all screwed up into an expression of profound contempt, he had up to the present time turned half his back to his companion. But now, as the speaker looked to where both were sitting, and commenced his address to them with a preliminary remark upon "the patriotism manifested in that glorious period," the old major twisted himself into a front

attitude, and, with a grim smile struggling upon his face, listened. As the speaker proceeded in a general eulogy on the "venerable patriots of that memorable time," the major, evidently taking it all to himself, bent his ear with the most vivid pleasure depicted on his countenance. But this was speedily interrupted. Rising in the ecstasy of his admiration, Mayfield extended his arms toward the two old heroes and exclaimed in a most pathetic tone, "venerable men! ye have shed your blood for the liberties we now enjoy!" Scarcely had he got the last word out of his mouth, when to his infinite dismay and the surprise of the audience, the major rose quickly, and hobbling down the steps that led from the staging to the aisle, said in the sharpest tones of his conceited voice—

"That ere old cow-boy did n't by a tarnal sight—and I wont set by him enny longer—Gaul darn me ef I do."

"Ye lie! ye old rascal, ye!" shouted the captain, jumping up and shaking his fist at the major. "I fout as well as you for Ameriky, and ef you say that again I'll lick ye, that's all!" and then resuming his seat, he continued, with his head shaking as if he had the palsy—"I fout as well as you did! wait till the sarvices is over, old boy! that's all! ef I don't lick ye, you will me, that's all! Old cow-boy indeed! you'll lick me or I will you, after the sarvices is over, that's all!"

Mayfield had of course stopped at the first outbreak of the scene, but now, elevating his voice, he succeeded in completely drowning the old fellow's grumbling, and enlisting again our attention, he held it unbroken until his close.

After the exercises, we once more formed in procession and proceeded to the dinner-table, which was spread under a leafy arbor in the green pleasant lane between Wiggins' tavern and my office. Many were the good things under which the table groaned. Its head and foot were garnished each with a roasted pig, bright in its rich tanny lines, and looking as if in the act of galloping off the plate. A noble ham, with its soft white velvet surface mottled with black pepper, showed itself next on either side. Great sirloins of beef, roasted to a sable color were here and there seen; flocks of chickens and ducks, displaying those golden-brown tones that oftentimes lurk in the nooks of Doughty's and Cole's landscapes, were strewn around, with dish upon dish of yellow potatoes, silvery turnips, and emerald peas crowded into every possible space, until the snow of the table-cloth could hardly be discerned. In the midst of the table, however, was the chief glory of the occasion, towering up (to use a large comparison) like a gray castle from amongst the roofs of the village clustered around it. This was an immense "pot pie," (in Saxon,) filling to overflowing its glistening tin basin, and rounding up over the rim with a plump gray bosom of flaky crust, that seemed as if it might melt upon the

tongue like frostwork. How delightful it looked—and oh, the riches that we knew were tucked up underneath that rich coverlet. Add to these things pitchers of ale and cider, lemonade and water, and you have a tolerably accurate picture of our Fourth of July dinner-table.

After grace from the Rev. Dr. Hanglip, we all ranged ourselves along the table, and, armed with our knives and forks, commenced a determined and vigorous assault. There was a clattering music in the air around, reader, allow me to inform you. By the way, did you ever glance up and down a large dinner-table when the occupants were all engaged in eating? It is curious, I assure you. Such a line of "open sepulchres" and busy jaws is interesting, particularly to the votaries of the ideal and transcendental. And the shapes which humanity exhibits are really marvellous. Here one is moving his under teeth up and down with the pertinacity of a mill-saw—there another is just in the act of swallowing, with his neck stretched as if for the halter; now one is opening his mouth to receive his morsel, and now another is closing his, stuffed so full that his eyes are bulging out like lobsters. But without entering any further into minuteness, suffice it to say that the numerous guests showed the greatest patriotism in the dinner exploits of the "glorious Anniversary." In due course of time the table was cleared; bottles and glasses succeeded, and the "toasts" were drunk until the whole scene was one of festive hilarity. "The star-spangled banner" was given us in the rich tones of Manning, and Lavigne sang "Perry's victory." In an hour after the proposal of the first toast the table was a spectacle. The strong wine had performed its task in storming the headworks of a number, and their brains had surrendered at discretion. The results were truly Hogarthian, (is there such a word?) and (on the temperance principle) altogether scandalous. Indeed any saint of cold water would have fairly plunged away in a sort of waterfall horror at the sight. One of the patriots near me was in such an ecstatic state that his memory had entirely shrunk up into a part of the first line of the "star-spangled banner," and he was continually repeating, his head nodding at the same time in the most drowsy manner, "O-h say do you see"—when it was very evident he was past seeing any thing. Another, whose ideas upon matters and things in general had concentrated themselves upon "Perry's victory," was doing nothing but drawling out, "The *tenth* of September, we all do remember!" with the like certainty on the part of all that he at least could do any thing else than remember. A third, with the veritable Connecticut twang, was volunteering to chaunt to the company all about how

"Yankee Doodle came to taown
Dressed in streaked traowzers—
He swore (hiccough) he could n't see-e—

(with great emphasis, in a up-hill tone, and at the same time squinting as if for a wager)

"The taown—
There was—

(bringing his hand down heavily, as if in the enforcement of the fact)

"So many haouses."

A terrible hubbub from without now penetrated the arbor, and those of us that could, sallied forth. We found that the disturbance proceeded from the vicinity of Betsey's booth—in fact that a tremendous battle was there raging. A whirlpool of human beings was tossing immediately before the booth, composed of swaying and writhing forms, with fists every now and then rising and falling into the convulsed movements beneath, whilst a blended din of cries, shouts, and oaths rose from that seething cauldron of mortality. I immediately forced my way up the steps of my office to survey the scene—and truly a stirring scene it was. There was Betsey in the midst of the fight—her cap awry, her face the color of crimson, her eyes like those of a dragon—flourishing a broomstick with marvellous skill and indiscriminate rage—her hands, like the Arab's, evidently against all. Whack, whack, whack went the broom, here on a back, there on a head. Now she levelled her weapon to a charge bayonet, and thrust it full-tilt against her nearest antagonist, and then she brought it, clubbed musket fashion, perpendicularly down on some unfortunate skull in her way—shouting out at each blow, "Take that, you devil you! break into *my* booth, will ye! aggravate a respectable widder like me, will ye!" thus towering up, the very Genius of the conflict—in fact a complete she-Bonaparte.

But she was not "alone in her glory:" there were plenty others fighting. In fact there was a perfect chaos there of kicking, struggling, tumbling, and general fisticuffing. At this juncture of the interesting proceedings, however, a Justice of the peace arrived with three or four constables, and charging into the midst of the combat, succeeded after a while in quelling it. Betsey retired very unwillingly, and grumbling all the time (for, under the excuse of having had her booth invaded, she had in fact created the disturbance for no earthly purpose but "to have a fight") behind her rough counter—and the rest of the combatants, with bloody noses, bruised cheeks, black eyes, and torn garments, were scattered amidst the crowd about them, each detailing his exploits to those that would hear him with a loud voice and most emphatic action. There was one fellow, however, with his coat split into two equal parts from collar to waist, and drunk as a lord, who could not be induced to budge, but still kept up a most violent paroxysm of fighting in the air—now launching out his fists terrifically—now starting back and bringing his arms to a guard—and now pitching

forward with blows, as if "right-into" the body of his imaginary antagonist, yelling out continually at the very top of his voice, "Hurrah for Jackson! come on, you blackguard you! that's into you, enny how! how does that feel, you poor cuss! won't you say enuff? then take that agin!" until one of the constables fairly took him, neck and crop, and dragged him off to jail.

Bacchus had not only obtained the mastery over the dinner table and Betsey's booth, but in fact appeared by this time to have taken possession of the whole village. A member of the Artillery Company, with his cap wrong side before, had settled down in a sitting posture, by the side of my office, and, with his head on his shoulder, was snoring like a bagpipe. Two loafers, in their shirt sleeves, were coming down the sidewalk, from Hamble's, arm in arm—one lurching this way, the other that—one staggering backward as the other pitched forward—now pulling each other around in half circles, and now mixing their legs to such a degree as to preclude, to all appearance, the possibility of their ever getting to their right owners again. One fellow was endeavoring to cross the street opposite Hammond's store, who had absolutely no control whatever over his person. Now his knees would double up, then he would step high, as if the earth had suddenly risen before him—now he would cross his legs with quick zigzags, like a cow running, and then an impulse would seem to hurry him diagonally. Now he would stop and brace himself as nearly to fall backward, and then getting "a cant," he would drift helplessly along until he could check himself, and tack half way around to launch forth in nearly a contrary direction. At length he managed to cross, and looking up, as he rocked past me sideways, said, with a hiccough,

"I say, Squire! Mountsilly street is a long way cross, any how!"

There was another gentleman who was even farther gone than this one, for he had caught hold of the smooth trunk of a beautiful bass wood before my office, and was so really "how come you so," that he could not stand still. The consequence was, that he was performing a staggering waltz around the tree, holding on all the time like grim death.

But the sun was now plunging his bright orb down right over uncle Ben Ramsey's house. A few moments more, and a rich rosy flush suffused the western horizon, melting up to a fine gold color, at the border of which, where the delicate purple of the first twilight commenced, was the faint silvery crescent of a new moon. A few hemlocks stood out, with their outlines boldly cut on the western glow, and their foliage changed to a deep amber—the edges, however, looking as if lined with gold lace.

Now commenced the ladies' celebration, which was to consist of a procession of both sexes, to

an arbor, erected in the woods, and "a tea" therein.

We were all to set out from Hamble's, escorted by the "Monticello Band." So, about half an hour after sunset, the procession was put in motion. It was marshalled under the active efforts of Jim Jobson, who boiled up in matters of small moment, and fairly hissed over whenever his self-conceit was flattered to fever heat by an office that nobody else would be troubled with. Accordingly, with a long rapier that looked like a great knitting needle, fastened so tightly to his side that his hips jerked as he walked—and a cocked hat on his head that seemed to be turning up its nose superciliously at every body, he by dint of much effort stationed us all in columns of two and two with the band at the head. As soon as this was performed, he drew his knitting needle, placed himself in front of the band, swung his left leg forward, as if about to step over a hogshhead, and shouted, "music," and "march," in the same breath. The band struck up, and the procession started. The leader of this band was the tinman of the village, a squab fellow, whose taste for music had been formed by his musical trade. He played the key bugle, with his cheeks swelled nearly to bursting, and his eyes starting from their sockets, by the fierceness of his wind. He was, however, continually sounding the wrong notes, and now and then wandered off into such splitting tones of hoarse platitude, as to induce a wonder that he ever could reach the tune again. The next were two cadaverous looking tailors, whose legs appeared to be continually endeavoring to tie themselves again into the shopboard knot, and who were also continually slipping out of the regular path of the music, into the most dolorous squeaks, first one, and then the other, keeping up a most laughable discord. Next to them came the bass drum, with the red headed cabinet maker, staggering up behind it, whose coffin making had passed into his face, producing deep solemnity, and who, partially deafened by a pair of piercingly sharp cymbals, clashed by a great fellow, close at his side, with prodigious energy, thumped entirely at random, whilst the "piccolo flute" played by the fifer of the Monticello Company, at its shrillest compass, was heard above the din, like the keen whistle of a north-wester.

Owing to some mistake between Jobson and the head couple of the procession, the former, together with the band, turned down the lane leading to the bower, whilst the procession kept up the village street for the next road, which led rather more directly to the ground. Joe, wrapped up in the dignity of his position, and the band entranced in the harmony of their music, did not perceive the separation—whilst the procession, supposing the turning to be some great manœuvre of Joe, (probably to bring up the rear,) still moved per-

severingly onward. The moment, however, Joe perceived it, for every now and then, he would face about, and walk backward; he cried, "halt," to the band, with a tremendous flourish of his weapon, and in a tone that startled the echo from the side of the school house, and then, in a paroxysm of mortification, forgetting, for the instant, his assumed character, he started for the head of the procession, shouting, "whoa, whoa, there!" (Joe is a small farmer,) as if calling to his oxen. His cup was not yet full. Forgetting, also, that he was carrying a sword, the weapon, somehow got between his legs, and he was pitched, in a twinkling, at the feet of little Mary Myers, (to whose heart, by the by, he was laying vigorous seige,) who opened her blue eyes at the sudden prostration, with the most amazing astonishment. The procession, however, was stopped—order restored, and, Joe sheathing his rapier, sneaked by the side of the key bugle, and went the rest of the way meek as a lamb.

There was a beautiful tea table spread ready for us as we filed into the arbor; the soft twilight falling through the interstices of the boughs immediately upon it. The band made every thing ring again, in a last spasm of the air they were excruciating, and we all took our seats. I will not detail the little incidents of the hour we spent in discussing the good things provided. Twilight thickened into night—lamps were lighted amongst the green branches—the cedar and hemlock, birch and sassafras, mingled their sweet forest odors; the red lamp light kindled beautifully the leafy branches—sprinkling itself away into darkness in some nooks, settling in broad patches of scarlet, in others, and casting a flickering glow upon the faces of the merry promenaders, that streamed past.

The clear ringing tones of the girls mingled with the deeper ones of their beaux in laughing and talking—the band every now and then volunteered music, (such as it was,) and altogether the scene was one of gaiety and pleasure.

But in the midst of our enjoyment, a great fluttering of the branches above and around arrested our attention, and a loud "sough" of wind swelled through the arbor. Immediately the cry was raised, "a thunder storm," and simultaneously came a near glance of lightning followed by a roll of thunder. Here was a crisis—and so, with the greatest expedition, we all tumbled out of the arbor to make the best of our way to the village. The sky was black as Erebus—the woods sent out a grand volume of sound to the wind—the flashes of lightning seemed to mock us, and the thunder to say, in its stern fashion, "I think you'll catch it this time!" As if to verify this, a few drops commenced falling as though wrung out of the darkness above. But the village was now reached, and we all rushed into Hamble's, just as the curtain of the rain was let fall. Here we were all together, in our Fourth of July finery, and Wil-

liams at length proposed a dance. We instantly adjourned to the long room of Hamble's up stairs, and sent for black Jake, our Monticello fiddler, and were soon in a very frenzy of dancing.

Jake presented a real picture. He was peculiarly susceptible to the blandishments of whiskey, and to-night had been made a perfect victim. He was now at the climax of his interesting state. His eyes were screwed down, his nose was drawn nearly to his upper lip, and the corners of his great mouth in their turn were pulled tightly in two creases toward his neck, all giving to his black visage an indescribably comic look of drunken, drowsy gravity. He played mechanically, or rather the fiddle seemed to have taken the matter into its own hands, and set those dusky fingers working, and that persevering bow sawing at its own volition. Occasionally, however, the fingers would slip up as if the instrument was going too fast for them, and the bow would give a kind of staggering lurch as if about to be pitched over the fly-away fiddle's head, which joint and separate accidents would give birth to the strangest notes imaginable. At such times Jake for the instant would brighten, and pull up his visage into trying to look very wide awake and sober, and he was then very particular for a bar or two, but this would always end in his subsiding again into the same comic state of drowsy wisdom, mingled at last with nods, as if reiterating upon the assemblage the sense of his own deep importance. His great foot, throughout all these delicate and skilful exhibitions, never remained quiet, but kept up a tap, tap, tap to the music, as regularly as the sound of a fulling mill.

All this time the dancers kept warmly at work, not being thrown out in the least by the eccentricities of the fiddle, some one of the boys whistling industriously to supply the frequent fallings off, slippings up and staggerings of the fingers and bow, thus making themselves in fact quite independent of the music. Becoming a little fatigued at length with my pigeon-wings, I stood a little one side and observed the rest. They were dancing "the cheat." One young man (he was the Adonis of the village) was so inflamed with ardor that he could not keep his heels still for an instant, but would fill the blanks of his time with graceful pointings of his toes, and half turnings around of his person, becoming more decided in his motions as the couple he was to respond to approached, and then launching out into a perfect fury of steps when the important moment arrived. Another one, as if there for the contrast, could hardly be roused out of his inactivity. He was a lumpish, good natured fellow, the lead of whose brains had seemingly descended into his feet. He would stand stock still, gazing at nothing in particular, till a smart tap on his back from his next neighbour would admonish him to acknowledge the presence of the lady who was to turn him, and then suddenly awaking he

would give a sort of jerking limp or two around and stare in blank amazement as the lady (as was generally the case,) eluded his hand and turned the next one.

At last, however, the fiddle fell from Jake's hands, who forthwith looked up with "Golly! who did dat!" and lurching down to regain it fell

sprawling on the floor. This abruptly terminated the dance, and the company evaporated, and under the soft star-lit heaven, whence the storm had vanished and the crescent moon had sunk away, I went leisurely down the sidewalk edged by its graceful maples, and sought in the back room of my office my customary repose.

ALL ABOUT BEAUX.

BY MARY SMITH.

I'll give you a simple verse,
On a theme well worn and sung;
The thoughts and hopes of a simple heart,
Of every heart that's young.
Young Love goes round the world
With gifts for every shrine:
I wonder when he will come this way,
And what he will bring to mine.
Oh, this dear bright earth were brighter still,
If a true, true love were mine.

But first may it be my fate,
To meet with some nice young swain,
Whom I'd hold in wait as a standing bait,
While I cast my lines again;
I'd have him be always near,
Devoted in rain or shine;
And to serve me truly, the useful dear
Should all his thoughts incline;
And humbly attend me far and near—
This lovely youth of mine.

Suppose I could chance to make
Some "bachelor" grin to smart—
One asking no less than an angel guest
For his cold, unfurnished heart;
Suspicious of candor's smile,
In terror at friendship's glow,
Walking as earth were one man trap vile
To seize his luckless toe:
I'd humor his fearful suit awhile,
Then sweetly answer—No.

Or if it should be my lot,
(For Love, as they say, is blind.)
Some courtly coiner of vows red hot,
Some king of hearts to find,
With fulsome, flattering tongue,
With crocodile, cringing eyes—
With chiming words from a void heart rung,
With stale, imploring sighs:
Oh, I'd turn with scorn from his flattering tongue,
And his graceful, burning lies.

Should Cupid, with random guess,
E'er shoot me a wary man,
Who plays at love as he plays at chess,
By cautious rule and plan:
Still striving on fair pretence
The enemy's plight to know,
Still keeping outside of rejection fence,
Till *she* had ventured through:
Oh, I'd crush my heart, but I'd foil his art—
I'd die, but I'd answer—No.

ALL ABOUT BELLES.

BY JOHN BROWN, JR.

I'll sing you a warning song;
My theme is woman's heart,
A gorgeous dream like the golden fleece,
For sale in ambition's mart.
A furnished house in a handsome street,
And a husband fair and tall—
With a curled mustache and a lordly gait,
Are the aim and desire of all.
And they'll scheme and smile, and employ each wile,
That a dolt in their snares may fall.

The first is an old coquette—
She simpers and blushes still;
She long has schemed, and she schemes on yet,—
I fear she always will,
With a tender heart, and a tender look,
And a dread to give distress;
With speaking eyes, and a lisping tongue,
And a hand that loves the press:
Beware, young men, you may go too far—
She's sure to answer—Yes.

A bundle of curls and lace
Comes next on the list of love;
A well dressed doll, with a woman's face,
And a woman's power to move.
The string that's wreathed in her light brown hair,
She stole from Cupid's bow
To bind some swain she may chance to catch,
And constant keep him so:
E'en a well bred dandy may sue with hope,
For she'll never answer—No.

The next is a natural belle—
Her dress is plain and neat;
A bright, bland face and an air of grace,
White hands and diminutive feet.
Some simple youth she will catch full soon
In her spider web of smiles:
And as she winds round his struggling form
Her threads in concentric files,
With a flattering word and a yielding tone,
She the simple youth beguiles.

I sound not a needless alarm—
The story is true that I tell;
With practised care to conceal each snare—
I know it, alas too well.
With scornful word and an air of pride,
They'll bid their suitors go,
As fowlers spread their nets most wide
When ready for the throw:
But should *one* foil their arts, it would break their hearts,
For they'd die e'er they'd answer—No.

SONG OF THE EPHEMERON.

BY MARION H. RAND.

WHEN the roses bloom and the South winds blow,
When the streamlet's waves unfettered flow,
When the air with the insect tribe is rife,
And blossoms are bursting into life;
(Some peeping out so curiously,
As if to be seen no less than to see;
Some to the green leaves nestling close,
Pure as the mountain's virgin snows,
Some with a blush like the dawning day,
With their sweet faces half turned away,)
In the glad spring time I come, I come!
Flowers and birdies, welcome me home.
Despise me not, for though small I be,
Mine is no pitiful pedigree.

I was born in a palace whose walls outvied
The noblest dwellings of human pride,
With pillars of gold on the pearly floor,
Washed by the dew drops evermore;
Its arching roof was the heaven's blue dome;
For the lily's cup was my first fair home.

I sprang from my slumbers at cool daybreak,
O'er meadow and garden my way to take,
Winging my flight o'er the fragrant beds,
Where the timid violets droop their heads.
Pausing a while in delight to sip
The honied breath of each dainty lip.
Now, perched on the tip of a butterfly's wing,
O'er the same sweet favorites lingering,
He tarries—he flutters—one moment more,
Oh—to what beautiful worlds we soar:
On, on we go 'neath the seeming sky,
And who is so happy, so proud as I?
Wearied at last with such wild delight,
From my lofty station I take my flight,

'Mid the hyacinth's petals softly creep,
Rocked by the zephyr's breath to sleep,
And peacefully rest in my fragrant bower
Through the burning heat of the noontide hour
When skies grow dark, and the lightnings flash
While pattering rain drops round me splash,
Sheltered from harm, secure I lie,
'Till the threatening storm-clouds all pass by;
Again from my slumbers light, wake up,
To wash my face in a diamond drop;
Then away, away, by the breezes borne,
Through the forest arch—o'er the grassy lawn,
The waving field, and the gay parterre,
New joys await me every where!
Brighter and fresher and sweeter still,
The flowers laugh out from vale and hill,
But, ah! as my frolicsome fancy roams,
A sudden chill o'er its spirit comes;
The deepening shadows of eve draw nigh,
The flow'rets whisper a sad "good bye;"
The sun sinks down to his nightly rest,
'Mid crimson clouds in the glorious west,
My palsied powers and failing breath
Tell me too surely, that this is death.
On a downier couch than a monarch knows,
Softly my wearied limbs repose:
The spiders have woven a canopy
From the chilling night dews to shelter me,
The weeping flowers in sorrow shed
Their fragrant tears on my lowly bed,
While around, above, on each leaf and stem,
The crickets are chanting my requiem.
Darkness steals over me like a spell
Flowers and birdies, farewell! farewell!

LOVELY ROSE-BUD.

BY MRS. C. R. TOWNSEND.

LOVELY rose-bud! wayside blessing,
Bending lowly to the ground,
Soft thy leaves with fond caressing,
Fold the ruddy heart around.
Lonely art thou, lingering blossom;
Wilt thou live and die with me?
Ah! the weary care-worn bosom
Is no fitting home for thee.

Fairest rose-bud! wilt thou wither
On the heart that loves thee best?
Loved and loving sleep together,
With the fallen flowers at rest.
All undimmed by shade of sadness
May thy transient beauty flee:
Bloom uncultured, till youth and gladness,
Fairy-fingered, gather thee.

THE BLACK ROVER.

A STORY OF THE WEST INDIES

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

"And now the storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong."

Ancient Mariner.

It was towards the close of a summer day in 1816, when a trim-looking brigantine might have been seen bowling along in the latitude of the Bahamas. The model of this vessel was of the most exquisite proportions; and her appearance showed her to be a man-of-war. Her hull was long, low in the water, and almost as sharp as a needle; and was painted everywhere of a deep black, relieved only by the blood-red ports—for she carried six brass carronades of a side, besides a long twenty-four pounder amidships. Her masts were tall and taper, and raked backwards with a saucy air. As she glided along the smooth surface of the deep, propelled by a gentle breeze, she seemed some creation of magic, so noiseless and graceful was her movement. Groups of men were visible leaning motionless over her sides, while a solitary sailor on the fore-topsail yard, splicing a rope, added to the careless ease of the picture.

Lazily leaning over the bulwarks on the quarter-deck were two individuals, both wearing the undress uniforms of officers in the American navy. One of them was quite a boy, and had the equipments of a midshipman; the other was of maturer years, though still young. The latter person might be about twenty-five years of age; was tall in person, with a face of much manly beauty; and had that indescribable air of command which the possession of authority invariably gives. In a word, he was the chief officer of the brigantine, though his rank in the navy was but that of a lieutenant.

"I do not like this sky," he said, addressing his companion, who was his half-brother, "You can see nothing peculiar in it, I warrant, James; and yet it looks as if a white squall was brewing. I may as well look at the barometer."

"You do not mean to say that a storm is at hand; I can not see a cloud in the sky."

"Nevertheless I have known as bright an afternoon close in a hurricane in this latitude," he said, as he turned to descend the gangway.

He had not been absent more than a few seconds, when he re-appeared on deck with every mark of excitement in his countenance. His first words were—

"All hands shorten sail. A white squall is coming up. Quick for your lives."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a small cloud which had suddenly appeared on the very edge of the horizon, and which was not larger, apparently, than a man's hand. Most of the sailors had seen such a cloud before, and they looked grave; all sprang to their posts, and in a few minutes the vessel was denuded of every rag.

By this time, short as the interval had been, the cloud had increased to a frightful size, and its dark, ominous shadow fell upon the waters like a pall. In a few minutes the sun was obscured, and the brigantine lay rocking in the blackness; while fast and threatening that gloomy cloud spread itself right and left along the seaboard, and extended to the zenith.

"There it comes," at last said Jack Transom, the coxswain of the captain, "hold on, shipmates, for your lives."

The words had scarcely left his mouth, when a strange, awful sound was heard far down in the direction whence the squall was coming; gradually it approached nearer and grew more distinct; the ocean groaned; the heavens were like night; and finally, with the roar of a thousand batteries, the tempest broke upon the vessel. For some seconds, the crew could not see beyond the decks of their craft, for, in addition to the gloom, the air was full of blinding spray. The brigantine, under the first shock, which struck her just abaft the mainmast, heeled over, and seemed for a moment as if she would never right again; but soon she began to move, and gathering headway rapidly, launched forth upon her mad career like an eagle driving before a thunderbolt.

It was a terrible sight, that small craft flying before the hurricane! Not a rag of canvass was visible on her long yards, yet she moved with a velocity of which words can give no conception. The force of the gale had flattened the ocean as level as a table, but clouds of flying spray half hid her hull from sight, though her tall masts

were seen continually rising above the misty vapor, the shrouds bellying far out before the wind. A landsman would have supposed that the next moment would be her last; yet still she drove on, seemingly unharmed, like a cutwater cleaving the surface of the sea.

For a considerable space of time, not a word was spoken on board the brigantine. When the squall first struck her, every one had seized a rope. Careening till her masts were almost parallel to the waters, there were many who feared that all was over; and it was long after immediate peril was past, before the crew could forget the awful sensations of that moment. The young commander stood on the quarter deck, now watching the spars, now glancing around the horizon. Near him was his young halfbrother, who did not, for a single instant, take his eyes from his face. The captain was the first to speak.

"We should have been all lost, but for the timely warning of the barometer," he said, addressing the midshipman, "But, ha! what is that?"

As he spoke, his eye rested on a distant object right in the track of the brigantine, which, on a nearer scrutiny, for they were approaching it with frightful rapidity, proved to be a ship on her beam ends. The spray was flying over her in showers, so as almost constantly to keep her partially obscured, and hence it was some time before those on the brigantine could make out whether any living beings were on the wreck. At last a group was discerned clinging to the rails of the quarter-deck, and among them there was something like the fluttering garments of a female.

"Can that be a woman, James?" said his brother to the young commander.

"I think it is—no! it was the spray deceived me—see! it is the gray hairs of an old man."

"Look again. I discern the old man, but just



behind him, and clinging to him—surely that is a female."

"You are right. Can we do nothing for them?"

"Do any thing for them?" ejaculated the young commander, "Alas! God only can help them now. It would be death to us, as well as to them, to attempt a rescue."

As he spoke thus in mournful tones, the brigantine rapidly approached the wreck. The sight of the American ship seemed to give hope to the unfortunate beings, who could be seen waving their hands, and, apparently, shouting for help, though their voices were unheard in the tempest. The female started up and clasped her hands, directing her eyes now on her gray-haired companion, and now on the brigantine, as if it was

for her parent more than for herself she cared. Touched by this spectacle, the young commander appeared for an instant to waver. Old Transom who stood holding on just beneath the quarter deck, caught the expression of the captain's eye and shaking his head, said, with a freedom guaranteed by his years, experience, and intimacy with the commander—

"It's no use, Captain Hardy. Them folks will never see to-morrow's sun; the more's the pity for the old man and his darter—the Lord have mercy on their souls!"

The brigantine was now close upon the wreck, which appeared to be that of a large ship, one of the clumsy West Indiamen of the age. A biscuit might have been thrown on her decks from the American, while the latter brushed by. Just

as the brigantine passed, almost within arm's reach, the female stretched out her hands with a last effort to solicit aid; and as she was near enough for Hardy to see that she was extremely lovely, he never after forgot the wild, imploring look of those beautiful eyes. She seemed some glorious sybil, as she stood there with her dark hair floating dishevelled over her shoulders. A moment more, and the brigantine had passed. In less than five minutes the wreck was no longer visible amid the thick spray that covered the surface of the ocean.

Hour after hour the brigantine drove before the hurricane, for though the extreme violence of the storm soon abated, it was long before the gale entirely lulled. Night fell, indeed, while the tempest still blew. At length, however, the wind decreased sufficiently to allow the vessel to resume

her course. But, prior to doing this, the young commander resolved to retrace his steps, in order to learn what was the fate of the unfortunate persons on the wreck. The head of the brigantine was accordingly laid in the proper direction. It was now perfectly clear, with the stars shining. As the wind went down, the waves increased, and there was comparatively small headway made, but the little craft gallantly struggled against the surges, bravely holding on her way, as if sensible that life or death might depend on her speed.

Morning was just breaking, when the young commander came on deck. The brigantine was now, as near as he could judge, approaching the vicinity where he had seen the wreck. He was accompanied by his half-brother. It was with but a faint hope of success, that he ordered the latter aloft to scan the horizon.



"You have the keenest eye on board, James," he said; "Keep a sharp look-out, especially over the starboard quarter."

Meantime nought could be seen from the deck, though a score of eyes were anxiously sweeping the blue waters. The look-outs on the yards were also busy, but to no purpose. At last, after half an hour's intense anxiety, the midshipman hailed from the cross-trees, where his slight form was perched, like that of a bird swinging on the topmost twig of a tree.

"What see you?" eagerly demanded the commander.

"I see a speck over the starboard quarter—there, it is lost—now it emerges again into sight; it looks like the wing of a sea-gull. No! it is a boat—it contains human beings—they are five or six in number; and one, yes! one is certainly a female."

Such were the continuous exclamations of the youth, as the minutes revealed the true character of the object he saw. When he had concluded, the boat was visible from the deck.

"God be praised," cried the young commander. "Spring aloft, and shake out that foretopsail—let her have every thing she will carry!"

All on board partook more or less of this eagerness, and soon the brave brigantine was staggering along under a cloud of canvass. By the end of half an hour the boat was within a cable's length.

"Port your helm, quarter master," eagerly cried our young commander.

As he spoke, the brigantine shot down towards the boat, and rounded to, having the frail, cockle shell rocking under her bows. In a few seconds the rescued passengers were safe on her deck.

Having personally assisted the female on board

the brigantine, Hardy would have conducted her aft at once; but she would not leave the vessel's side until her parent was safe in her arms. Then she turned, and with a slight Spanish accent, thanked Hardy, in the purest English; for her father, on whom the task would more properly have devolved, seemed as yet incapable of speech.

Our hero, for such the reader by this time has discovered him to be, accompanied the beautiful girl to the door of his cabin, which he had hastily ordered to be prepared for her; and when the entrance closed on him, it seemed as if sudden darkness had fallen upon the ship.

CHAPTER II.

In the darkest night, or the bright daylight,
In earth, or sea, or sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh.

N. P. Willis.

THE rescued persons consisted of the skipper of the West Indiaman, a portion of his crew, and two passengers, a father and his daughter. They had considered themselves lost after the disappearance of the brigantine; but, on the subsidence of the storm, one of the men had clambered along the sides of the vessel, and managed to disengage the boat which floated already nearly free. Soon after they left the wreck, choosing to trust to their new conveyance rather than to the water-logged vessel.

The passengers, the skipper said, in continuing his tale, were Cubans. The daughter had been educated in England, whence her father was just bringing her home to his princely residence on a sugar estate, not far from Havana, and in sight from the sea. Don Jose Segovia was a man of immense wealth. He had embarked from London for Jamaica, whence he was to cross over to his own island.

"Luckily I can set them ashore at once in Havana, whither I am bound," said our hero. "My business is to visit that port, and wait instructions for a future expedition. Something connected with the suppression of the piracies which, since the conclusion of the long wars, are now so frequent in the Gulf of Mexico."

"I hope it is after the Black Rover, that you are going," said the skipper.

"What of him? I never heard the name before."

"That is because you are a stranger to these seas. But I have heard a dozen or more stories of his atrocities. He has ravaged the Gulf for a twelvemonth or more, always sailing with a black flag, and a vessel painted black all over. None of the expeditions sent out to catch him, have as yet succeeded. His haunt is in one of the low islands, it is thought, contiguous to the coast of Cuba; and it is more than whispered that he sells

his captured goods, under the very nose of the Captain General, at Havana. Once, one of his Majesty's frigates nearly came up with the vessel. It was just at daybreak, while he was murdering the crew of a brig. As he was overmatched, he did not stay to plunder, but setting fire to his prize, hurried on board his schooner, and with every thing that would draw, went off to windward, like a duck. The frigate gave chase; but as the villain made two miles where his Majesty's vessel made one, the pursuit was of necessity abandoned."

"I should not wonder if he was the buccaneer I am after," said our hero. "However, I shall know all at Havana. Our consul is to give me my directions."

The conversation was now interrupted by the appearance of the fair Cuban and her parent, on deck. It was the first time she had left the privacy of the cabin since her rescue, and Hardy eagerly advanced to meet her. She came forward leaning on her father's arm. Never was there a greater contrast than between sire and child. Don Jose was a tall, thin, ceremonious personage, of few words, an elaborate toilette, and a cold and haughty air: he evidently considered himself superior to other men, and was, consequently, as near to being disagreeable as a well-bred Spaniard could be. His daughter was the reverse of all this. Her manners were frank and engaging, though withal dignified. No one could resist the silvery cadences of her voice, or the witchery of her dark, eloquent eye. In personal beauty, our hero thought he had never seen her rival. Her face was of the true Castilian cast, oval in shape, with a low, broad forehead, a boldly arched nose, full, red lips, and teeth of dazzling brilliancy. Her complexion was almost a nut-brown, but so transparent that every vein could be seen through it: clear and warm, it was that of a Houri. The set of her head upon the shoulders, was most majestic, and her bust was full, and rounded like that of a Juno. An arm that might have entranced a sculptor, a tiny hand and foot, a figure of voluptuous grace, and a carriage at once easy and dignified, completed the attractions of this splendid creature.

We will not dwell upon that, nor many ensuing conversations which occurred between the Donna Inez and our hero, while the brigantine was voyaging towards Havana. Each interview rivetted the chains of love more firmly around the heart of the young commander. The conversation of his fair guest, was at once sprightly and intelligent, so that her mind charmed even more than her face and person. Though Hardy had not ventured to clothe in words the affection which inspired him, yet his eyes had more than once inadvertently betrayed his secret; but the cold, reserved demeanor of Inez, on such occasions, warned him that he had presumed too far. What, indeed, had this beautiful and wealthy heiress, who might

command the hand of a grandee of Spain, in common with the comparatively penniless, and as yet unknown naval officer!

Yet there were moments when he almost fancied she loved him. He remembered old tales of chivalry, and "ladies fair," rescued from peril, who had loved and married their deliverers, even though "squires of low degree." But, at other times, her reserve convinced him anew, that he had no hope. Sometimes our hero affected a distant behavior towards his fair guest, rarely approaching her side, but pretending to be busy with the duties of the vessel. At other times, lured by one of her witching smiles, he would forget every resolution, and spend hours with her on the quarter deck. One of these latter occasions happened the very day they entered Havana. The brigantine was slowly approaching the harbor, now visible in the distance, beneath the silvery light of the tropical moon.

"You will come and see us at our estate, I hope," said Inez. "Come—you can not always be wanted on board the ship—and I feel sure you will not sail for some time."

Whether there was something peculiar in the tone of the speaker, or whether it was the mere fact of the invitation proceeding from Inez, and not from her father, but the heart of our hero bounded, and he could scarcely restrain himself within the limits of prudence.

"You feel sure that I will not sail soon," he said. "Can you read the future then?"

There was a scarcely perceptible tremor in his voice, which, perhaps, Inez did not notice, for she answered gaily,

"Do I not come of a race of sybils?—the old legends of our house, at least, will tell you so. And I prophesy, fair sir, incredulous as you seem, that you will not leave Havana these two weeks."

"I fear you have prophesied wrongly this time," said Hardy, laughing, and shaking his head, "for my orders lead me to expect that my detention will not outlast a day or two. But, suppose I give faith to this prediction," he added, his voice again slightly tremulous, "will you foretell for me another thing?"

"What is it?" said Inez, turning suddenly on him her full, dark eyes; and, oh! how the gaze of those glorious orbs thrilled to his inmost soul.

He would have asked her of his own fortune—whether he should be blessed with a fortunate love—whether she who stood beside him would ever become the partner of his destiny—but he dared not. He could not peril every thing by such a question. But he said,

"Do you believe in love?"

She began to smile archly, while those deep orbs were fixed mischievously on him. Had she penetrated his secret?

"That is not what you would have asked me," she said. "Come—confess it was not. You

wished me to prophesy, did you not, whether you yourself would ever love."

Our hero did not dare to meet the merciless raillery of those eyes.

"Well, then, since you do not answer," she continued gaily, "I will take silence for consent, and proceed. Stay, let me look at your hand!"

She took his broad palm in her own tiny one, and proceeded with assumed gravity.

"Ah! here two lines cross—that means that you will be thwarted in love. Here they come to an end—that implies that the brightest visions fade. Here is another, shaped like an anchor.—I suppose that stands for hope. There, what do you think of my fortune telling?"

She let go the hand suddenly, and looking full into her listener's face, laughed merrily. What a witch she was! Could she be amusing herself at the perplexity depicted in his face.

"It is incomprehensible as you are yourself." At last he managed to say.

She looked at him, then snatched his hand again, and, as if a little annoyed recommenced.

"I will try once more, and endeavor to be clearer," she said. "Here are two ascending lines—they mean that you will come up into our mountains to see me, and that somebody else, I shall not say who, will arrive simultaneously. Here is a line down the fleshy part of the thumb—that foretells that you will leave us in a great hurry, for which I presume I shall be sorry—will not you? Then, here are a multitude of lines crossing and recrossing—they mean perplexities, and all sorts of things, which I am too tired to translate." And she coquettishly flung down the hand.

"Nay! try again," said our hero, encouraged beyond conception at her last words, "the third time, you know, is always decisive."

"The third time is fate," said she, seriously. "We may not tempt it. Jestings is well enough for the first and second, but never for the third—that is too terrible a reality." She turned away, and sighed.

All Hardy's late sudden exhilaration vanished. "She has seen my presumption," he said to himself. "I should not have betrayed myself by such fatal eagerness." There was silence for a few moments. Then Inez spoke.

"I believe," she said, with a smile, "that my serious words frightened you. Never mind. But I have told enough of your fortune for the present; the rest I will reveal when you come to see me. And pray now, Master Curiosity, let me retort on you the question—do you believe in love?"

"As firmly as that I live!" answered Hardy, with emphasis.

She was silent for nearly a minute, during which she looked down, and continued tapping on the deck with her tiny foot. Then she said,

"Well, I do not. It is a very pretty thing in romances, but makes people terribly insipid.

Never fall in love while you know me, or I shall grow tired of your acquaintance."

Was there a hidden meaning in those words, or were they only the passing remarks of a gay heart? Hardy feared the former. Before the conversation could be renewed, her father came up, and shortly after, the two retired to the cabin.

At dawn, the next morning, the brigantine was safe at anchor; and, as soon as the necessary preliminaries were over, the passengers landed. The old Don formally, but Hardy thought coldly, solicited the honor of a visit; but in vain our hero looked for a repetition from Inez of the invitation given the evening before.

"She has read my feelings," he said to himself, "and hence will not repeat it. Well, I can forget her."

And with this proud resolution, he bowed haughtily to his departing guests. Yet, strange to say, he watched the receding boat till it touched the wharf, and then followed its occupants with his eye until they were lost in the crowd on the landing.

CHAPTER III.

Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well.

Byron.

The resolutions of lovers, it is said, are taken only to be broken; and our hero was no exception to the rule. The first day after the departure of Inez, he was firm in his determination to forget her; the second he began to waver; and the third, discovering that he would be delayed at least a fortnight before he could sail, he set forth for the country residence of Don Jose.

His route, after some hours of travel, led him up into the hills. At every step he was tempted to pause and gaze on the beauty of the prospect. All around were rich plantations, covering the descent into the valley, the white houses of the owners gleaming out brilliantly from the dark green foliage. Below was the ocean, stretching far away to the north until lost in the blue haze of the horizon. Tropical trees lifted their tall heads around; luxuriant parasite plants grew in profusion; and birds of gay plumage flitted across the path, or glanced, like sudden flashes of light amid the thick woods. As he proceeded, the air became more temperate, until at last, turning an angle of the road, the lordly mansion of Don Jose, stood before him.

The hour was approaching noon, a period of the day when people in that climate are generally within doors, and therefore our hero was not surprised to find no one visible about the place. He rode up to the lawn and there alighting, set out to seek an entrance to the house. The sound of falling water, like that of a fountain, led him to the back of the dwelling. The door of a sort of con-

servatory was open before him, and as the plashing seemed to proceed from within, he bent his steps in that direction. Voices attracted his attention as he drew near, and entering the place, he suddenly confronted Inez. She was not alone, however. A tall, powerfully built, and very handsome man, whose swarthy complexion and dark eyes betokened his Spanish blood, was conversing with her in an earnest manner. Both looked up as the shadow of our hero fell across the threshold, the cavalier with a slight frown, and Inez with a blush of embarrassment.

In a moment, however, every sign of this vanished from her face, and advancing eagerly she offered our hero her hand.

"Did I not say that I should see you," she said, smiling, "I knew you would not forget us, any more than we should cease to remember you. I am so glad you are come—father will be delighted, I know."

So warm a reception charmed our hero, and banished from his mind the impression of her embarrassment. He could not help looking towards her companion to see how he regarded this demeanor, for Hardy felt, instinctively, that the dark cavalier was a rival. Inez too, from some motive, turned in the same direction. The Spaniard, when he saw himself observed, assumed a courteous expression. Inez appeared to think her conduct required explanation, for she said, addressing him—

"You see, I have caught the English fashion, Senor Cordova, and give my hand to welcome my friends. But I forgot that I had not introduced you to Lieutenant Hardy, of the United States Navy; it is he who rescued my father and myself from the wreck."

As she finished speaking, she turned towards our hero, and their eyes met. In hers there was, for a moment, an expression that thrilled to Hardy's soul; it was not love, perhaps, and yet it was more than gratitude. His own lit up with sudden joy. Instantly her gaze fell to the ground, and the crimson blushes dyed her face and neck. But it was only for an instant. Immediately turning, she led the way into the mansion, saying—

"But let me conduct you, Mr. Hardy, to my father. Senor," and she bestowed one of her most bewitching smiles on the dark cavalier, "will you attend us?"

These first minutes of our hero's visit at the mansion, were a type of all that followed. Day after day passed, during which Inez divided her attentions almost equally between the two gentlemen. They were both as constantly with her as the customs of the country, liberalized considerably by her foreign education, allowed. Each felt that the other was a rival, but each was outwardly courteous to his opponent. Now Inez would seem to favor one, and now another. Yet even Hardy, irritable as all lovers are, could not accuse her of coquetry in this. She treated

neither as an admirer, but each as a friend. If there was any difference in her conduct towards them, it was that she behaved towards Hardy more as her own acquaintance, and to Cordova more as that of her father. Yet there was a certain degree of intimacy accorded to the Spaniard that Hardy in vain sought to obtain. His rival was frequently allowed *tele-a-tetes* with Inez, which our hero could never get, for whenever he found himself alone with her, her parent, as if ever on the watch, was sure to appear.

There was something mysterious in this. Hardy could not complain of any want of courtesy on the part of his host, but he felt that he was less a favorite than Cordova with the old Castilian. His jealous heart soon divined the reason. His rival was a Spaniard, a rich *hidalgo* it was said, while he was a foreigner, and poor. The sentiments of Inez towards him were not so clear. She always appeared pleased with his society, but sometimes she was reserved; and then again she exhibited a cordiality in her manner which made Hardy's heart dance. The presence of Cordova always seemed to be a restraint on her. In short, our hero was bewildered. On the whole he despaired, and yet just sufficient hope was left alive in his breast to retain him at the mansion. But he grew daily more in love than ever.

He had been a guest of Don Jose about a week, when one morning early, he took a stroll in the grounds. Down in the valley long gangs of slaves were visible, going to their work; while, in the distance, the blue sea stretched far away. Suddenly, at a turn in the walk, he met Inez. During the night he had been reflecting on his position, and had come to the conclusion that it was folly for him to remain, so he thought this a good opportunity to announce his decision.

"I am going to-morrow!" he said. "Have you any commands for Havana?"

Inez turned suddenly upon him, her face perfectly bloodless.

"Going!" she exclaimed. Then, as if ashamed of her emotion, she colored over brow and bosom, and looked upon the ground. Immediately after, she said, "You take me by surprise—what can you mean?—surely you are not offended?"

She finished with a glance of anxious inquiry.

"I must be back at my ship," replied Hardy, scarcely knowing what he said, for he was more than ever perplexed by her behavior.

"But you are not offended?" she persisted.

"Oh! no," he cried eagerly.

"Then, what is it?"

"I must return—duty—my letters—"

"Pshaw! Mr. Hardy, you know better," said Inez, in her peculiar manner, half wilful, half playful. "You told me the day you came, that you need not go back for a fortnight, and scarcely a week has yet passed. As for letters, I know you have received none. Duty! your duty, fair sir, is to stay here as long as you can, and make

yourself agreeable. I will have none of this playing truant. But, come now," and she laid her hand again frankly on his arm, and dropping her half-jesting tone, spoke in an earnest manner; "tell me, what whim is this?"

Hardy did not know what to say. He was on the point of confessing his love, and telling her that jealousy was the cause of his conduct; but he felt ashamed to acknowledge the latter, and he feared, moreover, the result of his confession. He resolved, therefore, to continue hiding his secret in his own bosom. Still it was necessary to speak, and scarcely aware what he said, he asked abruptly, that which had nearly betrayed his whole heart.

"Do you love this Spaniard, Inez?"

She looked embarrassed for an instant, but then burst into a merry laugh, as she answered,

"What a question! But I see how it is. You think I am too much with him, and you find it solitary. Jealous a little. Now, is not that it?"

She looked at him with her eyes sparkling with mischief. The first thought of our hero was, that Inez penetrated his jealousy and irritation, and laughed at it. He replied under these feelings.

"I have no right to expect you," he said coldly, "to bestow your time on me, and indeed, never claimed it."

The magnificent orbs of Inez flashed fire, and she drew herself up with dignity.

"You forget, sir," she said, "that if you choose to be rude, I, having no right to punish you in a different manner, must assert the liberty of my sex, and so I bid you good morning."

She turned away; but, before she had proceeded three steps, was overtaken by Hardy.

"Forgive me," he said. "I did not know what I said. I have been unpardonably rude."

Her eyes gushed full of tears, to hide which she averted her head; but she extended her hand, and Hardy felt that he was forgiven. Her emotion made him forget all his resolutions. Hurried away by his love, he pressed her hand, and said,

"Oh! Inez, must I go? May I not stay, and stay forever?"

The instant he spoke, he would have given worlds to recall his words; for Inez, suddenly withdrawing her hand, retreated a pace or two. She did not avert her face, however, though it was covered with blushes; but steadily regarded him. The color, however, soon left her cheeks, and she gazed at him more in sorrow than in anger.

"Now you must, indeed, go," she said, being the first to speak. "I was so happy in this visit. I thought you would be my friend—but that is past.—You must, indeed, go, Mr. Hardy," she continued, with more composure, "and go to-day."

As she concluded, she extended her hand as if for a farewell. Hardy was almost distracted at his indiscretion, but he could not part thus. Now that he had declared his passion, he was deter

mined to know all, for in the behavior of Inez, there was a mystery he could not fathom.

"Stay—one word, Inez—why should I go? Do you despise my suit—do you scorn the suitor?"

She hesitated a moment: then she said.

"No—heaven knows it is not that! As a friend," and she laid an emphasis on the word, "as a friend, I was glad to see you; but it was wrong, you ought not to have been here, nor ought I to have wished it."

"Then you love another?"

She was silent, her eyes averted; but her heaving bosom showed her agitation.

"You love this Spaniard, this Cordova," said Hardy, speaking with difficulty, as if he hated to breathe the name.

Still she was silent, and now terribly agitated.

"I will not curse him," said Hardy. "But no one can tell what is in my heart. I will go away before I meet him, lest I do that of which I should repent."

"Stay one moment," cried Inez, grasping his arm eagerly. "I do not love him."

"Bless you for those words," exclaimed Hardy, seizing her hand and kissing it.

But Inez drew it away, and retreating from him, continued,

"Nevertheless, I am going to marry him. There, now, curse *me*, if you will."

Our hero stood like one thunderstruck. Several moments passed in silence. At last he said,

"There is some terrible mystery here. You

are not one, Inez, to sacrifice yourself according to the custom of your country, to one you do not love. You have been educated in a land where domestic happiness is a reality, and you know such can only be attained by a union of hearts. What does it mean? You do not love me, but accept me as a brother, and let me extricate you from this horrible doom."

The countenance of Inez had been agitated while Hardy spoke; but, when he finished, she shook her head sadly, and replied,

"There is no mystery—at least you can do nothing for me." Then she essayed a faint smile as she said, "do you not remember I predicted you should meet another gentleman here? But have you forgotten that I promised to finish telling your fortune if you visited me? Well—I prophecy for you a brilliant fortune, and, and," here her voice faltered, "a happy union with some fair girl of your own beautiful land. God bless you! We shall not meet again on earth; but, perhaps, in heaven, where there is no more sorrow, I may recognise you as a brother."

Steps were heard approaching, as she extended her hand, while her eyes swam in tears. Our hero stooped down, and kissed her fair palm; then murmuring a blessing on this beautiful, but evidently sorrowing creature, he rushed down a neighboring walk.

In fifteen minutes, he was on his way to Havana, having left his compliments for Don Segovia, who had not yet risen.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNETS.

BY GEORGE BURLEIGH.

WITHERED LEAVES.

Poor shrivelled sprites! how are ye made the sport
Of heartless winds, that like a hunter's paca,
Wide-mouth'd, come howling on your flying track,
Chasing your tattered troops from fort to fort
Of your rock holds, and through each hollow court
In the great forest temples; wheeling short
For every straggler, flinging with wild toss
Your pale forms in the air; like stern remorse
Hunting ill thoughts along the naked soul!
Was it for this ye heard the silver voice
Of the young Spring, and owned her sweet control,
Making the daughters of the wood rejoice?
Alas, if Beauty and abounding Life
Must pass away so soon in the land gales of strife.

BUDS.

MURMUR not mourner, that the year is brief,
For even mutation speaks the eternal soul,
Whose changing forms, like passing billows, roll
With life unharmed, though dashed on ruin's reef.
All beauty flies not with the perished leaf,
But countless years the close-knit buds in-roll
With the young leaves,—the future's starting goal,
Whence seasons fly like arrows from their sheaf.
Over the perishing of greenest hopes
And flower-like aspirations, one by one,
Some after-sun the leaf-bound promise opes,
And bids new springs successive courses run,
Bearing the soul through wave-like passing lives,
Upreared and onward still, while God himself survives.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER;

OR,

HOW THEY CHOSE A MAY QUEEN IN THE SCHOOL OF PARSON COLE.

BY C. H. WILEY, A. M.

PARSON COLE was an eccentric sort of character, though a learned divine and an excellent man. He lived in the country, on his own farm, being a man of substance, and he and his amiable wife taught a private select school for young ladies. The girls were boarded and lodged by Mr. Cole at his own house, and in all respects treated as members of his own family; and as the situation was healthy, and in sight of the beautiful village of L—, the school was considered a very desirable one by those who knew the merits of the teachers. The number of scholars was limited to twenty, and as no girl under the age of ten was admitted, and as those who did come were generally handsome and well off, the Parson's residence became a spot consecrated in the imaginations of all the young men in that region of country. The Parson's daughters, as they were called, were a lively, romping, happy set, and as they walked out in the afternoons to gather flowers, they knew they were observed by watching eyes, but this did not in the least restrain their gaiety, or prevent them from indulging in that "frolic glee" of which school misses are fond, while their merry voices rung softly and sweetly over hill and dale. Now, as we said, the Parson was eccentric; he had a place for every thing, it's true, but every body else thought every thing in the wrong place. That he might enjoy his books without the fear of interruption, and indulge, at times, in solitary study and holy meditation, he had fitted up a chamber in one end of his house; a chamber admirably suited to the purposes for which it was designed, being removed from the noisy part of the labyrinthian edifice, and approached through long, narrow, dark and crooked passages. In this chamber, for purposes best known to himself, the parson kept some rare curiosities; but it is not our purpose to give a description list or catalogue of these natural and artificial wonders. Suffice it to say they lent an air of quaintness to the place, and induced the servants and others who had been there, readily to believe that, as Mrs. Cole asserted, the chamber was haunted. The good

lady often, at table and in presence of her boarders, urged her spouse to fit up a study somewhere else, but the old man declared that he liked to spend his time where familiar spirits of another world seemed fond of holding counsel, though he earnestly urged his pupils to obey his injunctions, and not to venture in a place where their superstitious fancies might discover the most frightful apparitions. It became a rule of school, in fact, that no girl was to visit, on any pretence, the haunted chamber, and thus, as parson Cole flattered himself, he could there have every thing his own way, and enjoy his studies uninterrupted.

The parson had a nephew residing in a distant part of the country, the only son and heir of an eminent citizen of great wealth, and a young man famous for his accomplishments and manly beauty. Of this youth, whose name was Edward Cole, every girl in school had often heard, and the announcement that he was shortly to visit his uncle, created quite a stir and excitement. There were many hearts that beat quicker at the intelligence, and there were some even that began already to feel a new and tender sensation. There was, for several days, an unusual attention paid to the adornment of their persons by parson Cole's daughters, and every arrival caused a sudden and violent palpitation. One day the girls got intelligence that a strange young man had arrived, and as may be expected, they came to dinner dressed with unusual care, and with hearts wildly beating; but judge of the disappointment of each, as she entered and was presented to a plainly dressed young man, by the name of Henry Williams. He was a modest, simple-hearted lad, but learned withal, and won largely on the affections of Parson Cole, who strenuously urged him to study divinity, and declared that, young as he was, he intended to have him appointed tutor to his nephew. The youth bore these commendations meekly, and as he had come to see Parson Cole to solicit the latter's influence in getting him the situation of principal of the village academy, he agreed to wait until the parson could see his nephew. In

the mean time he amused himself with books, seeing the young ladies only at table, at which times he and the parson discoursed at length on literary, historical, and religious subjects.

"What a bore that youth is," said Emma Walters one night while in company with several of her companions.

"He seems to be a thousand years old," remarked Susan Standish, "and in his sublime meditations entirely abstracted from the world. I get so sick of his everlasting talk about the immortality of the soul, the nature of man, and the chief good, and all such antiquated stuff. I wonder when Edward Cole is coming?"

"And would you think it," again spoke Miss Walters, "Ellen Saunders is delighted with him?"

"With whom?" asked Agnes Thorpe, the belle of the school; "not Mr. Cole, I hope, for *I* want to see *him* first."

"Edward Cole, indeed," exclaimed Miss Walters; "poor Ellen never aspires so high. She is a meek creature, and listens to the musty philosophy of Williams as if his words were the sweetest music."

"Yes, and I have observed," said Jane Anderson, "that she has begun to take unusual pains with her dress, and that the sentiments of Mr. Williams have already affected her mind. She will not do what he thinks is wrong, and what he praises is her delight. But here comes the love-lorn lassie herself. Ellen, they say you are in love."

The girl spoken to blushed crimson, and exclaimed, "What! *I* in love?"

"Yes, you little saint," said Miss Thorpe, "and all with his holiness Mr. — what's his name?"

"I do n't know what you're talking about," said Ellen quietly; "you are all disposed to joke, I see, but I'll forgive you, for you no doubt do not intend to wound my feelings."

"Not for the world, dear Ellen," said Miss Thorpe; "you are an angel in heart, and hard indeed would be ours if we could wantonly hurt the feelings of our gentle sister. Bet tell me, dearest, what is the name of this modern Plato we have here. I never can remember his name; this sage boy who is to be Erasmus the second?"

"Do you mean Mr. Williams?" asked Ellen meekly.

"That's the man!" cried Agnes;

"Phœbus, what a name
To fill the sounding trump of fame."

"I came to call you all to prayers," said Ellen Saunders, "and they are waiting for us."

A few days after the above conversation, the parson put his school in a flutter, by informing his pupils that his nephew would be at their approaching examination, and that he intended to give him a party.

"I inform you of this," said Mr. Cole, "that you may write to your parents in time, and be

prepared with dresses suited to the occasion. The party will be on the first night of May, and you may have a May Queen, if you choose; what say you?"

"Agreed! agreed!" cried all the girls at once.

"And you shall select the Queen," said several of his pupils to the parson; "*we* might not be able to agree."

"I was thinking," replied the parson, "that we had better have no Queen; it's an invidious honor, and might cause heart-burnings."

The young ladies protested that it should not, each one declaring that she would be satisfied with the choice of the parson.

"I cannot distinguish among my children," said the good old man; "you are all, in my eyes, equally fair."

"But then some may be better than others," replied Miss Anderson.

"So they may; but that's for the world, not me, to determine," answered the teacher.

"Suppose we let your nephew choose," said Mrs. Cole.

"Oh, that's the very idea," exclaimed Miss Agnes Thorpe, her eyes sparkling with conscious superiority; "Mr. Cole is the very man to choose—and as he is a stranger to us all, he will have no prejudices."

"My nephew would not like the task," said Mr. Cole; "he would not wish to say that one of you is more handsome than the rest."

"Yes, but father," interposed Miss Agnes, "you *know* that some *are* handsomer than others, and so do we—and I'm sure *I* for one will not be offended at any choice your nephew can make."

"Nor I," said Miss Anderson.

"Nor I, nor I," put in all the others.

"Suppose Mr. Williams choose?" said the parson. The girls tittered, Mr. Williams blushed, and the parson continued: "Mr. Williams is a prudent young man, and one of excellent judgment, and I'm certain would make a good choice. Will none of you speak? What say you, meek-eyed dove of Glen-Mary?"

"Do you mean me?" asked Ellen Saunders, who was from Glen-Mary.

"I do," answered the parson: "as you have not yet spoken, I should like to have your views."

"Indeed," said Ellen, "I'd be so glad to have a May-day frolic, that I'll be perfectly satisfied with any sort of arrangements you all may agree upon."

"Would you not like for Mr. Williams to choose the Queen?" asked Miss Standish, with a sly glance at the other girls.

"If the rest of you would," replied Ellen.

"But tell me, dear," said the parson, "who would you prefer to choose the Queen?"

"I'll declare—I have but one choice about it,"

answered Ellen; "I want the others to be satisfied, and all to be happy; and then, and not until then, I'll be satisfied and happy also."

"Well spoken," said Mrs. Cole; "those are excellent sentiments, and I hope all sympathize in them."

"No doubt all do," said the parson; "but I think I can easily settle the whole matter to the satisfaction of all. I dislike to see preferences made; you are all handsome enough, and agreeable enough: we are none of us good as we might be. So that beauty, goodness, or agreeableness, shall not be the test: the matter shall be determined partly by accident, and in a way that will give general satisfaction. To-morrow morning each one of you shall go separately into the garden, and bring me a present; and the one whose present most becomes female royalty, shall be the Queen."

"But who is to determine this?" asked Miss Thorpe.

"All of us," replied the parson. "If we do not all agree, then the choice shall be determined in some other way. You will find violets, tulips, roses, pinks, hyacinths, and other flowers in bloom."

"But suppose more than one of us bring the same thing," suggested Ellen Saunders.

"That you will hardly do; but to prevent it, you must each bring a compound present. You all have studied the same botany, and you all therefore attach the same language to the same flowers: but if you do not, you may each translate for yourselves."

On the morning appointed, Miss Agnes Thorpe, who was the first to enter the garden, was somewhat startled as she passed the gate by the question, "Who are you? who are you?" uttered in a hoarse, unnatural voice above her head. She cast her eyes up, and saw sitting among the tangled vines over the arbor a large green parrot, to whose interrogatory, often repeated, she made no reply, and passed on, still a little flurried, to cull and arrange a bouquet worthy of a queen. Miss Standish was the next to enter, and she too, like Miss Thorpe, was alarmed by the strange porter at the gate, nor did she make any reply. Indeed every girl that passed was in her turn frightened by the strange voice above her—some, in their agitation, not even casting their eyes upward to see the mysterious questioner who vociferously demanded their names.

The last to enter was Ellen Saunders, who, when questioned at the gate, instantly looked up, being more curious than fearful, saying as she did so, "I'm Ellen Saunders: who are you?"

"I'm the Parson—I'm the Parson," replied the bird, in great glee at finding a polite interlocutor: "I'm the Parson—I'm the Parson, fearing God—fearing God; who are you? who are you?"

The girl was astonished, and greatly amused at the discourse of the learned bird, and nearly forgetting her errand, while filled with a sudden desire for a frolic, she immediately overhauled his feathered reverence—and running into the house, immoderately laughing, flung the solemn bird into the midst of the assembly, at the same time asking it who it was. "I'm the Parson—I'm the Parson," instantly replied the parrot, to the infinite amusement of the whole company—the real parson himself, though somewhat confused, joining in the laugh.

"And what do you bring for the Queen?" asked Parson Cole.

"Crown of Love, Crown of Love," replied his feathered holiness: "Who are you? who are you?"

After they had all admired the bird for a while, Parson Cole suddenly turned to Ellen, saying, "But, my dear, where's your present for the Queen?"

"Indeed," answered Ellen, "I had totally forgotten it, I was so amused by your reverend rival there. Where on earth *did* it come from—I never saw it before!"

"Did *any* of you?" asked the parson. "Tell me truly, my beloved pupils, have any of you seen that bird before? How comes it that it did not excite your curiosity, and that none of you, except Ellen, stopped to question it?"

"Father," said Miss Agnes Thorpe—a proud, majestic beauty—"father, will you forgive me, and still call me daughter? Will you love me still?" continued she, the tears starting in her eyes, and her frame heaving with evident emotion: "I have disobeyed your orders, but God only knows how I have suffered for it. I have been miserable ever since; I can bear it no longer, and I feel that it is a relief to me to confess my crime before this whole assembly. I was tempted—I could not restrain my curiosity, and in an evil hour I looked into the haunted chamber. As soon as I opened the door, I saw that bird sitting on your armed-chair, and his questions so frightened me that I ran down stairs, and have never yet got over my alarm. When I saw it yesterday, I thought the bird knew me and knew my guilt, and I avoided it. Will you forgive me? I *know* I will never again disobey."

"And I know it too," replied the parson, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he took Agnes in his arms: "daughter, I will say to you as one more mighty and more holy said to one of your erring sex, thy sins are forgiven thee, go and sin no more."

There were now other and similar confessions to be made: the example of Agnes inspired her more timid companions with moral courage, and soon it appeared that every one except Ellen Saunders had taken a peep into the haunted chamber.

"And how comes it you never transgressed," asked the parson of Ellen; "were you afraid of witches and goblins, or had you no curiosity?"

"I never thought the chamber was haunted," answered Ellen: "I supposed you did not wish me to intrude into it; and though my curiosity was great, I restrained it, hoping that before I left school you would let me see the curiosities of which I had heard so many strange reports."

"And so you shall; you shall all look now to your hearts' content," replied the parson, who accordingly led his pupils into the haunted chamber.

All of course were gratified, and all were happy; but Ellen only with a lively relish turned over and examined with increasing delight the many curious relics, and specimens of art and nature, that gave a strange, mysterious air to the parson's study.

"And now," said the parson, after they had left the haunted chamber, "who shall we make Queen?"

"Miss Agnes, of course," cried Ellen, who sympathized with the sorrow that still hung its sign in the bright eyes of Miss Thorpe.

"What say you all?" asked the parson.

"I say Ellen Saunders," replied each girl at the same time.

"I thought once she deserved it," said the parson, "but I've changed my mind. The first to abase herself shall be exalted highest," continued he: "Miss Agnes shall hold the first station on that day, Miss Jane the second, and so on in the order of your confessions; and you, Ellen will bring up the rear, attended by Mr. Williams. What say you, are you all content?"

They certainly all were, and none more so than Ellen Saunders, who very heartily joined in the laugh at her own expense, although she could not but feel a touch of pity for Mr. Williams, when she saw how much fun his name excited.

"A good conscience is a sufficient honor," whispered the latter to Ellen, while the girls were now too busy to notice him.

"I know it," answered Ellen, "and therefore I think it right that my rank should be lowest. Indeed I wish only that all the others could be as happy as I am."

"They'll never be," returned Williams: "in your heart is a fountain such as their breasts do not contain; a fountain that will bless you, and bless all about you. Green, and bright, and fresh is the bloom of loveliness which it will for ever produce, and the thrice happy will he be who will be allowed to garner for himself the immortal

sweetness of thy nature!" Ellen's face turned scarlet, but she did not even turn her head towards the speaker, and hurried off to join her companions.

Need we describe the preparations made to celebrate the first of May at the house of Parson Cole? Shall we picture the green, enameled meadow in which, beneath the shade of aged oaks, the May Queen was to be crowned? Can we describe the floral decorations of the seats, and especially of the throne? Can we tell how the birds were singing—how the skies smiled, and all nature wore an air of soft repose? Shall we tell of the great crowd of people that came to witness the ceremony—of the songs that rang so sweetly in those old woods, and of the delightful sports that made the day one of the happiest that any body had ever seen?

"We'll leave all these things to the reader's imagination; and we will leave him or her to fancy if they can the unutterable emotion of the beautiful and majestic Queen, as she sat upon her throne of flowers, expecting every moment to have presented to her a subject, whose arrival had that morning been announced. At length the parson came, leading up an extremely handsome and elegant young man, and approaching the royal seat, said, after a deep reverence, "I present to your majesty my nephew, Edward Cole." The Queen, as queens ought not to do on such occasions, trembled violently, and felt as if she would faint. Her senses reeled, her eyes grew dim; and when she was finally able to look calmly about her, the young man, the observed of all observers, came leading up the blushing Ellen Saunders, saying, "Permit me to present to your majesty a timid young creature, who is this night to figure as a bride at your majesty's party."

The Queen again shook violently, but was soon her royal self again, and was thus enabled to see that Mr. Edward Cole and Mr. Henry Williams were one and the same person. But she was every inch a queen; her pride came to the rescue, and for the rest of the day she filled her station with unusual grace and dignity.

It remains only to be said that young Cole had got the consent of her parents before he ever breathed love to Ellen: that he declared himself to her on the day before the first of May, and after a world of trouble got her to consent to become his own the following night. Her parents and friends were there approving; and on the evening of the first of May, 18—, beneath a canopy of flowers, and in the midst of a delightful assembly, the meek-eyed dove of Glen-Mary declared before the world that her resting-place was and for ever would be in the breast of Edward Cole.

THE MARRIAGE OF ABEL.

FRAGMENTS OF EARLY TIMES.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

It was the morning of the Sabbath: there was a holy calm resting upon the earth, and the air seemed hushed in solemn silence. The broad light of the lately risen sun was poured through the gorge of a mountain, and down the slope, till it rested on the outspread plain below, where were blooming flowers of various hues and commingled odors. There was no rank luxuriance—that proves the fulness of blossom, and mars the hopes of abundant fruit; no vegetable decay had yet enriched the earth, by centuries' deposit,—but herb and plant sprung up in their order, with size and form, with scent and beauty, as they had been fashioned by the hand of the Creator, and colored with hues drawn from heaven.

Spread abroad were flocks of sheep and goats, whose milk and wool compensated the watchfulness and care of their owners, but whose herding was the result of their gregarious nature, rather than the teaching and discipline of man.

Though the whole scenery was made beautiful by the irregularity which marked the surface of the earth, yet there were no ravines, no upturning or wasting of the hill sides by torrents; for, as yet, there were no inequalities in the movement of our planet,—the poles of the earth were then the poles of the heavens, and no change of position disturbed the atmosphere, or excited to meteorological phenomena. The dew dropped from heaven, like angels' tears, to moisten and refresh the flowers; and the clouds sent forth at times their treasures of rain to gladden, not to mar, the earth.

The trees, though of the oak and especially the plane, were yet of slender growth; no decay had reached a single stock, nor had time destroyed a branch. Here and there, however, towered up samples of trees of *giant size*, but not of *giant growth*: they were of the creation, and knew no culture or bending of the twig; the hand of the great architect had placed them where they were, and their first fruits had produced the beautiful clumps that dotted the scene. Young nature was there in all her loveliness, her maiden charms, and maiden purity; and the sun, the great source of light and day, seemed to derive pleasure from the scene, which his own presence made so lovely.

Perhaps it would be better to say that the sun

assisted to make it lovely; for beside the profusion of beauty that was manifest in the scene,—hill and dale, mountain and plain, stream and lake, tree, plant and flower, and the gorgeous sunlight that seemed to rest upon their impalpable richness—beside all these, there was to be seen a beauty in all, and around all, that seemed independent of the combination of visible charms: one, in happy association, as if present to make all else more lovely, but still referable to an independent and invisible cause.

In the infancy of nature the spirit of the great parent of all hovered over the cradle, and whispered peace, and safety, and love; and the conscious presence of the divinity diffused over the face of earth a smile of grateful recognition. And the incense of warbling and of odor mingled with that of enjoyment, as a tribute to Him whose hand had spread abroad such expressive loveliness: all was altar, all was sacrifice, all was priesthood,—and in all and over all, beautifying and sanctifying was the object of adoration.

Up from the centre of the lovely scene rose, in delightful harmony, two voices hymning THE GOD. Intelligence was in the sound; and in words meet for praise, two hearts blessed their Preserver for the peace and rest of the past night, and for the love with which each was animated for the other—and both for the Creator. Two beings, members of the first family of earth, were sitting beneath a tree whose pensile branches shut out the rays of the sun, while they invited the morning breezes that came over meadow and upland, bearing the fragrance of every lovely flower, and imparting health and delight.

The morning hymn died away, though gentle sounds, as if echoes were multiplied in the air, seemed to repeat and protract the notes. There were auditors, not visible, and worshippers, unseen, whose office was to bear upward the prayer and praise of contrite, grateful hearts to the visible presence of Him who was invisibly present everywhere, or seen only in and by his works, and heard by his providences. When the aerial sounds had ceased, the pair rose from their knees; and as the youngest, and most delicate, assumed an upright position, her long hair fell gracefully backward, and displayed a face

of exquisite loveliness, on which rested a smile of humble devotion, mingled with a consciousness of accepted sacrifice.

"Have you felt as I have," said she, "when rising from our devotion—some sense of peculiar presence—awful, yet delightful; and as the sound of our own voice is wafted away, or taken up for repetition by the invisible guardians around us, an influx of spiritual warmth has come, as if the perishable breath that passed from our lips had been replaced by the warmth of seraph respiration?"

"I have remarked, dear sister," said the other as he threw his vigorous arm over the delicate shoulder of his companion,—"I have remarked that the answer to our prayers seems often to precede the petition, and that heavenly-mindedness, which begets prayer and is the end of prayer, seems in the heart before we ask the gift: its own loveliness inspiring a wish for its continuance."

"Even, dear Abel, as but yesterday, our father besought the heavenly messenger to *continue* his visit, because the presence had created a desire for augmentation of the companionship."

"But now, that my flocks rest from their night grazing, and need less my watchfulness than at evening and early morning, let us repair to our father's abode, that, having exchanged vows of love to each other, and offered praise to God, we may exhibit obedience to our parents, and unite with them and our brother and sister in the worship which our Creator demands, and to which this day is specially devoted."

"I would gather a bunch of flowers for dear Cain," said the female, "but that I have marked that he never exhibits a love for flowers, though his life is devoted to the cultivation of the earth. It is strange that he should find no pleasure in what may be considered the most delightful branch of his pursuit, especially when that pursuit is voluntary!"

"That is, because the end of his labor is that which occupies his thoughts—he has less joy in the *pursuit* than in the *results*, and the accumulation of perishable products is the object which excites and rewards his exertions."

"But Cain has a heart susceptible of the finest feelings, of the deepest, purest love. Oh, Abel, could you have heard his impassioned appeal to me when last we met, and when all I could say to him was that he could never have less from me than a sister's love—and I had nothing more to offer—could you have heard or seen him then, you would have confessed that Cain possessed all that power of love which you say is necessary to an enjoyment of nature's wonders, as they lie stretched out before us!"

"Susceptibility of strong feelings, of *love*, indeed, my dear sister, is not the evidence of that quality which makes lovely—the most sordid selfishness is quite consistent with the most violent passion. But the delicacy of sentiment which you describe, of which I know you possessed, and which alone

gives attraction to love, has in it nothing of self. True love—pure affection, seeks the good of its object. Think you, my beloved one, that I could claim the fulfilment of your promise to wed me, on the morrow, if there lurked in your heart a wish to marry Cain? Or, could I desire, loving Cain as I do, that he should lose you? Do you not remember the remark of the blessed angel: that the peace of heaven was more peaceful, if not preserved, by the association of divine feelings of corresponding affection, corresponding powers and corresponding views?"

"But could Cain have sought only his personal gratification in his efforts to bring me to his tent? Might he not have sought my happiness as well as his own, and intended to devote himself to the promotion of that peace which arises only from mutual sacrifice?"

"Do you believe, dear sister, that he could thus have acted, and thus have made you happy?"

"I do believe, Abel, that he had thus resolved, and that I might have found happiness in his resolve. I think there is in my heart, and I have thought that I discovered the same in our mother's, a feeling of pride in man's devotion which would supply to us the place of affection, if the devotion was constant."

"But can that devotion be constant without love? Will not the accidents of life disturb the devotion of man, and thus destroy the occasion of pride in woman. Alas, what but love—pure as an angel's affection—could bind our parents now. What, dear Mahala, would supply to you the place of love, when the rash humor of our elder brother should manifest itself, if not in unkindness, at least, in restlessness and neglect."

"How often, Abel, have we seen the sign of grief, almost of anger, pass from our Father's brow, and the smile of affection take its place, as he cast his eye upon his group of children, upon Cain and you, and little Ada and myself; may not the Creator have placed children in the tent of man, not more to perpetuate the race than to soothe the present irritation, and bring back to the heart the affection which disappointment and vexation seem to be expelling thence?"

"All your thoughts! Mahala—all your arguments are urged with the loveliness of your own affection. So pure, so elevated are all your feelings, that the angels who are invisible around us constantly commune with your spirit, and cultivate and strengthen those sentiments of good which influence your motive and direct your action. But, alas, my dear sister, what would that heart be, if good affections with angelic influences did not fill it all? Be assured, when once the sanctuary of love is violated; and envy and desire for revenge enter the enclosure, then all true affection is driven forth as were our parents from Eden, and flaming swords guard the desecrated spot."

"But let us hasten, Mahala, for I see our father

entering the tent of worship, and I would not be, nor have you, the last to meet him—Cain yet lingers in his garden, and will earn rebuke by his tardiness.

"But would it not be kindness, Abel, for us to linger yet, that Cain may enter first, and then be spared the censure of Adam."

"No, no, my beloved one, no: when offence has been committed, to mitigate or share the consequence, may be good; but to do the wrong that another may be spared, is in itself a sin. Let us hasten onward, lest our absence be construed into disobedience to our father. 'How terrible is disobedience, how fearful are its consequences.'"

Hand in hand the affianced ones passed onward, and joined the family group that was about to offer prayer to God. And upward to heaven from the family altar ascended the smoke of the sacrifice which the fire was consuming, and upward from the hearts of the worshippers, went the incense from the sacrifice of desires and the offerings of affection, which man burns to his Maker's glory and his own good.

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Standing among the luxuriant products of the virgin soil was the first born of men; he had been looking with joy and pride, at the bountiful harvest that rewarded his pleasant toil, and the bursting buds, and wanton growth of the yet unblossoming tree and herb, age and infancy mingled in vegetation as in animal life—and as spring, and summer, and autumn, poured out to him their leaves, their branches, and their fruits, the heart of the only tiller of the soil, was lifted for a moment in holy reverence and earnest gratitude to Him who had blessed his labor and changed the curse of toil to a blessing for the humble.

Another form was walking in the garden—and the face of Cain, burnt as it was by exposure to the wind and sun, was lighted by a smile of recognition, as he welcomed the winged messenger.

"I came with pleasure, Cain, at your bidding, for I have waited long this rarely occurring invitation."

"Invitation!—joyed as I am to meet you, did I invite your presence? I was wrapt for a moment in gratitude and praise to the Creator of all and the bestower of all."

"And that gratitude and praise is the invitation which we recognize; you offer prayer and praise, and we bring the response. Less and less frequent has been my visible presence with you for very many days, though I and others are around you at all times, but passion darkens the atmosphere, or dims the vision, and we are unseen and unfelt."

"Are the future inhabitants of the earth to be passionless?"

"Alas! no; ages after ages shall pass, and each successive age shall have less communication with the spiritual world. In time the living word of

God shall become precious by its scarcity—until at length the revelation cease, and man be left to the record of what has been."

"But shall not knowledge supply its place?"

"Knowledge of what? Can human knowledge exceed divine intelligence? and can the interpreters of man's words pour knowledge upon the world like the messengers of God? No, Cain, no—with sin and disobedience shall come darkness of intellect—oracles shall fail—divine messages shall cease—and the just conception of God's works on earth, and of the laws he has given the heavens shall be lost; and false notions of nature, false teachings concerning the stellar hosts shall prevail—man himself shall turn from the worship of the Creator to admiration of the created, and idolatry shall be the child and the promoter of ignorance."

"Ignorance! can man cease to know what he has already learned?"

"With the diminution of joy in knowledge will be the diminution of science itself; until what you have learned from Adam shall be forgotten by man; and when this earth has grown old, men will acquire an immortality of fame by discovering truths of nature, which are known to little Ada, your youngest sister. It will be worth the sacrifice of life, for a man to ascertain that the planet which you inhabit moves in a mighty circle round the sun."

"Why, how else will they suppose that the system could be balanced?"

"It will be a part of their ignorance, not to know that such a balance is necessary. But you will learn these things from Adam; he is instructed in the laws by which matter in all its forms exists and associates; and he knows that while these laws cannot fail, a knowledge of their operation may cease to exist among men."

"Can such changes be?"

"Can they fail to be; see what changes are around you—what of the Garden is left? The mighty stream that poured through that lovely enclosure, as your father has often told you, has by mere attrition worn away the soil of the place consecrated by Adam's sinless youth, and the visible presence of the *Elohim*; so that ere long the distant sea will receive as a deposit from the stream, the last of the earth that composed that home of innocence; and the angel of the flaming sword will be called away from a guardianship where nothing is left to provoke in man a desire to return—nothing that the hand of disobedience could desecrate."

"Has sin changed ought in me?"

"Has it not? Where are your daily colloquies with heavenly messengers? where the fulfilment in you, or through you of those mighty promises whose prospective fulfilment soothed the anguish of Eve's departure from Paradise?"

"Shall not the world be blessed in my seed?"

"Neither in thee nor thine."

"Tis for Abel then, and Mahala:—and, with this outrage on my affection is the disappointment of the promise of my birth? And I must toil on amid the profusion of inanimate earth—an outcast from love, disappointed in my ambition: and Abel must triumph in all—beloved of Adam and Eve, of Mahala, of—"

"God."

"Of God—beloved of God; and thus from him shall come the Shiloh!"

The fading form of the angel was scarcely seen by Cain, but his voice was heard pronouncing: "neither in thee nor in Abel shall the promise be fulfilled; for the unborn has the Maker reserved the honor."

The evening of the second day of the week was drawing on, and the light of the declining sun was resting on the beautiful landscape that lay west of the "hill of sacrifice." A gentle ripple on the lake that occupied the centre of the valley reflected the gorgeous hues, and flower and foliage were steeped in liquid gold; here and there a bird awakened his evening note, which seemed to communicate voice to the whole scene; and the beasts of the field and of the forest came forth from their shady retreats and wandered abroad in the loveliness of parting day. As yet the tiger had not acquired his thirst for blood, though his nature was manifesting itself in his growing shyness of man and man's favorites. The streams yet slaked the thirst of all animals, and the vast variety of herbage and fruits satisfied their hunger.

No cloud that day marked the horizon, and as the sun sank lower and lower in his evening retreat, his expanded form poured new richness upon the heavens, and the whole west was one mass of liquid light.

From a southern point at the base of the hill was seen a movement, and shortly afterwards six human beings were observed emerging from the tent, that occupied a sheltered position below. *Mankind*, in solemn procession was going up to the evening sacrifice. It was the hour and the place.

Foremost in the company was Adam. In his towering form was combined all that has since been dreamed of manly perfection; his tread was firm upon the earth, and his eye was elevated towards the altar that stood half way up the mountain; though in that eye was observable a restlessness, which denoted more of a parent's anxiety than a parent's pride. Leaning upon the arm of Adam, was the mother of mankind, full of ripened beauty. Disobedience had driven her from Paradise, but it had made Adam the companion of her departure. Grief, silent thoughtful grief, had hung a weight upon her heart; but it had not yet diminished the loveliness of her form, or the exquisite expression of her face. Not since has such a man trod this earth; not since have

the flowers of the field seemed to borrow their lustre from such a woman.

Cain followed, leading in his hand the young and gentle Ada. Every fawn that sprang up from the copses around, provoked her to disturb the measured step of the procession, and the young gazelle that paused to gaze upon her from the summit of a rock, felt its own eye dimmed in the lustre of that of the youngest of the children of men. Abel and Mahala closed the procession. With them there was less of anxiety than was seen in Adam and Eve, and nothing of the painful restlessness which distinguished Cain. Mahala wore the bridal dress. It was made of the skins of the youngest lambs of her lover's flock; lambs that had been selected for the perfection of their form and the beauty of their delicate fleeces, as the sacrifices of the day.

Leaning on the arm of Abel, with head declined, as if modestly thoughtful of the fulfilment of her wishes, Mahala heard and replied to his profession of love. Graces seemed attendant on her lovely form, the sun settled in glorious lustre upon the pure white of her neck and shoulders, and the odors of a thousand flowers were crushed out by her delicate footfall.

"Beloved Abel," said Mahala, pressing the arm of her lover, and pausing in the progress, as if to give force to her remark, "have you observed how restless, how undevotional seems our brother Cain? If aught could bring a pang to my heart at this moment, it would be that what constitutes your happiness and mine, seems to be the occasion of anguish to him!"

"Mahala, does there lurk in your bosom an affection for Cain, that would make this *occasion*, less than one of entire happiness to you?"

"Is sympathy with the anguish of one brother incompatible with love for another? May I not mourn, dear Abel, for the disappointment of Cain, while I enjoy all of the happiness which your affection and mine can impart?"

Man—pure, innocent, and fortunate, even as Abel—has something of selfishness lurking in his heart, that makes him unjust to the motives of woman; suspicious of the extent of those very virtues for which he loves her, intolerant of any affection in her which does not centre on himself, and most intolerant of any feeling of regret on her part, for that disappointment in another which would be death to him; and never, since Adam, was there a man without the feeling which is so opposite to the other characteristics of the good.

Though Abel felt the gentle rebuke of his sister, and to himself confessed its justice, he could not quite dismiss from his heart, the feeling by which that rebuke was earned. Pressing, therefore, the arm of Mahala closer to his side, he pointed out to her the necessity of hastening forward, to resume their places in the little procession. The whole soon reached a small level

plot on the northern side of the hill, on which stood a rude altar of square stones, selected, not hewn, covered with a broad slaty slab, and upon the last, lay a pile of wood.

In front, on the west side of the altar, knelt Cain and Ada.

At the altar, standing in deep devotion, were Abel and Mahala, and at the side of the altar was Eve. Elevated above all on the eastern side, stood Adam; on one hand lay the prepared victims for the holocaust; on the other burned the torch that was to light the fire on the altar.

The first human dispenser of the great sacrament, had no formula—no precedent. Skilled in the affections and passions of man, their delights and their dangers, and prescient of the future, he stood with the solemnity of a priest and solicitude of a father. And when he had surveyed the scene, so extensive, so lovely, his eye rested upon his wife and children, who, with himself, constituted the whole world of mankind. The fountain whence was to flow the stream of human life, a turbid torrent, chafing and wasting where it rushed.

But Abel and Mahala—how loving, how lovely—could they suffer or provoke violence!

With elevated head and outstretched hand, the father of mankind implored from the Creator the choicest blessing of temporal gifts, and spiritual guidance. He prayed for peace, and love, and issue—and as he lifted his soul in prayer, the rays of the setting sun played in golden radiance round his head, and seemed a crown dropped there by the hand of some ministering angel.

Adam paused, and there was silence; the high communion of his heart could not brook a sudden transfer to human colloquy, but mingling the love

of God with parental affection, he at length addressed his waiting children—and while he commended to them that gentle forbearance which is the child of love, and parent of desirable peace, he absolved them both from all duty of special obedience, and gave to them the right to rank with him in the race of families, but below him in patriarchal and political authority.

“Go, my son, and be master of thy tent and thy flock; no more can I exact obedience from thee; no more need thy conscience excite in thee to me ward more than filial reverence. Go, be the head of thine house, and may God bless thee in thine, as he has blessed me in thee.”

The nuptial benediction of Eve was breathed almost in silence over her daughter, whom she kissed with maternal fondness, and lifted up her voice and wept.

The sacrificial flame ascended from the altar, and through the clear, pure atmosphere above and around them burst forth a thousand stars, ere yet the posthumous light of the sun had passed from the west.

Cain went silently and sullenly down the hill, darkening in soul.

The wedded pair rose from before the altar, and hand in hand they sought their home.

Was it the evening breeze amongst accasia springs that poured such sweetness out? Or was it the multitude of angelic visitors invisibly thronging the air, that struck the chords of their harps, and sent up with the incense from the altar, their Epithelium for the first marriage of the children of men? If it was, their voices of praise and thanksgiving were not more acceptable than the incense that went up from the hearts of Abel and his wife.

LINES.

BY FRANCES B. M. BROTHERSON.

I would I were a star—a quiet star,
Throned gloriously in yonder azure sky,
Shedding a flow of silvery light afar,
Like the mild radiance of a seraph's eye.
From that high home, *beloved one*, on thee
Forever should my raptured vision rest—
And like a fairy dream, each hour would be,
That found me thus with thy dear presence blest.

I would I were a zephyr—balmy, light—
Laden with breathings of the gentle Spring;
I'd bathe thy lips and cheek with a delight
Calm as the sweepings of an angel's wing.
Amid the clusters of thy shining hair
I'd linger, envious of that glorious brow
Whose dignity would grace a king, to wear—
When brave and loyal hearts before him bow.

I would I were a spirit—bright and fair,
To guard thee from life's ills with Love's own might;
Near thee for aye—at morn—or noonday's glare;
And 'mid the hush of lone, mysterious night:
Then ever at the holy twilight hour,
My tireless wing should overshadow thee:
And thou wouldst bless the soothing, unseen power,
That wooed thy soul with sweetest harmony.

It may not be—yet if in yon bright world,
My soul shall put a robe of Glory on;
When Love's broad banner o'er me is unfurled,
And golden harps proclaim a victory won—
I shall be ever near thee—thou shalt feel
Soft, sweet, low whispers round thy spirit come.
Blest, blest were I, if they to *thee* reveal
The radiant glory of my far off home.

THE STUDENT-SOLDIER.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

"So you are determined to join the rebel army?" said Agnes Allerton to Henry Erskine, as they turned their footsteps homeward during a long walk on a pleasant September evening.

"I am determined to join the army of Washington," was the emphatic reply.

"You know," said Agnes, in her softest tones, "how much I have always admired your enthusiasm: how deeply do I regret its devotion to an unholy cause!"

"The cause is not an unholy cause," said Erskine; "from no lips but yours could I hear those words without anger. How often have we read Milton together, and admired the spirit which governed him! and now, when the occasion calls for men to stand up as fearlessly for the right, as did the immortal patriot and poet, you cry out *treason*. If to take up arms for my country be treason, I shall be a traitor before another rising moon shall silver those waters, by the side of which we have passed so many happy hours." As he spoke thus, they were passing one of those beautiful sheets of water, which are so frequently met with in the eastern part of the old Bay State. The lovers, for such they were, had passed many an evening by its pebbly shore.

Agnes' arm trembled within his, as those to her fearful words were spoken. After a moment's silence, she remarked, in a faltering voice—"We have indeed spent many happy hours here; shall they never return: give up your purpose of throwing away your life: resume your studies; this storm will soon pass by: even while it continues, we may be happy."

"That life is not thrown away which is laid upon the altar of one's country."

"Even admitting that your cause is just, it is hopeless. What can you do against the power of the king?"

"So it might have been said to Hampden and his fellow patriots—but they faltered not; they went forwards, and showed what men, fighting for liberty and right, can do."

"Should—should any thing befall you," the trembling tones of the speaker evinced the depth of her interest, "you would leave your parents alone in their old age." She did not add, as she might have done in truth, "and the heart of a maiden broken."

"Providence will order all things wisely. I have my father's full consent. He had rather die childless than die in slavery."

"Why will you exaggerate matters thus? The acts of the mother country which are really oppressive, are very few. Who, but for the outcry which has been raised, would suspect that he was in any way the victim of oppression, much less that he was enslaved?"

"The *principle* of liberty is gone. We hold all our rights only by sufferance."

Their walk was now continued for some time in silence. At length, with a manner which showed that she was yielding to the dictates of her heart, rather than obeying those of the understanding, she said,

"Henry, I implore you to desist from this course; my happiness, my life depends upon it. Even if your life is spared, I can never —"

"Love one who lifts his hand against the king."

"I did not say that; my affections are not at the bidding of my will, though my actions are. You know that my affections are wholly, intensely yours, though the words were never before spoken." She leaned more heavily upon his arm for support, while the tears ran silently down her cheeks.

"I have often told you, so far as words can tell, how dear you are to me," said Erskine, in a voice scarce audible from emotion; "ask me to do any thing which honor and duty will permit, though it be to cut off my right hand, or to pluck out my right eye, and it shall be done. I cannot prove false to my country."

"You know," said Agnes, after a brief silence, "how great are the obligations I am under to those who nurtured me. When my father was on his death bed, I promised him never to unite myself with any one, without my uncle's consent. My uncle—you surely will not betray what I now say. I may speak in confidence?"

"You know that I cannot do aught that would injure you."

"Possibly you may deem it your duty to make known what you may learn respecting his views and purposes in regard to this unhappy contest."

"Nothing which you may say to me in confidence will be revealed."

"My uncle, as you suspect, sympathises with his sovereign, and purposes to make a proffer of his personal services."

"What will become of his family?"

"He will take them to England, and leave them at their former place of residence."

"Do you go with them?"

"If you were to take no part in the rebellion, I think he would permit me to remain here."

"And he will never consent to your marriage with a rebel?"

"I am sure he will not."

"Let us at least make the attempt."

"I know it will be in vain."

"And you feel bound by your promise?"

"I do."

They had now reached the gate which led to the mansion of Edward Allerton, the loyal uncle of the weeping girl that hung so confidently on the arm of the youthful rebel.

"Agnes," said Erskine, in a tone which caused a thrill of mingled tenderness and terror to pass through her frame, "here we must part. Your name has been associated with many a dream, and, of late, with all the fixed purposes of my life. I would still have it so. The voice of Providence calls for a change of pursuit—I would have no change in respect to you. I must go to the scene of strife—but I would go with your image in my heart. I would sustain myself amid hardships with the hope of returning to render you happy. But it seems there is a gulf between us. I cannot prove false to my country, even for a price, more valuable in my sight than the throne of Britain. Farewell!"

She gave him her hand: it was as cold as marble. For a moment they stood in the moonlight, and each gazed fully in the face of the other. At length she whispered a farewell, and moved slowly towards the house. Thrice she turned her head, and saw him standing like a statue at the gate. It cost him a giant effort to refrain from following her, and yielding to her request. Once his hand was laid upon the gate for that purpose. The thought of Washington came to his aid. He turned, and forced his unwilling footsteps towards his father's dwelling.

He stole to his room without seeing his parents. He tried to busy himself in renewing his preparations for his departure on the morrow. He threw himself on his couch, in the vain hope that sleep might banish his painful thoughts, and cool his fevered brain.

Agnes repaired to her chamber, and seating herself by an open window, watched his receding form as it ascended the hill; a grove crowned the summit of the hill. As he entered it, and passed from view, a heavy cloud obscured the moon. Darkness fell upon the landscape, and a deeper darkness upon her heart. She covered her face with her hands, and bowed her head, supporting herself by the casement. Sad thoughts coursed through her mind, and sadder feelings well nigh crushed her heart.

The noon of night had passed ere she raised

her head. The moon was shining brightly. Not a breath disturbed a leaf, nor a sound the universal stillness; but the darkness still rested upon her heart. She lay down upon her pillow with the despairing consciousness, that the rainbow of her life had vanished forever. She slept. It was not that she felt less acutely than he whose eyelids closed not: she was sleeping for sorrow.

Erskine arose as the first faint streaks of light appeared in the horizon. His parents had already risen. His mother met him with a tear in her eye, but a smile was upon her lips. His father's countenance wore its usual composure. They had been spending an hour in prayer, and had committed their son unto Him who numbereth the hairs of our head, and noteth the sparrow's fall. After the morning meal, which lacked somewhat of its usual cheerfulness, the father gave the son some advice suggested by his own experience in the old French war. "I never knew before that you had been a soldier," said the astonished young man.

"I have carefully avoided all allusion to the subject," said the elder Erskine, lest I should foster a military spirit in my son. I saw enough of the wickedness of war to lead me to resolve, that my son should never be a soldier, but at the manifest call of duty. I believe that God in his Providence now calls for the strong hearted and hardy, and I therefore, consent to your going. Remember that God's law reaches to the camp, and that God's eye watches you there. Act always as in the presence of Him, who of old, led his people to victory, and who, I doubt not, will go before his American Israel, and cause her to triumph."

As the parting words were about to be spoken, Henry received from a superior officer, who was in the vicinity, a message which required him to delay his departure till the following day. It was a matter of mingled joy and regret to all. In the course of the day, Henry wrote to a friend and classmate the following letter.

"MY DEAR CLASSMATE:

"Since the class was disbanded, I have been engaged in promoting the great cause, though not in a way to gain much eclat. It is well to be placed in such circumstances. It shows one how far he is influenced by a regard to the object, and how far by the personal consideration resulting from a zealous pursuit of that object. I have just received a lieutenant's commission, and expect to join my regiment at Cambridge to-morrow. You will smile, perhaps, and will query whether the military knowledge and skill requisite for the station, were acquired by a study of the classics. I confess I am entirely unqualified for the post, yet the present condition of the country renders it necessary that men should be appointed who will qualify themselves subsequently to their appointment. I do not expect to find the service a

holiday, nor do I think the struggle will speedily be brought to a close. An issue favorable to the Colonies, I do confidently expect.

"Yesterday I saw Agnes, probably for the last time: no such connexion exists between us as did when you were here. The accursed notion of loyalty has wrought all the mischief. She can never give her hand to a rebel. So we parted with aching hearts. With me, the struggle is over, though the wound remains. Do not think harshly of her. Remember her obligations to those who took her in infancy, and have supplied the place of parents. Remember that her early years were passed in England, and in a family who regarded the instilling of the highest notions of loyalty as a religious duty. She is soon to leave for New York, on her way to England.

"I am fast becoming a republican. I shall find it difficult to recognise the authority of the king, when our claims are yielded to, and our swords returned to the scabbards.

"It is hard, very hard, to give up the plans of the heart. I find some relief in making known to you the desolation of my personal prospects. Perhaps it will render me more entirely devoted to my country's service. Let me hear from you as often as possible. The times will soon require your presence in the camp.

"Your affectionate friend,

"H. ERSKINE."

On the following morning, Erskine departed with the blessing of his parents, and of his pastor, and at sunset, reached the outposts of the American camp. He entered upon his duties with a zeal which won the respect and admiration of all, and maintained a purity and elevation of character which gave him an influence far greater than he could claim on the score of his rank and years.

(To be continued.)

THE IMAGE BROKEN.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

'T WAS but a dream;—a fond and foolish dream;—

The calenture of a delirious brain,
Whose fever thirst creates the rushing stream.

Now to the actual I awake again;—
The vision, to my gaze one moment granted,
Fades in its light away, and leaves me disenchanted.

The image that my glowing fancy wrought,
Now to the dust with ruthless hand I cast.
Thus I renounce the worship that I sought;
Of my own idol the iconoclast.
The echo of "Eureka! I have found!"
Falls back upon my heart, a vain and empty sound.

Oh, disembodied being of my mind!
So wildly loved, so fervently adored;—
In whom all high and glorious gifts I shrined,
And my heart's incense on the altar poured;
Now do I know, that, clad in mortal guise,
Ne'er on this earth wilt thou upon my vision rise;

That only in the vague, cold realm of Thought,
Shall I meet thee, whom here I seek in vain.
And like Egyptian Isis, when she sought
The scattered fragments of Osiris slain,
Now do I know, that henceforth I shall find
But fragments of thy soul within earth's clay enshrined.

Thou, whom I have not seen, and shall not see,
Till the sad drama of this life be o'er!
Yet do I not renounce my faith in thee.
Thou still art mine,—I thine for evermore.
And this belief shall be the funeral pyre
Of all less noble love, of all less high desire.

Here, like the Hindoo widow, I will bring
Hope, youth, and all that woman prizes most;
The glow of summer, and the bloom of spring,
And on thy altar lay the holocaust:—
And in my faith exulting, I will see
The sacrifice consume, I consecrate to thee.

To Love's sweet tones, my heart shall never thrill;
Nor, as the tardy years their circles roll,
Shall they the ardor of its pulses chill.
Thus will I live in widowhood of soul,
Until, at last, my lingering exile o'er,
Upon some lovelier star, too blest, we meet once more.

Oh tell me not that now indeed I dream;
That these aspirings mocked at last will be;
Gleams of a higher life, to me they seem
A sacred pledge of immortality.
Tell not the yearning heart, it shall not find:
Oh Love, thou art too strong! oh God, thou art too kind!

SIGHT-SEEING IN EUROPE.

NO. VI.

FROM MONT CENIS TO LUCCA.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

THE road over Mont Cenis is a wonderful affair, requiring an amount of labor which would hardly have been thought worth while anywhere else; but they do every thing so substantially here. The window fastenings at a common auberge would do for a bank with us; and the road across the mountains is supported by masonry like that of the Croton aqueduct. The pass is even now so dangerous in winter, that there are more than twenty houses of refuge, established by the government, where people reside for the sole purpose of affording assistance to travellers; and frequent crosses erected by the wayside mark the positions of peculiar peril and past mischance. At the top, about seven thousand feet above the sea, we found great fields of snow extending down quite to the road, and the air was of course very cold, though all below was summer. The prospect from the road is beautiful and much varied, particularly on the Italian side, where we come down upon the old town of Susa, and begin to see something of Italian vegetation. Some of the erections still standing in Susa date further back than the Christian era. A very high mountain which overhangs the town affords, it is said, a splendid view of the fair plains of Italy; but we did not try it. Whole troops of pilgrims climb it annually on the 25th of August, to pay their vows at a small chapel on the top, erected to the Virgin by some wicked old Crusader.

After Susa we pass Rivoli, where is an unfinished palace that looks like some great Western hotel, perched upon a high bank on the right. Its only dignity and interest arise from the fact that it was the prison of a former king of Sardinia, who having once abdicated in favor of his son, wished, on second thoughts, to resume the sceptre. The reigning monarch, perhaps from having tried the harassing cares of royalty, decided at once that his father must be mad, and so shut him up lest he should bite other people. The poor king died soon after—and the palace stands a monument of his son's affectionate care. The present sovereign, his grandson, goes there occasionally, but not often; perhaps only when under the perplexities of his position he finds himself tempted by thoughts of the pleasures of private life.

The entrance into Turin is the most monoto-

nous possible. For six mortal miles a straight, level road, bordered by formal trees, leads to the city, the vista being crowned by a hill, on which stands a conspicuous building, called the Superga, erected by the same king who was afterwards locked up at Rivoli, in fulfilment of a vow which he had made when the French had possession of his city, in 1706. It is a basilica, or church of the first class, and at a distance looks like a mosque, having a cupola and two campaniles of rather unusual form. The great level road leads into as level a street, where, though there are no fortifications, you are not allowed to pass one step until you have given up your passport to some very ill looking officials; and after you are in you are quite willing to be out, for a less interesting city than Turin can hardly be found. It is placed upon a dead level, and has no beauty but a boulevard. The streets are well paved, but not elegant, and at the time of our visit, the king being at the wars and the nobility with him, there were no equipages in the streets, and very little appearance of business or pleasure. The opera was still maintained, and very elegantly, but there were hardly a hundred people to hear it. We drove about the town, and saw the palaces and the picture gallery, and the Cavallo di Marmo, an equestrian statue of which the horse is the best part. Turin is proud of her bridges. The Po and the Dora Susina flow past or through the city, and there is a fine range of hills beyond, on which are many beautiful villas. But the glory of Turin is the Santo Sudario—a fragment of the "shroud" in which our Lord's body was wrapped by Joseph of Arimathea, *with the impress of the body upon it*. This precious article, which was first deposited at Chambéry, has a splendid chapel to itself, rich with gold, silver, and precious stones. It is exhibited to the people only on great occasions. Francis I. adored it at Chambéry, and it was brought to Turin in order that St. Carlo Borromeo might have the benefit of doing so without crossing the Alps. This particular portion of the holy garment, of which other folds are preserved in other Catholic cities, was brought from Cyprus, in 1453. There is nothing more curious, or more melancholy, than the history of relics.

Turin boasts half a dozen theatres, in one of

which Alfieri's first tragedy was first represented. Theatres seem to be reckoned among the necessities of life here. In the midst of war, when the country is groaning under its burthens, the splendors of the stage are no whit lessened, though a part of the expense is borne by the government. At least two hundred performers, at a rough guess, appeared in the Lombardi, and the dresses were new and magnificent in the extreme, while the house was almost empty. The audience talked *à pleine voix* all the time, so as really to drown the softer portions of the music—a piece of barbarism which we did not anticipate in Italy.

We left Turin at five and rode all night in the diligence again, over a flat and stupid road, passing Asti, where Alfieri was born, and coming at breakfast time to Alessandria, considered the greatest fortress in this part of Europe. In fact, it is all fort; the town seems a mere adjunct, and it is so situated as to be easily isolated by means of the river Tanaro. Here we breakfasted at the dirtiest and most disagreeable of hotels, where the coffee and bread were only a little worse than the people who waited on us. The incivility we experienced at the Albergo Nuova, in this strange looking place, is the single instance hitherto, of any thing but the most solicitous attention at the hotels. The servants appeared to have imbibed the belligerent spirit of the town.

It was a charming morning, and the grassy ramparts, and the abundant foliage, were of the richest and most delicious green. We soon forgot the disagreeables of the breakfast, and looked with interest upon the field of Marengo, which is passed soon after leaving Alessandria. It is smooth and green, highly cultivated, and divided by hedgerows. The Bormida, once choked with corpses, flows peacefully through the plain, and it is difficult to people this smiling scene with hostile armies, by any effort of the imagination. It is here that Desaix was killed, and the spot is pointed out, of course, though one is unhappily apt to grow sceptical as to these matters. The people of the neighborhood are full of the horrors and the wonders of the battle, and regard Napoleon as little less than a demi-god. His whirlwind path through this part of Europe has necessarily left a deep impression on the minds of the vulgar, who are particularly susceptible to the glare of military success. The memory of Hannibal, too, is almost as fresh as that of Napoleon, and the scenes of his achievements are pointed out as confidently as those of the more recent conqueror.

We remember Novi with pleasure, because it was there that we entered the Appenines, and the road lost its tame character. The scenery becomes in all respects more Italian, and you see in every nook, and every eminence, a chapel, and its pretty campanile, and meet groups of peasants in picturesque dresses, driving their goats, or leading mules loaded with country products. The Appenines are smooth and gentle, after Mount Cenis;

they seem to have felt the influence of the soft gales of southern Italy. Fine chestnuts shade their sides to the very summit, and every farm has its vineyard. Old castles are abundant, all more or less ruined, but invaluable in landscape, especially as they no longer suggest thoughts of war and misery. It was just beyond Novi, too, that we began to see women with white transparent veils instead of bonnets—a style of costume that makes every woman handsome. It was a festa day, and the roads were lined with people. Every body wore something gay and showy. The men had scarlet, or gold bands, and tassels on their curious little caps, and red stripes on their pantaloons, *à la militaire*; the women displayed all their little finery, in the shape of beads, and crosses, and long ear pendants of gold filagree. Priests were abundant, and we met one very long procession, where the women, all veiled, came first, then the men in their best dresses, looking very devout, and bearing great crosses, and other emblems of their faith, the priests taking the direction of the whole. It was before we reached Ponte Decimo, that we met a courier with the news of the taking of Peschiera, by the Italian army, under Carlo Alberto, and the report that the king and his second son, the Duke of Genoa, were both wounded. After this, great excitement was observable wherever we passed; the joy of victory superadded to the festa feeling, brightened every eye and animated every voice. We passed on the road a body of Austrian prisoners just brought in; men travel-worn and dispirited, quite a contrast to the exhilaration about them, though they seemed to be treated with humanity.

At Ponte Decimo, the land descends pretty rapidly towards the Mediterranean, and the scenery becomes still more beautiful. The road passes by the side of a river whose bed is very broad, though the stream is in summer quite trifling, leaving a huge expanse of gravel, which is scraped away in spots, in order to make place for small garden plots, where a variety of vegetables seemed to flourish. This redeeming of scraps of soil looks very odd to us, who are used to seeing land sold for almost nothing; but economy is practised here to the last extent, perhaps, because level spots are but few. The sides of the hills are almost one continuous vineyard, and as we approach Genoa the vines are supported on stout brick pillars, a strange contrast to their lithe gracefulness, but no unpleasing feature in the landscape. Genoa, walled and double walled, comes gradually into view, as we pass between gay villas, curiously painted on the outside with mock windows, curtains, blinds, pillars, statuesque figures, wreaths, &c., in very theatrical style—most odd to our American eyes. This practice is defended on the ground that the almost perpetual sunshine of this fine climate enables the artist to place his shades securely just where he wants them, without fear that a prevalence of heavy clouds will reverse his

shadows, and put his ingenious deceptions to open shame. The attempt to paint in fresco, walls entirely exposed to the weather, certainly speaks volumes for the climate; but the present state of the pictures, shows that even in Genoa colors must fade in the course of years of exposure.

Genova la Superba is the idol of its people, and the envy of all the neighbouring cities. Its position is unsurpassed, and the wealth and taste of its nobles have added all that can adorn and dignify their place of residence. The impression made upon the traveller who enters it, either from the sea or land, is that of almost unequalled magnificence, and perhaps of the two, the entrance on the land side is the most striking, because the grandeur of the fortifications which crown all the circling heights is there most effective. We entered through streets so narrow that the stucco was torn off the walls on both sides by the wheels of carriages passing each other, showing the literal truth of an observation of Dickens, which we had considered somewhat poetical. We found the streets crowded with people in festa dresses, every woman with her white veil and long gold ear-rings. Not a bonnet was to be seen. The custom-house people were very attentive, but we got off very easily, as indeed we have done every where. Good fortune led us to the Hotel Feder, a palace, with painted walls and gilded ceilings, and a capital resting place for the traveller. It is difficult to believe that comfort is to be found where the house stairs are great stone steps all the way up; where you are lodged in the fourth or fifth story; where the floors are all tile or marble, even in the bed rooms, without an inch of carpet; where high vaulted ceilings look chillingly far off, and the windows are large enough for a church. But the benignity of the climate makes all these things appropriate, and a few days suffice to accustom us to them. The height from the street seems at first the most troublesome peculiarity, but when you find that the dining room is very little lower, and that every thing you can want is perfectly accessible, the difficulty vanishes. To ascend the broad, easy stairs two or three times a day after walking out, is no great matter. So we found the Hotel Feder very comfortable in all respects.

There was a grand illumination on the evening of our arrival, in honor of the victory at Peschiera, and a more beautiful scene can hardly be imagined. Not that the lighting was peculiarly brilliant, for lanterns of white or colored paper were used almost universally, and these do not make much show; but the crowd in the streets, seen by this soft light, was a perfect picture. White veiled women, priests, soldiers, pretty children, filled the entire breadth of the street, and as there were very few carriages to interrupt the stream, it flowed on in a thousand rainbow tints. It was the most gentle and orderly crowd that could be. Not a loud word was spoken. Whole

families walked together, and parties, chatting as if at home. It is impossible to imagine any demonstration more different from what such a thing would be at home. A rejoicing for victory, and not a shout—not a squib—not a rough push, or harsh word. The air was full of the sound of soft bells. There are no side-walks at Genoa, but the streets are flagged from side to side, so that the middle is as much used by pedestrians as any other part. This gives a peculiar and most foreign air to such a concourse, but the tone of civilization was what struck us more particularly. The French ambassador's house was illuminated oddly. There was a long row of immense wax candles in front of it, as thick as one's arm, and perhaps six or eight feet long, and these, burning in the open air, flared bountifully, and shed their streams liberally on the passers by.

The peculiar decency and gentleness of a Genoese crowd struck us again, as we looked from the windows of our Hotel upon a small square, in which a conjurer was playing his tricks. He had several boys in fancy dresses, and a considerable portion of the entertainment consisted of the feats of these children in jumping through hoops, &c., which were placed at considerable distances; and as all this was to be accomplished in the open street, and on the side of one of the most crowded thoroughfares, every thing depended upon the civility and good nature of those around. A ring, or rather oval, was formed, and the conjurer had only to walk round this occasionally, requesting the people to stand back, and all was done without the least noise or resistance. The behaviour of the people interested us far more than the feats of the magician and his familiars.

It is not pleasant to drive about Genoa, because of the slipping of the horses' feet on the smooth pavement. They fall down frequently, but seem to get up with far less ado than if they were not accustomed to it. But such things make one feel a little nervous. Yet we were obliged, in order to make the most of our time, to make our rounds in a carriage, passing through such narrow places sometimes, that the foot passengers were fain to stand aside in door-ways, to make room for our wheels. There are many streets in Genoa, in which carriages are forbidden. We drove to the Acqua Sola,—a pretty promenade, and thence to the Doria Pamfili palace, outside the inner wall of the city. This splendid place was bestowed upon the great Doria by the country, and it was his pride and pleasure to adorn and dignify it. For this purpose, he availed himself of the services of the best artists within his reach, showing at least, that he had a noble notion of embellishment. The frescoes have no little merit, but their chief interest is founded upon the fact that the pictures with which the garden gallery is lined, are absolute and acknowledged portraits of the Doria family, including the Genoese hero. He appears

much better there than in the garden, where his stalwart form figures as the Neptune of a fountain. The garden is in the formal taste of olden time, and owes its present charm to its position, stretching down by terraces, to the sea-shore. The whole place was re-fitting, and not in the best style, so it did not occupy much time.

The Boignole Palace came next, and we saw there some fine pictures by Vandyke, and a good many others, but few that interested us particularly. Thence to the Durazzo, of whose gallery a Madonna by Titian is the treasure. There are other good pictures—a larger proportion, perhaps, than in most of the private galleries. The Palazzo Serra is noted only for a grand gaudy saloon, on whose decorations much money has been wasted, in our humble judgment. Gilding, mirrors, and specimens of costly marble are a poor substitute for painting and sculpture, in this land of art. We went the round of palaces, but there were too many at last to leave any distinct impression, particularly as there is really a great sameness. A cortile—arched or balustraded galleries surrounding it, rising one above the other—a grand staircase—a suite of saloons, hung with pictures, good bad and indifferent—these meet the visitor at nearly all the accessible palaces in Genoa. There is said to be a hundred in all, and what is curious, only about fifteen of these have passed out of the families of the original proprietors.

A far more interesting place, is the ancient Bank of St. Giorgio, part of which is now used for the customs. The great hall is surrounded by statues of the fathers of the republic—men who rendered important civil services, too often forgotten. Two rows of these figures, one row above the other, line the walls; and the dignity of the whole array is remarkable. Nothing fantastic, or even fanciful is there. The dress of the times is given in all simplicity, and the countenances of the honored dead wear a sober look of thought and conscious integrity very distinct from the martial stare of the hero, or the official grandeur of the monarch. They are citizens, evidently; and the services which the respective inscriptions record are such as buying off taxes which pressed heavily on the poor; leaving dowers for poor maidens; obtaining a reduction of the duty on salt; founding a hospital, etc. The great names of Doria, Spinola, Grimaldi, are found among these benefactors, but it is in their character of citizens that they appear, and we cannot look upon their effigies without reverence.

Between the Hotel Feder and the bay is an extensive marble terrace with a handsome balustrade. This would command a fine view of the bay, if the masts of the shipping did not completely shut it out. It seems not to be of any use at present, as far as we could observe.

The silver and gold filagree of Genoa is celebrated, and we saw many exquisite specimens;

but as we were not able to get sight of the mode of producing these curiously minute works, there is nothing to be said about them, since every body knows how they look when they are done. We were told that much of the wire-work is performed by children, the designs and frame-work having been prepared by an artist.

One of our first cares was to find out the "Pink Jail," occupied by Mr. Dickens, during his stay in Genoa; for all the naughty things he has said about our country, have not been sufficient to abate our admiration of his genius, and of the excellent aim of his works. We found his jail, and could willingly consent to be shut up in it for a year or two, with the trifling proviso of very good company. It is beautifully placed on an eminence commanding a view of the city and bay, and the grounds are much ornamented, and liberally supplied with fountains. There is a curious court of entrance, embellished grotto-wise, with shell-work, which our guide assured us was made by "Oliver Cromwell!" This bit of history we leave for the use of the next Hume. We did not try to be sentimental in tracing Mr. Dickens' haunts, but only exercised an ingenuity in guessing in which of the pleasant nooks in this greenery he loved best to write what we all love to read. Several Latin inscriptions grace certain gates and fountains, and the whole thing is remarkably pretty. A boy brought bouquets from the gardens, which we delighted to keep fresh as long as possible, in memory of our pleasant pilgrimage.

The church of Santa Maria di Carrignano is rich in fine pictures, though it has only half a dozen. They dwell in the memory, even after seeing many more celebrated works. A child's head, and the one called the Virgin and Saints, is exquisite; and the martyrdom of St. Blaise, by Carlo Maratti, is horribly beautiful. The church is altogether one of great interest, and its situation is unequalled in Genoa. To reach it, you cross a grand bridge over a dry chasm, built by the Sauli family—a magnificent benefit to the city. Some of the houses on which the passenger looks down from this bridge, are seven stories high.

The cathedral of San Lorenzo has much that is curious about it, among which may be reckoned the inscription, date 1312, stating that the city was founded by a grandson of Noah, James by name. The chapel of St. John the Baptist is made curious by the law enacted by some wise-acre of a pope, that it should never be entered by a woman, except on one day of the year, because of the wickedness of Herodias! One would think the Catholic reverence for the Virgin Mary would be sufficient to neutralize this feeling of revenge against the whole sex, for the sin of one poor specimen. But so clumsily is the sacred place guarded, that a lady of our party walked quietly in, and saw all that she wanted to see—which was of course all there was to be seen—before a priest who was in another part of the church could

sufficiently recover from his petrified astonishment to send the proper officer to warn her off. This personage was civil, and she ventured to ask him the reason of the prohibition, as if she had never heard of it before. He shrugged his shoulders, and explained, "C'est bien drôle!" said our friend, and walked coolly out, quite satisfied. The only mortifying part was, that there was nothing remarkable in the chapel after all. The relics of the saint are *said* to be in a chest under the high altar, but our friend could espy nothing, although she peeped through the carved work most sedulously.

The Sacro Catino, a cup of green glass, once believed to be a single emerald, is preserved in this church, and although it has long ago been ascertained to be glass, it is still locked up with extraordinary care, and accepted by the faithful as an emerald. As we did not believe it to have been used at the Last Supper, nor yet given to King Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, we did not care to give five francs to see it.

On the whole, Genoa left a very agreeable impression. There is an air of romance about it, of taste, of cheerfulness, and bonhomie. Something of a theatrical aspect is given to the city, by the paintings on the outsides of houses, and by the terraces set with flowering shrubs which are often seen far above the head of the spectator as he walks the street. Life does not seem to be in earnest here. The people live so much in the street, that it would seem they can do little at home. Shows of all sorts are patronized, from the Italian opera to the fantoccini, or marionetti, the conjurer in the street, and the professor of the hand organ. There is no lack of time for amusement, even when rags and dirt show that a little serious attention to private affairs would be a great advantage. But the Genoese are a good humored people, if they are not very thrifty; and one cannot but be pleased with them upon the cursory survey allowed by a few days' residence.

Our route not having brought us to Genoa, by the cornice road, we chose to leave it by the next best in point of prospect—that which runs along by the shore of the Mediterranean, and the Gulf of Spezia to Lucca. So we took places in the *mal'e-poste*, and set off at four, with quite an original set of passengers. There was an old gentleman from Spezia, a boiling patriot, who spoke both French and Italian with the oddest patois peculiarity—using the sound of *z* for *ch*—as, for instance, calling Charles Albert, Zarle Albert, etc.; and his nephew, a young student at law, who had just undergone his first examination, at Genoa, spruce, and not standing ill with himself. The only female was one who wore no bonnet, or shawl, though she expected to go to the borders of Tuscany, where her husband was employed in the Dogana. She had been attending to a law suit in Genoa, and believing her husband

and herself to have been very much wronged, the energy with which she told her story again and again, the multitude of words which she enunciated with surprising rapidity, and the scintillations of her coal-black eyes meanwhile, were most astonishing. Her hair was braided, and dressed with much care, and she wore a pair of true Genoa ear rings, long pendants of gold filagree, that danced as she talked. A kerchief tied over her head was all that she added at nightfall, and she composed herself to sleep in the corner of the diligence at dusk, and, to judge by appearances, slept as soundly through the night as if she had been in her own bed at home.

Conversation dies a natural death in the diligence, when the night begins to fall. The smooth, rolling movement over those fine roads; the diminutive jingle of the little bells with which the stage horses are always garnished; the half light of moon or stars mingling with that of the one lamp in front; the soft, lulling, natural sounds which make themselves heard and felt as the noises of the day gradually cease; all conspire to induce sleep, or that dreaming indolence which answers the purpose of sleep. Our vivid dame's tongue confessed the power; her sentences became isolated; her hands declined to her lap, where they had been almost strangers for some hours, during the repetition of her story; her ear rings ceased to vibrate; and at last her head dropped into some recess in the corner, and we heard no more of her until sunrise. Every body was not so happy in finding, or making a nest. Of all the diligences we had yet tried, this was the most impracticable, in the way of lodging. There seemed nothing but caves behind one's head; nothing but sharp ridges to lean one's elbow upon—an aching void, where the floor, or a footstool ought to have been. We swayed and nodded like wind-swept dahlias; our heads were too large for our necks; and if we slept, it was to dream of running against stone walls or stepping off precipices. But there was moonlight, though faint, and we could console ourselves for broken naps, by looking out upon the Mediterranean, whose varied and mountainous shores were just beneath us. The foliage had a new character, evident even by a dim light. The fig, the cypress, the aloe, the cactus; orchards of olive, groves of orange, forests of chestnut—these took the place of the trees to which we had been accustomed, and they seemed for the time to our excited imaginations, more beautiful than all the rich growths of our more northern land. We knew the rocks were marble beautiful, gold-veined, purple marble—(*vide*, Murray,) and this made their very outline more exquisite to the mind's eye, humored as it was by the uncertain moonlight. These vague glimpses of grand and beautiful things—the sea, the cliffs, the abounding foliage—prepared us to remember Shelley, as we rounded the gulf of Spezia at daybreak.

It was from these waters, now calm, though dark, that "the soul of Adonais, like a star," took flight from a sphere to which it seemed ill suited.

At Spezia our conducteur stopped to recruit a little, and gave us leave to get a cup of coffee. Our old politician and our incipient lawyer found themselves at home, and so left us; and we observed them stretching their limbs vigorously as they walked up the street, evidently with reference to the very uneasy accommodation of the night. Our coffee was very black and somewhat groundy, but the boiling milk was good and abundant, and the sugar as white as the marble slab upon which it was served,—which slab, by the way, formed an odd enough contrast to the utter blackness of the forlorn auberge, at which it had pleased our conducteur to stop. This luxurious anomaly was accounted for by the vicinity of Carrara, where marble may be had for almost nothing, while wood is comparatively scarce; but really there never was a more striking example of one too elegant article "killing" all the rest of the furniture.

We drove on now in better spirits to Pietra Santa, which looked pretty and cheerful to us after Spezia; and so to Massa, once the residence of the beautiful Eliza Borghese, sister of Napoleon, who had the splendid old cathedral razed to the ground, because she thought the public square in front of her palace would look better without it. Strange to say, she committed a similar act at Lucca,—thus earning for herself the eternal execration of the inhabitants, and not unjustly. Happily there are few such memorials of French occupation.

The square is now a plain, formal, unlovely area, bounded on one side by the Palazzo Ducale, and bordered all round with orange trees. The palace, though it is on the whole rather a handsome building, has nothing particular, except that it is ornamented with busts over the windows, which gives it an odd, turned wrong-side-out appearance.

Nothing could be more charming than Lucca as we saw it, by the light of an afternoon sun, when its beautiful rampart-walk was all alive with people, well dressed, civil, and evidently at leisure to enjoy the exquisite prospect spread out before them. Range beyond range of distant hills lay basking, or misty as the rays fell upon them directly or aslant. A range of broad, smooth, emerald meadows filled all the space between the foot of these hills and the high rampart, planted with trees, which afforded this inimitable promenade to the inhabitants of Lucca. The stream of human

life was abundant, and, thanks to the prevalence of Catholicism, nothing could be more picturesque than the variety of costumes. We saw priests in white, priests in black, priests in brown; and priestlings in white, purple, and bright scarlet—all wearing the great broad-brimmed black hat, whose contour is made up of Hogarth's wavy line of beauty, instead of the awkward, unmeaning thing worn by other men and boys. Then there were ladies, gracefully drest, and much given to the gay colored Roman silk scarf, popular throughout Italy; soldiers, in glittering caps and scarlet facings; children in various pretty summer costumes, and grave, old people slowly pacing with their hands behind them, looking as if they drank in the balmy air, and health and peace with it. Those who visit Lucca in winter can have little idea of the magical beauty of this scene. It fascinated us till the purple of the sunset mountains had faded into grey, and the more lively features of the promenade disappeared one by one. The moon rose late; so we did not stay after dew-fall, but sought our hotel de l'Europe, where such comforts as hotels afford were ready for us, and not unacceptable after the fatigues of the last night.

At all these towns we found great excitement about the war. Wherever the diligence stopped, the people crowded about it with eager questions, and if they found we had learned nothing they turned off with a sort of angry disgust, as if they thought we must be very stupid not to know any more than they did of the doings of Carlo Alberto and the army of liberty. At Lucca our courier came very near getting himself and us into trouble, by saying he had heard the Austrians had retaken Milan. "It is false! it is false! He is an enemy to the Italian cause who wishes to discourage the people!" And the crowd gathered about the hotel de l'Europe, whose landlord was already suspected of harboring the officer sent by the king of Naples to recall the quota of troops which he had at first granted to the aid of Italy. This movement was so unpopular, that if the people could have found the unfortunate officer they would doubtless have torn him in pieces. Failing in this, they burned his carriage, with all that it contained; but this was afterwards, at Florence, where the grand duke was obliged to smuggle away the obnoxious emissary in the night to a fortress for safe keeping, furnished with certain changes of linen from his own princely wardrobe. Our courier got off with a fright, but it was sufficient to cure him of a disposition to retail unfavorable news in Italy. [To be continued.]



Drawn by J. Sartain.

Engraved by Devereux.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BY THE REV. W. H. FURNESS.

WE consider the arrival of this exquisite piece of sculpture in this country as destined to mark an era in the history of Art among us. We trust that it will soon be exhibited to the public, and ultimately retained in this city. In the meanwhile, we propose in this article to give some account of the author of this rare work, and of other specimens of his genius, which, fortunately for us, have found their way to our shores.

Charles Steinhaüser, the Sculptor, now about five and thirty years of age, is a native of Bremen, where he was born of worthy parents, his father following the trade of a carver and gilder. It was probably in his father's shop, where much taste and skill were exercised, that the genius of the boy was nurtured into activity. For, at the early age of ten years, the child executed a bust of Olbers, the well known astronomer, to whom the city of Bremen glories in having given birth.

This infant work, as it may be considered, showed such extraordinary power, that it attracted the attention of certain wealthy citizens of the place, who immediately made provision for the education of this promising boy. He was sent to the High School, and thence after a few years, sent to Berlin and put under the tuition of the celebrated sculptor Rauch. The master recognised the gifts of his pupil, and advised his going to Rome, whither he went at an early age, establishing his atelier in the immediate neighbourhood of Thorwaldsen, who frequently visited the young artist, upon whom the advantages of such intercourse were not lost. So much we have been enabled to learn of his early history. At this present time, Steinhaüser is understood to be engaged on a colossal statue of Olbers, for his native city, and also on a monument to be erected to the memory of Goethe at Berlin.

Some years ago, the late Edward Carey, so well known for his generous love of the Fine Arts, received the first statue of Steinhaüser's, seen in this country. It goes by the name of "the Shell Girl," and represents a lovely girl of fifteen, standing on the sea-shore, with her fishers' basket at her side, and holding a shell to her ear with one hand, while the other hand holds up the corner of her light loose robe, in which she has gathered a number of the curious denizens of the sea. The attitude is one of the most perfect ease and grace. The drapery, being slightly ribbed like dimity, gives, by the contrast, great softness to the delicately moulded limbs. It is a perfect symbol of maidenly innocence and beauty. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Carey, having ordered another piece of statuary from the same artist, received "the boy playing with jackstones." A youth, who, in the boyish beauty of his features, shows himself at once to be a fit companion and playmate of the "Shell Girl," is represented with his left hand pressed against his left breast, and full of marbles, while his right hand is extended, the palm downwards, with two or three marbles resting on the back of the hand. The body is bent forwards, the left leg thrown backwards, and from the whole attitude of the figure, we see that the boy has either just caught the marbles on the back of his hand, or is about to toss them into the air. In addition to these two statues in marble, there is also in Mr. Carey's collection a cast of a work of Steinhaüser's, entitled "the Craw-fish Catcher," represented by a boy of about ten or twelve years of age, entirely nude, kneeling on one knee, with one hand buried under the sea weed, and just clutching the prey; the head of the child is slightly thrown backwards. This admirable work is the very impersonation of the idea of success. You see the thrill of satisfaction as it darts from the finger-ends of the boy to his whole countenance, to his raised eyes, and to the corners of his mouth, which express the gladness of triumph. This statue is said to be Steinhaüser's first original composition. A defective cast of another work of our artist's, representing a fisher boy watching his line, is in the possession of a gentleman of Philadelphia. We have been thus particular in describing these illustrations of the genius of Steinhaüser, because it is thus made apparent that he is no copyist. With the intuitive power of an original nature, he discerns the materials of his art, the elements of beauty, all around him.

Besides the works of this artist, mentioned above, we have in our city a lovely piece of sculpture from his hand, which he himself entitles "Agnus Dei"—Lamb of God, the Christ-child, standing leaning against a cross, with one foot upon the head of a serpent, a vision of the supremacy of good over evil. The child's upraised face is a mirror of Heaven. The marble is instinct with spirit. It breathes holiness into the

heart of the gazer. There is here also a figure, called "Psyche bound," which is characterised by the exquisite grace and beauty that marks the hand of the artist. It is enough to say of this figure that it has recently been purchased at a price of two thousand dollars. A grand colossal head of Christ, intended for a church, has also been recently sent over to this country. It is still the property of the artist. But last and most beautiful of all, is the Hero and Leander, among all the productions of Steinhaüser's genius, that we have seen, the masterpiece. Indeed it stands unapproached among all the works of Sculpture with which we are acquainted.

But before saying any thing further in respect to this particular work, we have a word or two to say in regard to the probable motives which have induced Mr. Steinhaüser to send so many of his works to this country. It must be observed that those of his productions, which belong to Mr. Carey's collection, were all ordered. The fact of his having received these orders from America, was calculated to impress the artist with the idea that better opportunities for the disposal of works of art were to be found in this country, than he may previously have supposed. We can readily understand that there must be something very attractive to a European artist in the prospect of an American reputation. Lord Byron said, that it was like the applause of posterity. Mr. Steinhaüser, before he sent over his Hero and Leander, had every reason to suppose that it would be worthily appreciated. And we cannot permit ourselves to fear for a single instant, that his expectation will be disappointed. For his confidence and for ours on this score there is good ground in the fact that such of his works, as were previously sent out, were either expressly ordered, or they found prompt and liberal purchasers. It is not improbable that the rising commotions in Europe, so unfavourable to the arts and to artists, may have had some influence in determining Steinhaüser to send this costly work out of harm's way. We know that at the first outbreak of public disorders, some of the most distinguished artists at Dusseldorf had serious intentions of coming to this country;—at the hint of which intelligence, by the way, we were reminded of the old proverb: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." At all events, there is no reason to suppose that it was any want of appreciation at home that led Mr. Steinhaüser to send his works abroad. The original Hero and Leander, of which a duplicate is in this country, as yet only partly unpacked, was ordered by the King of Prussia. On its way from Rome to the place of its destination, it was permitted by the King to remain a few days in Bremen, the native place of its author, where it excited a *furor* of enthusiasm, and found enlightened and ardent admirers.

The story of Hero and Leander is well known.

Byron has made it familiar, by his successful attempt to imitate the feat of Leander in swimming across the Hellespont, three miles. The story is told with classic beauty and simplicity, in one of Schiller's ballads, which has been translated by Bulwer, and completely *Bulwerised* in the operation. The translation has little of the simple beauty of the original. Love, and that true love, whose course did never yet run smooth, has immortalised this youth and maiden. These lovers were separated, not only by the waters of the Hellespont, but, according to Schiller, by parents more cruel, as Hero is made to say by the poet, than the sea. Hero was accustomed to light a beacon to guide Leander as he swam across to Abydos, the residence of Hero. After having accomplished the adventure several times, he perished at last, in the attempt. His body was washed ashore, and at the sight of his corpse, Hero flung herself into the waves and perished also. Poets have sung their loves, and now, by the magic of Sculpture, the lovers live again in the marble. The miracle of this work is the triumphant success with which the artist has made the sentiment, the divine element and soul of love to predominate, to the exclusion of all other asso-

ciations. The whole atmosphere of the piece has sanctity in it. The face of Leander is intensely earnest. His soul is passing out of his eyes into the eyes of Hero. Every limb shows the exhaustion consequent upon having just swam across the Hellespont, from which he emerges dripping, to sink at the feet of Hero. While Hero's attitude and expression breathe all the holy tenderness of a mother caressing her wearied child. As we gaze we are moved to tears. Here we see what Sculpture can effect, how it can make a sacred sentiment triumphant over the most exquisite visible beauty. This wonderful work of art, if we mistake not, is destined to do much towards instructing and enlightening the public taste. Its price is five thousand dollars. We cherish the confident hope that means will be found of securing this production of genius to our community. Were its author only a native of this land, there could not be the shadow of a doubt as to the ardor of the reception which his work is to meet. But genius, which is said to be of no sex, is also of no country. Its home is the world. And although "the Hero and Leander" makes no appeal to our national pride, it appeals with eloquent power to deeper and loftier sentiments.

In addition to the foregoing account of Steinhäuser, and to show the high estimation in which he is held in Europe, we have translated an article on this subject from a late number of the "Illustrirte Zeitung."

THE story of Hero and Leander, so well known through Schiller's poem, has furnished a young artist, Charles Steinhäuser of Bremen, with the subject of a master-piece of statuary, of which we here propose to give our readers some idea.—

The group, of white marble, representing the meeting of the two lovers on the sea-shore, was made by the above named young artist, and on its way from Rome to its place of destination, sent to Bremen for a while, and there publicly exhibited in the Museum.

The enthusiasm, which it there awakened, was so generally diffused among all classes, that this work of art became the universal topic of conversation. How much of this enthusiasm was due to a pure knowledge of art and to the intrinsic merit of the work, and how much to the patriotic interest felt by the Bremens in an artist of their own, we may readily leave undecided, and give without comment a description of it from the "Weser Gazette."

The youth Leander, is represented as having just reached the rocky shore, with dripping hair, and exhausted by the labor of swimming so far, while at the same time his satisfaction is visible at having reached the goal, and achieved his desire, as, half sinking at the side of his beloved, whose drapery flows down and rests on the ground beneath him, he is partly held up by her right arm. With the left she is smoothing the water out of his hair, while Leander's right arm hangs over her knees, and his left is thrown around her, the hand resting on her left shoulder. Their faces are turned towards each other, his opening mouth is stammering out the first gasping words of endearment, while her down-cast eyes are steadily fixed on his. Such is the group, so far as words are able to describe it. But, both the subject and the representation may be better realized to the eye in one word, than in many: it is *Beauty*, to

which the Statuary has given form. The aim of plastic art is to give form to Beauty, and indeed, to the ideal of beauty. The highest earthly beauty exists only in the human body. Hence the plastic art, and the antique as the highest achievement of the plastic art, has become the model and measure for all subsequent efforts in this department; and when the modern artist, by means of this complete form of art, produces upon us its fullest effect, he stands at the utmost height of all that art can accomplish. This ideal of beauty is so fully represented by the artist in the present group, that we see in it, not the particular, the individual; it ceases to be the representation of an actual event; it is raised into an expression of universal truth and humanity, and must touch the universal heart. Hero and Leander disappear, and the feeling with which we contemplate this work of art, is independent of their story, or of any situation or incident thereof. While we gaze, we are independent of the subject, the material; the beautiful forms of the two lovers show us pure Beauty triumphing over the material; and we experience the elevation which nothing else but Truth can give. And thus in Beauty, transfiguring the earthly and actual, as in truth, there is shed upon us a beam of divine light.

The highest beauty is attained in a twofold way, through the beauty of form, and the beauty of expression. The beauty of form is intelligible to the eye rather than through words. Who would undertake, in reference to this great master-piece of Steinhäuser's, to give in words a description, or so much as a hint of the impression which the work itself makes, in the grace and exquisite simplicity of its lines, in the grouping, so light, and yet so symmetrical, in the decision and softness, with which all the parts of these figures, especially the hands and feet are chiselled? In all, Nature is simply and faithfully expressed, and yet so infinitely is the work as a whole

exalted above mere Nature, that, in looking at this work, one is not tempted—a rare case—to estimate its merit by its success as an imitation of Nature. We see indeed the head with dripping hair, the heaving breast, the body drawn in, the muscles of the hands and ankles wearied, and yet not strained; but how modestly are these particulars just hinted at, and caught, as it were, incidentally, from Nature, how modestly are they subordinated to the spiritual expression, and ideal truth of the whole! So likewise Hero's robe half veiling her form, how softly and illusively does it cling with its many folds around her tender limbs, while it is kept so simple, and so unconscious, which cannot always be said of the much admired statues of antiquity.

The artist has given wondrous expression to the eyes, although according to the ancient custom, no attempt is made to represent the pupil. The eyes of Hero are shaded by the strongly projecting lids, while in Leander, we see the spiritual and contemplative expression of a womanly guarded love. In thus referring to the countenances of the figures, we have spoken of their beauty of expression, of which we the less need to speak at length, as it varies in the effect which it produces on the mind, according to the character of the spectator. In the fact,

however, that all are impressed with the beauty of expression which characterizes this work, that it touches every heart, we have the strongest testimony to the power of the artist, who has known how, from the perennial fountains of the heart, to pour into old, and to us seemingly dead forms, a new life. Happy must we needs esteem the artist, so richly gifted, in having achieved this exquisite work.

To the creator of this work of art, in consequence of the triumph of his genius celebrated in his native city, has been committed the execution of the statue of Olbers the celebrated Astronomer, which is there to be erected, as also that of the worthy President of the Hanseatic Republic of Bremen, Schmidt, to be placed in the State-house, in memory of the services rendered to his native town, in the Congress at Vienna, 1814. He is also engaged in making the colossal monument to be erected in the Capital of Prussia, Berlin, in memory of Goethe,—besides several other statues for the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, for Queen Victoria, and the Autocrat of Russia. He has likewise recently completed his beautiful statue of Psyche, which took the first prize at the exhibition in Berlin, and lately arrived in this country.

MY LITTLE ROOM AT HOME.

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

I.

I've been thro' many a gorgeous hall,
And rooms of costly state,
Where every rich luxuriance,
On wealth and fashion wait,
Where painting, sculpture, works of art,
And wisdom's learned tome
Were freely scann'd, but ah more dear
Was my little room at home.

II.

Oh! the joyful independence
Of its being mine alone,
Save that 'tis sometimes shared with one
Who'll no division own;
Who is my other, better self,
Tho' far o'er ocean's foam;
Oh! dearer still with that one nigh
Is my little room at home.

III.

It is richer by the presence
Of feelings fond and true,
'Tis filled with melody of tone,
Changeless but ever new;

There mid my pleasant books and flowers,
I have no wish to roam,
But spend the livelong happy day,
In my little room at home.

IV.

It is a very simple place,
With no array of pride,
No pictured semblances, except
What once were groom and bride;
And tho' the look of youth they wear,
Long since hath ceased to come
To either's face, yet glad they make
That little room at home.

V.

No velvet carpet woos the feet,
No ottomans are there,
No costly gems enwrought by art,
Of beauty rich and rare;
It is a poor man's dwelling place,
And boasts no marble dome,
Yet dearer far than pomp or wealth,
Is my little room at home.

THE FLORAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES RHOADS.

WHAT AND WHY. Has any one ever forgotten, can any one ever forget, the happy times when buttercups and daisies made beautiful bouquets? I remember them well. If I should cease to do so, it would be to me additional evidence of the blighting effects of the frost of manhood upon the freshness of the youthful heart. But the forgetfulness could not last long;—the next spring, with its dandelions bedecking the meadows, its violets enlivening the shade, and its daffodils with their pretty yellow bells scattered about the lawn, would re-awaken the sweet memory. It is good to cherish recollections of our early days; and nothing will so much help us to do it, as the sweet faces of the flowers we used to love.

There is not a purer feeling given to man than the love of flowers. It stands unconnected with any selfish sentiment. It is a love for the love's sake, with no expectation, no hope, no wish to receive worldly advantage. Let us rejoice:—it is extending rapidly and widely. The rich man feels it and is blessed, as he traverses his beautiful conservatories, breathes the fragrance exhaling all around him, and gazes upon the brilliant glories of his rare and costly exotics;—and the poor man, in his own little garden at home, prizes no less purely and pleasurably his hollyhocks and London pride, his sweet-williams and convolvulus, his scarlet beans and mignonette.

Flowers are the quickening germs of innocence and truth. Sodom could have had none of them, or ten good men would surely have been found in it. They are like the memories of our mothers, constantly checking us as we move toward crime and hard-heartedness, and smiling upon us, oh, so sweetly, when we tread the paths of goodness and humility. The very purpose of their being is "to beautify the earth," and to soften humanity:—

"To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith grows dim;
For God, who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him."

To encourage this love of flowers, to improve and enlighten it, and to enable the readers of this magazine more easily to secure the means of gratifying it, a few pages will every month be devoted to the subject. The flowers suited, by their habits

or periods of bloom, to each season as it arrives will be particularly noticed,—engravings will be given of some of the most beautiful, uncommon, or interesting, and practical directions will be furnished for their propagation and culture. In carrying out this design, I shall not disdain to notice those simple plants which flourish readily and with but little care, though my principal object will be to afford assistance in the culture of those which, though more difficult to manage, are still susceptible of successful culture in common rooms. I do not write to aid persons who have hot-houses, and green-houses, and large gardens, for they generally employ professed florists to attend to them,—but to encourage the keeping of window plants, to give information and advice respecting both their selection and treatment, and to furnish in season useful hints and plans for the improvement of small gardens.

THE PRIMROSE TRIBE.

BOTANICAL CHARACTERISTICS:—*Class*, PENTANDRIA; *Order*, MONOGYNIA. *Umbellets involucred*; *calyx tubular, five toothed*; *corol, salverform, five lobed*; *tube cylindric*; *throat open*; *divisions of corol emarginate*; *stigma globular*.

Of the Primrose tribe, there are many varieties, all marked by a modest liveliness of expression which has long made them general favorites with lovers of flowers. The generic name of the family is derived from the word *primus*, first, from their being almost the first out-of-door flowers which welcome us to our garden walks in the spring. As they nod their pretty heads, apparently to greet him, the man of sensitive mind feels his heart warm toward them with something of the tender feeling with which he regards an intelligent being who loves him. Simple and unpretending beauty always finds a path to the heart, and by its magic spell the gate is always open.

Our object at present is not to speak of these little friends in general. Most of them are fair

weather friends, lovers of the balmy spring time. There is, however, one born in a foreign climate, which, in return for a little judicious care, will enliven our windows even at this dreary season. Our storms blow so harshly, that it will not live through them in the open air like our native, and the hardier of the exotic varieties; but in the shelter of our dwellings it will bloom for us during the whole winter. All it requires, as respects heat, is that it shall not freeze. We allude to the lovely and cheerful Chinese Primrose—a very beautiful engraving of which accompanies this article. (Figure 1.) Many who have kept these agreea-

Fig 1.



Chinese Primrose.

ble sitting-room companions have been discouraged from continuing to do so, by finding them die at the end of two or three years. This, however, is the nature of the plant, and does not arise from any error in treatment. Under the most favorable circumstances they will seldom live more than three years. It is therefore necessary for one who would keep them constantly, to raise new plants every year, to supply the places of those that die. They can readily be raised from the seed, but the seedlings will seldom flower until the second year. When propagated by cuttings they flower almost immediately, but it is much more difficult to succeed in raising them. The cuttings should be planted in sand, and the pots plunged in a hotbed, if you have one; if you have not, you must raise them from the seed, or what is decidedly more convenient still, purchase of a regular florist.

The soil in which these plants are grown, should, that they may flourish, be very rich, and of such a nature as to drain well; that is, allow the water, which they cannot absorb, readily to pass through

it. A number of pieces of broken pot placed beneath the roots will facilitate this process. A soil of proper consistence and quality, may be made by mixing thoroughly with a spade or trowel equal parts of rich loam, sand, and well rotten manure. If vegetable mould (completely rotten leaves) can be procured without inconvenience, a portion of it mixed with the other ingredients will be beneficial. The treatment after potting is very simple: give them as much light as possible, water frequently but not profusely, let the temperature be ten or fifteen degrees above the freezing point, but never much higher, and wash the leaves once or twice a week with a syringe, or gently with a sponge. Follow this course, and though ice-bearded January may frown at you from without, your primroses will shame him by the brightness beaming from their grateful eyes within.

In the fanciful and expressive language of flowers, so often made the vehicle in Oriental countries of sentimental communication, a primrose implies a desire to bring modest worth from the shades of obscurity.

THE HYACINTH.

BOTANICAL CHARACTERISTICS:—*Class*, HEXANDRIA: *Order*, MONOGYNIA. *Coral* roundish or bell form, equal, six cleft; three nectariferous pores at the top of the gum; stamens inserted in the middle of the coral; cells frequently two-seeded.

This beautiful genus of plants received its name from Hyacinthus, a youth of Amyclæ, and the favorite of Apollo. According to the fable, he was one day playing at discus-throwing with the God, when the latter made a great throw, and Zephyrus, (the West wind,) envious at Hyacinthus' having preferred Apollo to himself, blew the discus as it passed through the air into the face of the youth. The god, unable to save his life, changed him into a flower. The Greeks fancied the flower under consideration to be the one, as they thought they could perceive on its petals *ai, ai*, the notes of grief.

The Hyacinth is a native of the shores of the Levant and other countries in the southwest of Asia. It is said to grow wild, very abundantly, about Aleppo and Bagdat. It was first introduced into Europe, probably by the Dutch, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. By cultivation and the artifices of florists, a great many varieties have been obtained, which have generally been named after the raisers, their patrons, or their friends. In 1620, Swertius in his *Florilegium* figured forty varieties; Miller, who wrote about 1720, says that the Haarlem florists in his time had above two thousand varieties. The pas-

sion for this flower declined very much afterward, and consequently, many of these varieties were lost; for though man may alter or modify the productions of the earth, he cannot give to his achievements the impress of perpetuity. It requires constant attention to preserve his works even for a few years or centuries; and when this care is withdrawn, ruin begins its ravages. Time will destroy the pyramids.

The fundamental and natural varieties of the Hyacinth—those which seem to come of themselves, like the boy's whistle in school, and those which will maintain themselves, like the same boy's love of mischief—are the red, the white, the purple, the blue, and the yellow, each making three varieties, according as it is double, semi-double, or single.

Hyacinths are readily propagated by offsets from the bulbs, which they form plentifully when properly managed. But new varieties can be obtained only by raising them from the seed. This is a very tedious process, as the young plants will not flower until their fourth or fifth year. The seeds should be sown in the fall immediately after ripening, or early in the following spring. They should remain undisturbed for three years, no care being necessary except to keep the beds clear of weeds, and to cover them with a little earth every autumn. At the end of the fourth year they should be transplanted.

The best soil for these plants is a very deep, sandy loam, in which is incorporated a considerable quantity of vegetable mould. Some growers, in preparing their beds, dig them to a depth of two feet, and deposit at the bottom, a layer of from six to nine inches of some cold manure. They may, however, be grown successfully without this labor, provided the ground is sufficiently sandy and well drained, for nothing injures them more than stagnant water.

Those bulbs not intended for seed should be taken up in three weeks or a month after blooming. They should then be thoroughly dried in the shade, or, what is perhaps better, in dry earth. The next step is to clean them, wrap them carefully in separate papers, and lay them away on open, dry, airy shelves, until they are wanted for replanting.

It is now time to start those intended for blooming in pots or glasses. For the successful blooming of those in pots there are two things absolutely essential. One is that, until the shoots are two inches long, about the same proportion of moisture should be preserved around the shoots and the whole bulb. If that part only from which the roots spring be kept moist, and the upper part be exposed to the light and air, the finest varieties will produce nothing but sickly or abortive shoots. This is owing to the inability of the bulb to develop itself with rapidity proportioned to the excitement of the moisture imbibed by the roots, and the air and light upon the upper part. The

upper part of the bulb should therefore be covered with some light substance, capable of retaining moisture, and in some degree impervious to the air: old bark, tan, or half decomposed leaves, to

Fig. 2.



Hyacinth.

the thickness of two or three inches, answers the purpose admirably. When the shoots have attain-

ed the required length, the covering should be gradually removed, and the solar light will soon restore them to their proper color. The other requisite is the same that we laid so much stress on above in speaking of their garden culture,—a large portion of sand in the soil. The river sand, that generally used in our large towns for building purposes, is the best. The sand aids the accomplishment of the same purpose as the bark covering,—the diffusion of the moisture, while it readily allows surplus water to pass through it.

As soon as the bulbs are planted, the pots containing them should be placed in a room where there is no fire-heat; but they should not be allowed to freeze. They should be watered very sparingly until they begin to shoot their leaves, after which they may be more freely supplied. After being thus fairly started in a cool room, they may be placed in the sitting-room windows, and in a few weeks their beauty and fragrance will amply compensate for the care bestowed upon them.

But perhaps the prettiest way of growing Hyacinths in windows, is in glasses, without earth, allowing them for nourishment pure water only. To be successful in this, requires but a little care. For starting the bulbs, they should be placed in glasses partly filled with rain or river water, so that the bottom of the bulb may just touch the water. They should then be placed in a dark, cool closet or cellar, and kept there until the fibrous roots have struck well down in the glasses. After this they may be brought into the sunlight. Care should be taken to change frequently the water, that it may not become impure. To do this, draw the bulb and roots completely out, and rinse carefully both the fibres and the glasses. Single Hyacinths, and those called early among the double, are generally preferred for this kind of treatment. Many persons consider the single varieties to be much handsomer under all circumstances, than the double, as their colours are more vivid, and though their bells are smaller, they are much more numerous.

The beautiful cut which accompanies this article, (*Fig. 2*.) represents the large double blue, called Lord Wellington. It was engraved by Mr. W. Croome, from a drawing by H. A. Dreer, Esq. of one in his collection. Mr. Dreer has for sale at his store, No. 97 Chestnut Street, about one hundred varieties, of which this is one of the most showy. The price of good bulbs varies from one dollar to three dollars per dozen; the highest priced being new, or very fine named kinds. The glasses cost from twelve and a half cents to one dollar each, according to the style and quality. During the winter, and until the latter part of March, Mr. Dreer also keeps several varieties ready started in glasses: these he sells at from twenty-five to fifty cents each, glasses included.

ROCKWORK.

One of the most remarkable and attractive features in many of the large gardens and pleasure grounds in England, is their Rockwork. Accustomed, as most people are, to think of a heap of rough stones as a very unsightly object, it is difficult for one not familiar with the effects of artistic taste and skill to form any idea of how beautiful and interesting it may be made. To succeed in rockwork requires great care and correct judgment, and there is perhaps no department of ornamental work in which there are so many failures; for, to be beautiful it must be constructed upon some regular plan, and with fixed design, but every trace of either must be carefully concealed. It is the bright regular features of order which please us, but to do so they must be hidden behind the wild mask of disorder.

The best executed and most picturesque rockwork in Great Britain, is said to be that in Lady Broughton's garden, at the Hoole, near Chester. It is also, perhaps, the most extensive, its construction having occupied from six to eight years. It is a representation, in miniature, of the Swiss glaciers, and is composed of immense blocks of grey limestone, mingled with fragments of quartz and spar, and white marble, to give the effect of snow. The whole is so well executed, and the scenic illusion so complete, that persons on approaching it have fancied, even in midsummer, that they felt a sensation of cold.

Fig. 3.



Rockwork.

But work of this kind, however grand and imposing, is not suited to this country. It costs too much, for men who have so much to do with their money as Americans have. There is, however, a less pretending kind, whose expense is trifling.

which, if constructed with good taste, in a position not too prominent, is beautiful, even in small gardens. It breaks the sameness which so often prevails, and forms a very agreeable variety, especially if there be a small pond of water, around which, and in which to build it. Figures 3, and 4, represent work of this kind. Figure 3 is a picture of real work in the garden of Mrs. Lawrence, of Drayton Green; the other is a fancy sketch of rockwork that might be.

Fig. 4.



We know of but one instance of the construc-

tion of this kind of ornament in America. A gentleman of this city has a yard, not more than twenty-five feet wide by seventy feet long, attached to his dwelling, and yet in this contracted space, besides more than the usual variety of fruit trees, and pretty flowers, he has managed to introduce, with great good taste and skill, two pieces of rockwork, small indeed, but very beautiful. The largest is built upon a circular base of about three feet in diameter, and rises, an irregular mass, to about the height of five feet. It has a small pipe running up through its middle, from which issues continually, in the summer season, a small jet of water, which, trickling down the sides of the stones, gives nourishment to the beautiful mosses, ferns, and dwarf spruce, with many varieties of which they are perfectly covered. The water is then received into a pond of about six feet in diameter, around the base of the central rock. The outer edges of this pond are irregularly lined with stones, also covered with moss, &c., while in its waters sport a number of beautiful fishes of different kinds. The whole forms the most delightful scene a city can well afford. It is in fact a little of the country brought to town, a real *rus in urbe*.

CLASSIFICATION.

THOUGH misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, science is not much inferior to it, in grouping together apparent incongruities. But science goes further than merely bringing them together; it finds relationship between them, and even points out distinct, well defined, and strongly marked family resemblances, where those uninitiated into its mysteries can discover nothing but dissimilarity and difference. This power of grouping, of marking and arranging by agreement, is the very foundation of natural science, which depends much more than persons are apt to imagine upon classification and arrangement. Let an ignorant man be told that the people of America are accustomed to eat bread made of ground grass seeds, and if he is a European he will raise his hands in astonishment at the barbarous customs of the republicans of the new world, and set what little mind he has, to work to discover the cause, which he may perhaps, after long cogitation, conceive to be some mystical connection between the Yankee and the aboriginal Indian. If, on the other hand, it should happen to be an American who should hear the strange tale, he would, with strong indignation, denounce it as one of the slanders which the aristocrats and monarchists of the fatherlands are so prone to emit, respecting their democratic children; some Trollopism, or Bozzism, given out to make the oppressed of other countries bear their chains with less impatience. We will risk but little in asserting that very few would believe it. Yet wheat is but grass, and grass that perishes biennially. How many of the

multitude of those who consider themselves thinking, well informed men, can realize the fact that the common Indian corn, the *sine qua non* of pork and lard oil; tulips, hyacinths, and gaudy gladioli, the beauties of the generous spring time; and the proud and towering palm-tree of the tropics, the blessing, the delight, and almost the very existence of the poor wandering Arab,—how many can realize the fact that there is sufficient similarity in these to cause them to be recognized as brethren, children of one family, plants of one class. And yet on this resemblance, and on the corresponding resemblance of the mighty oak and the humble violet, is founded the first grand division of plants recognized by the natural system of botany,—the division into indigenous and exogenous plants.

It is not intended to trouble the reader with a regular system of botany, either original or copied. Many excellent ones of both kinds have been published, to which we would refer those who wish to become students. An occasional, incidental reference to the subject, with now and then a few words as to the more prominent points of both the natural and artificial systems, will, however, be perhaps both interesting and useful. Short articles on the subject will, therefore, from time to time, be introduced into the Floral Calendar, as opportunity offers or occasion seems to require.

When this article was commenced, it was intended to explain the difference between the two grand divisions particularly referred to above, but want of space prevents, and obliges me to be satisfied with giving a promise to do so in a future number.

I SAW THEE BUT AN HOUR.

A Ballad,

WRITTEN BY HENRY COLEMAN Esq.,

AUTHOR OF THE DRAMA OF CRICHTON, ORIGINALS, SCOURGE OF THE OCEAN, &c.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

B. C. CROSS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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VOICE.

Andante con Espress :

PIANO FORTE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The piano part is on two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante con Espress :'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes the lyrics: 'saw thee but an hour, Yet felt an age of pain To think that clouds might low'r To'. The piano part features a prominent bass line with many chords and some melodic runs.

ritard :

veil thy form again. I search'd my wayward heart, How sad the tumult

ritard : Corni.

there To think that we might part, Ere I . . . had breath'd love's pray'r To think that we might

ritard :

part, Ere I had breath'd love's pray'r.

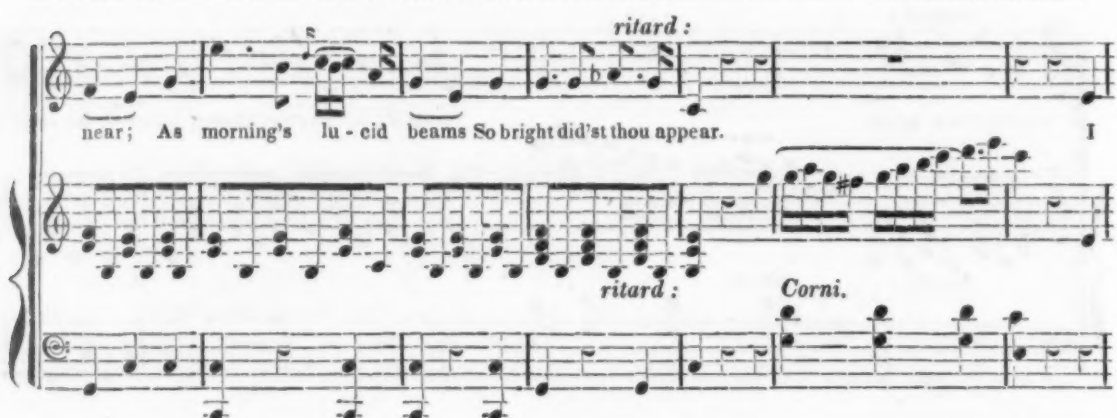
Thy form was in my dreams And fancy bro't thee

8va

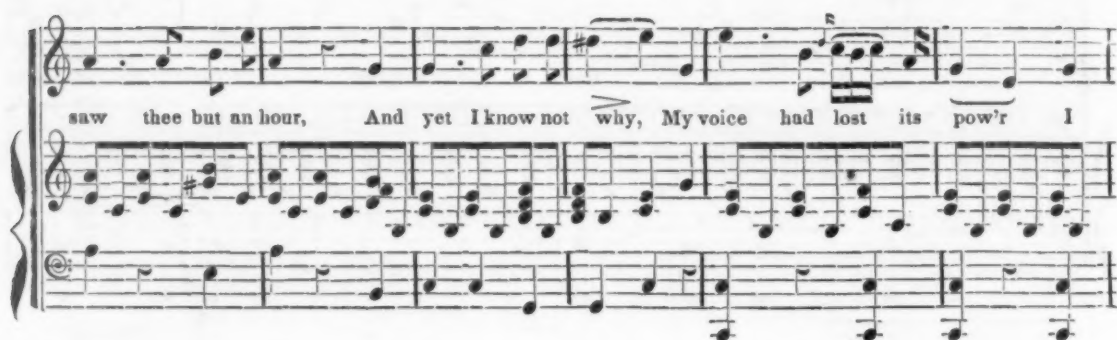
ritard :

near; As morning's lu - cid beams So bright did'st thou appear. I

ritard : Corni.

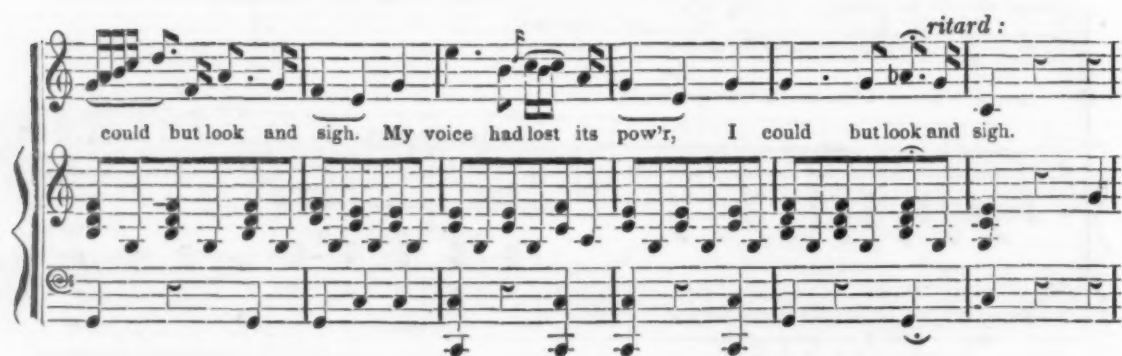


saw thee but an hour, And yet I know not why, My voice had lost its pow'r I



ritard :

could but look and sigh. My voice had lost its pow'r, I could but look and sigh.



Sea



EDITORIAL.

Changes.

MOST of our readers probably are already aware that the Union Magazine has changed residence, as well as changed hands, since the publication of the December number, Messrs. Sartain & Sloanaker, having purchased it of the former proprietors, and transferred its place of publication, from New York to Philadelphia. In addition, also, to the services of Mrs. KIRKLAND, who will continue, as heretofore, to contribute to its pages, the proprietors have engaged as an associate Editor, Professor JOHN S. HART, of Philadelphia, who will be exclusively responsible for whatever appears in the editorial department of the Magazine.

It is confidently believed that the patrons of the Magazine will find signs of *improvement*, as well as change. Its external appearance is improved. For evidence of this, the reader need only look for himself. In the pictorial department, the Magazine may now fearlessly challenge a comparison with any of its rivals. The illustrations are under the exclusive care of one whose very name will be a guaranty of success to all who know any thing of the history of pictorial art in this country. The main object of Mr. SARTAIN in embarking in the undertaking, has been to make the work a Magazine of ART, as well as of literature; and he will every month contribute not only the very best specimens of his own art, but will also superintend and direct the other illustrations, and will furnish the materials for the earliest and most reliable notices of works of art throughout the country. In connection with these notices, there will be every month, a careful and discriminating account of the painters, whose works have furnished the subjects for the engravings in that number. As specimens of what is meant, we refer to the notices, of Martin, Page, and Corbould, which follow.

Another feature of the Magazine to which we would call attention, is the FLORAL CALENDAR. One of the most pleasing signs of an advancing civilization among us, is the increased and growing attention to the cultivation of flowers. In this we refer not only, nor mainly, to the elaborate and expensive floriculture of the professional gardener, but for that general diffusion of knowledge and taste in the matter, which enables every one, almost without an effort or a sacrifice, to add so materially to the attractiveness of his dwelling.

It is at once to follow and to foster this feeling, that a portion of the Magazine will be regularly set apart for an article on the flowers suitable to the month, the methods of culture, and other miscellaneous information on the subject. These articles will be illustrated with drawings of particular plants and flowers, and the information given will be of that practical kind which will assist all classes of readers who desire in this way to adorn their gardens, grounds, or parlors.

In respect to the LITERARY character of the Magazine, it will be the earnest endeavor of all concerned in its publication, to secure for it the contributions of the best writers that the country affords. The proprietors have already entered into arrangements for articles from almost every writer of distinction in the United States, of which they offer what they claim to be a very respectable "first fruits," in the present number.

A special feature for the present volume will be the publication of an ORIGINAL NOVEL, the manuscript of which has been purchased for the purpose. The publication of this novel will commence in the third number,

and will in no case be extended into the succeeding year, even although a large number of extra pages have to be printed to bring it to a conclusion before the close of the volume. This novel will open to the reader a new field of American traditions, entirely untouched by IRVING, COOPER, or any of our writers of historical fiction. The scene of the story is in North Carolina, just prior to the Revolution, and it embodies in the form of an entertaining fictitious narrative, a mass of historical traditions respecting the early settlement of the Carolinas, which, if we mistake not, will give quite a new aspect to that part of our national history. The writer, Mr. WILEY, who has contributed a short tale to our present number, is a native of North Carolina, and has traversed carefully all that part of the country which he has made the scene of his story, for the purpose of giving the greater fidelity and accuracy to his descriptions. Without violating any of his secrets, we may venture to tell his readers in advance, that he has thrown an interest (something like that with which genius has invested the abode of the Knickerbocker's,) over even the "Dismal Swamp," and that not less dismal line of sandy, harborless sea beach, which stretches for hundreds of miles south of Cape Fear.

MARTIN.—John Martin, the author of one of our embellishments for the present number, has been long familiar to the American public through the medium of numerous mezzotinto engravings of his pictures, for the most part executed on the metal by himself. He is probably the most strikingly original of English painters, as Rembrandt Van Ryn is amongst those of the continent of Europe. Each of them not only conceived and developed his own peculiar method or style of art, but apparently carried it at once to its utmost perfection. They both rely very much on what is technically termed *chiaroscuro*, (that is on the broad divisions of the grand masses of light and dark,) for the means of impressing the mind of the spectator with the sentiment intended to be conveyed, but still they are perfectly distinct from each other in their principle and management.

Other great painters have carried to perfection some quality or department in art, but their method or style did not originate with themselves, and the structure which their genius completed, was not only already planned, but very far advanced by their less fortunate and gifted predecessors. This is true of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and Corregio, whose transcendent powers were employed in the application and perfecting of principles which had been gradually developed by the earlier Italians during the preceding centuries. But John Martin and the great Hollander are isolated in their glory; they each produced that which had no prototype, and which other men will be proud to imitate, thus manifesting that high faculty which we name invention.

Martin's great characteristic is his power of depicting the vast, the magnificent, the terrible, and sometimes the beautiful. The picture given in our present number is a fair specimen of this artist's style, although it is not pretended that it is of the very finest of his works; it was chosen partly on account of its appropriateness to the season. Who like him ever represented the immensity of space, or shadowed forth the "darkness visible" of the infernal deeps?—or made architecture so severely grand, and piled mountain on mountain to the sky, till

the eye and brain ache with the wonder and excitement caused by a due examination of the details of his best works? This style of art is quite remote from what is termed *legitimate*; he rarely attempts to depict the workings of the heart by the more refined indications of action and physiognomical expression, but in another species of expression he stands almost unrivalled—that by which every part of his picture is made, as it were, to sound, in one grand harmony, the emotion which is to it as the soul by which it lives; it is the convergence of every ray towards the one burning point; the bowing down of every subject part before the one ruling sentiment. In this fine concord consists the real unity of the picture.

The overstrained, theatrical, and exaggerated attitudes observable in his figures, is a necessary consequence of their relative diminutiveness with the entire surface of the painting. The modesty of nature would, under the circumstances, appear feeble and ineffective. The same necessity compels him frequently to give the same action to an entire group of figures, and thus, by reiterating the lines, command the attention which a single figure could hardly obtain. An example of this may be seen in the well known print of Belshazzar's Feast.

The early discouragements of Martin were great, and the nature of his early occupation but little calculated to lead to the path he has since trod with so much honor to himself and country. He was employed as an assistant in painting on porcelain, and it was while he was thus engaged, that he ventured on his first original composition in oil colors—"Zadac in search of the Waters of Oblivion." Amidst penury, tribulation, and anxious misgivings as to its probable reception, the work was finished and exposed to view. It was commended, and, what was more, purchased; other and better works followed, till finally, the superb series of mezzotinto prints, the steel plates for which he engraved and published himself, spread his fame far and wide, and brought abundance of money to his purse.

CORBOULD.—Henry Corbould, the artist from whose design the vignette engraving on our title page is copied, was born in London, in 1787, and died in 1845, of apoplexy. His father was also an artist, and he thus possessed early advantages for study, and he soon became a student of the Royal Academy. Here he obtained the friendship and encouragement of many eminent artists, and among them, of Benjamin West, to whom he sat as a model for the head of St. John, in the celebrated picture of "Christ Rejected," and also of "Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple," now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, but belonging to the Pennsylvania Hospital. He is chiefly known to the public as a designer for book embellishments, and for his beautiful copies of sculpture, which latter are superior to those of any other artist of his time. He was for about thirty years engaged on drawings from the vast collection of statuary in the British Museum. He was possessed of much fancy and invention, and his book illustrations are graceful and effective, but reminding one too much of the marbles he excelled in depicting. Corbould was eminently distinguished by his courteous and gentlemanly manners, his fine manly person, and the beauty of his countenance.

PAGE.—William Page, last in the order of our notice, but not least, in our estimation, was originally from Albany in the state of New York. He early evinced a talent for art, and in due time became a student of the National Academy of Design in New York city, and exhibited specimens of his abilities as a painter, in the annual exhibition of that institution. These earlier works seem not to have been eminently successful, at least they appear not to have been well received either by artists or the public, and Mr. Page turned his attention, for a time, to the practice of mezzotinto engraving. In

this method he executed, amongst other works, a whole length portrait of Mr. Forrest the tragedian, in character, which we remember to have seen, but under circumstances so unfavourable, that it would be unjust to offer an opinion of its merits. One consequence of the pursuit of engraving, was the more careful study of what is technically termed *chiaro-scuro*, and this very naturally led to a decided improvement in his style of coloring. The pictures produced about this time—that is, some fourteen years ago—elicited universal applause, and were decidedly the most attractive works in the Exhibition of the National Academy of New York, where the artist resided. The "Mother and Child," engraved for our present number, belongs to this period, and continues to receive the most unqualified praise from the artists of Philadelphia, particularly on account of the richness and beauty of its coloring, and it is scarcely less admirable for force of light and shade. There is a "Holy Family," by him in Boston, the property of the Athenæum, that is exquisitely beautiful, and has the same qualities, but more refined and chastened. The directors of that institution loaned it to the Artist's Fund Society of Philadelphia for exhibition, in 1842, and the effect was to place the artist at once in the very highest rank, with those who were not already familiar with the productions of his pencil. This estimate of his skill was in no wise diminished by the portrait of Mrs. Ridner, which appeared in a subsequent exhibition of the same society, and which has been carefully engraved in mezzotinto, but not published. Since that time Mr. Page has attempted various styles and methods of painting, in his earnest and restless pursuit of excellence; and although he is accustomed to speak slightly of these earlier works which we have referred to, the connoisseur in art refuses to believe his latter pictures, with all their elaboration, at all equal to them. We conclude by quoting from the "Literary World."

"Men with such aims as he holds, if they ever fall from a high result, fall any where but into mediocrity—it may be below that, but certainly not there—but the works of Page, even in their most eccentric garb, have always some point that redeems them, and invariably stamps them as his. * * * The contempt he is said to hold for most of what he has heretofore produced, and his steady aversion to resuming anything of his past styles of painting—for he has had many, with his untiring endeavor for the realization of what is really fine in color, we have the clue to the vacillation of manner, and the versatility of style which have characterized his whole career—a career gone through in the spirit of experiment,—for which, among artists, he has become almost proverbial. To progress, it seems, he has sacrificed every other consideration, and is known to bestow any amount of time that would obtain him greater excellence, which he considers a remuneration adequate to the outlay. It has truly been said by one of our popular authors, that if there is any where to be found a man truly an artist in feeling, Page is that man, for, living in the seclusion of his painting room, he is all enthusiasm."

We congratulate Mr. Cope on the possession of the fine picture engraved for the Magazine, and thank him for its use.

ROTHERMEL'S PICTURE OF THE JUDGMENT SCENE IN THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The labors of the Artist on this fine picture are fast drawing to a close, and it promises to be superior to most of the works that have proceeded from the same pencil. The composition is bold and picturesque, the effect of light and shade concentrated and powerful, and the coloring for the most part rich and at the same time harmonious. The character and expression of the heads too, is true and correspondent to the scene. The point of time chosen, is where Portia delivers that beautiful utterance on Mercy. She stands erect, attired in black flowing robes, her left hand resting on the table in front of the judge, and holding

the bond. The other is raised towards heaven as with her beautiful countenance turned towards Shylock, she says,—

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown: &c."

Shylock answers,—

"My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond."

And well does the action of this figure express the purport of the speech, as with hand outstretched he points eagerly to the parchment. The rest of the characters in the piece are equally appropriate in action. When this picture is fully completed and exhibited to the public there is no doubt the general opinion will be that Mr. Rothermel's advancement in judgment and skill has not been less of late, than at any former period of his career.

DELAROCHE'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS. The arrival of this picture, by the great French artist, has created quite a sensation among the connoisseurs in art, of New York, where it is now exhibiting. The following description of the work appeared in a late number of the *Tribune*.

"The talk yesterday, among the initiated, was of Paul Delaroche's great picture, just arrived in this country, of 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps.' It is indeed a noble work, and would alone stamp its author as one of the greatest of living painters. The style is severe, pure and classical—entirely the reverse of all those crimson crudities, which we have been taught to associate in our minds with the modern French school. We venture to say, that all who stand before this picture will confess to themselves that here, for the first time, is their idea of the face and eyes of Napoleon realised. The face is stern, almost haggard, yet very solemn and resigned; and there is a nameless magnetism in the expression which draws tears from the spectators. But the eyes—here is the artist's great triumph. Deep, fixed unutterably calm and lambent, you see that they are full of an unaccomplished, an irresistible destiny, which is not of earth, and before which earthly obstacles are too insignificant even to be thought about.—Those eyes, once seen, may never be forgotten in this world. In them, as in those of the living Emperor, you behold the secret of Napoleon's power over others, almost over fate itself. In no bust nor picture, elsewhere, is this apparent.

"The accessories of the picture are all done in the style of a great man who feels his power and can afford to reject all vulgar and melo-dramatic materials. Instead of being mounted upon a fiery charger, painted at the full swoop of a flying leap, pointing his sword over the cliffs, and every limb and muscle strained in action, Delaroche and Truth dare to place the Emperor upon a mule, where he sits looking into futurity through the stormy air, his right hand in his breast, and the whole form in complete and rigid repose. The mule, which is most truthfully painted, is led by an old grey-haired guide, who plants his steel-shod staff in the snow and ice, and climbs difficultly up the slippery ledge. All around is snow and ice, and shivering winter—and afar off in the rear, the corner of a banner flutters in the wind. Here is positively all—and yet, from these materials has the artist created a picture that deserves to be as immortal as the extraordinary being who furnishes its subject."

When we come to furnish an engraving for the Union Magazine, from one of Delaroche's compositions, it will be the proper time to present the reader with a sketch of this great Artist's career, and a critique on his style, which will be done in an early number. Additional interest will probably attach to it, from the expectation that Delaroche himself is on the point of visiting this

country. The unsettled state of affairs in Europe appears to have operated prejudicially for the present on the Fine Arts, and several of the leading painters of Dusseldorf very lately seriously contemplated removing to this continent for a time, till the existing political troubles shall have blown over, and the public mind once more settled to a calm.

STEINHAUSER'S HERO AND LEANDER. This beautiful work of art is now exhibiting at the Academy of Fine Arts in this city. For an admirable notice both of the work and of the artist, we refer our readers to the article on the subject, from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Furness, in our present number.

A FEMALE ARTIST. Cincinnati has made another contribution to the artistic force of the country, in the person of Mrs. Lilly Spencer, who is now in New York, where her pictures are attracting much attention. The Art-Union has already purchased two of them, and is in treaty for more; and a gentleman amateur is about appropriating an *Egeria*, which is deservedly admired. Every thing Mrs. Spencer has done bears the impress of genius; and her ready sympathy and strong feeling invariably lead her to a happy choice of subjects for the pencil. A mother praying over her sleeping child—Eve with her two infants in her lap—two children struggling for the possession of a pet kitten: these may be taken as specimens; yet she does not lack variety. We are happy to believe that she must succeed in winning, not only Fame, but Fame's very desirable concomitant. Need we name it?

Books.

The American Female Poets; with biographical and critical notices, by Caroline May. 8vo. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1848.

THE enterprising publishers have done their utmost to present this volume in an attractive form. The type is well chosen and clear,—the paper excellent; a sweet portrait of Mrs. Osgood is placed as the frontispiece, and a delightful vignette, representing a poet's home, adorns the title page. It is, however, the contents which render a book of real value,—and in those of this work the reader will not be disappointed. The name of the lady by whom it has been edited, is, we believe, new in the literary world, but from the taste, tact, delicacy, care, and judgment she has here displayed, we earnestly hope that her pen may not be permitted to rest. To estimate the talent employed, it is necessary to consider the difficulties of the task. A selection of pleasing pieces in verse sufficient to fill many more than the five hundred pages before us, might easily be made from the rhythmical productions of our prolific countrywomen; but they greatly mistake, who suppose such to have been the only design of Miss May. Her aim has been to give a history of poetry by the women of our land; to revive the memory of those who wrote and were admired in former days, but are now generally forgotten; to present not only the best, but the most characteristic specimens of the more distinguished verses by those less known to fame. In this she has been eminently successful. She might have exhumed more, had her purpose been mere antiquarian bibliography; she might in some cases have substituted pieces more gratifying to the general taste, had her wish been to cull only the beautiful; and the list of her authoresses might have been much curtailed, had she confined herself to those of undoubted fame; but she deserves higher praise for the skilful admixture of the curious with the beautiful; the psychological portraits given of the authors in their own effusions, and the discriminating hand with

which she has gathered for her living *herbarium* the wild flowers of spontaneous feeling, as well as the more perfect offspring of high, cultivated genius. There will be, of course, a variety of tastes among the readers of the book; some will miss their favorites, and others see no merit in poems welcome to the rest; but on the whole, if we may judge from our own satisfaction, the public cannot fail to be pleased with the manner in which the editorial duty has been performed. If we were inclined to find fault, it would be with the prevailing disposition, more amiable than critical, to admire and praise. Yet when we think that most of the fair writers will read what their sister says of them, we can readily excuse a desire to give no offence, but gratification to all. In her brief notices, Miss May shows an unusual facility and correctness of language. Her style is nervous yet graceful, pithily laconical without obscurity, and good Saxon without affectation of purism. A strong poetical faculty is seen through her appreciation of poetry in others, and we are quite sure that she herself cannot be unpractised in the divine art. May we not hope that her success in this, her first modest adventure, will encourage her to appear in a work wholly her own? Whether it be in poetry or prose, we are ready to predict its favorable reception.

The Women of the Bible; delineated in a series of sketches of prominent Females mentioned in Holy Scripture. By Clergymen of the United States. Illustrated by Eighteen Characteristic Steel Engravings. Edited by the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

It is difficult to form a correct idea of this superb volume, without actually seeing it. It is an exhibition of artistic skill, quite as much as of literary abilities. Its merits are addressed to the eye, as well as to the understanding. To convey to our readers an adequate or even a fair idea of its attractiveness, we would have, not only to remark upon the eminent literary abilities of the authors who have contributed to its pages, but to show (were it possible,) its dignified and massive binding, its snow-white paper, its faultless typography, its exquisite engravings, and all the other varied devices by which the "craft" in these days make it so very inconvenient for people of taste not to have plenty of money. No person of taste, we are sure, could look at this book, without immediately thinking of the state of his purse. The women whose characters are illustrated, have been selected with reference to some special interest attached to them in holy writ. They are eighteen in number, all taken from the Old Testament. Of each of these there is a highly finished steel engraving, after designs by Staahl, and a biographical notice or commentary, by some distinguished American clergyman. Among the writers occur the names of Dr. Wainwright the Editor, of Dr. Sprague, Dr. Potts, Bishop Doane, Bishop McIlvaine, Dr. Cheever, and others equally accredited, both as writers and theologians. The work well deserves, and we doubt not will amply receive, the patronage which the publishers ask for it.

After such unqualified commendation, we would not perhaps be held excusable in being silent on another point. We have certainly no desire to be captious. But we cannot help thinking that the publishers would have found it to their interest to have omitted the picture of *Potiphar's wife*. There are some others that are at least questionable in such a book. But the one that we have named is decidedly objectionable. It is a very poor picture, on a very unworthy subject.

The American Gallery of Art, from the works of the best Artists, with Poetical and Prose Illustrations, by distinguished American Authors, Edited by J. Sartain. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

European journalists have complained, and with reason, that although the names of many eminent transatlantic painters had reached them, there was yet no

means in Europe of forming a correct estimate of the general character of this branch of American art. The fame of Trumbull, Stewart, Allston, Peale, Sully, Inman, Huntington, and others, is familiar enough abroad; but as to the relative styles of these artists, there has been hitherto no publication by which foreigners could form any intelligent opinion. There has been in fact no work expressly designed to illustrate American Painters. Mr Sartain, the eminent mezzotint engraver, has attempted to supply this desideratum, and has given to the public the "first fruits" of his labors and enterprise, in the costly and beautiful quarto volume whose title we have quoted. This volume is intended as a gift book, suited to the holidays. It is complete in itself, as will be each of the succeeding volumes. The whole series, when finished, will form a lasting monument to American Art.

The artists, whose works are illustrated in the present volume, are Rothermel, Read, Sully, Sartain, Shaw, Winner, Hamilton, Waugh, Neagle, Russel Smith, and Osgood. Mr. Sartain has engraved some one of the paintings of each of these artists, and procured articles, prose and poetical, from American writers of standing, explanatory and illustrative of the pieces. The writers who have contributed to the literary contents of the volume, are T. Buchanan Read, C. Chauncey Burr, Mrs. Neal, Rev. W. H. Furness, Mrs. Hale, Prof. Hart, Lieut. Parker, T. S. Arthur, H. Hastings Weld, Mrs. Tut hill, Mrs. Osgood, Reynell Coates, M. D., Julian Cramer, and others. The engravings are in Mr. Sartain's very best style. The work is admirably adapted to the uses of an Annual of the finest kind, while at the same time it is one of permanent and solid value.

The Gallery of Mezzotints: an Annual, for 1849: New York: M. H. Newman & Co.

The title of this annual expresses in part its character. It is a gift book, illustrated by numerous—no less than twenty-one—mezzotinto engravings, all, we believe, by Sartain, and some of them in his finest style. The pictures of Lamartine, Chalmers, Landon, Nemesis, are all striking. That which tells its own story most perfectly, is the one entitled "Putting things off." Among the contributors to the literary contents of the volume we notice the names of J. Russell Lowell, John S. Abbot, Samuel H. Cox, D. D., Geo. B. Cheever, D. D., and others of the like character. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and will no doubt make one of the favorites of the season.

The Snow Flake: a Holiday Gift, for 1849: Philadelphia, E. H. Butler & Co.

This new candidate for public favor, is an annual something larger than Friendship's Offering, and smaller than the Leaflets, as to size. It is also between these two in respect to the character of its embellishments. It has a very pretty illuminated presentation plate. Of the engravings, all of which are by Welch, perhaps the finest, certainly that which strikes us most agreeably, are the Maid of Athens (which is said to be a likeness,) and the Old Pensioner. There is a very agreeable variety in the literary contents. Among the contributors we notice several distinguished writers, both English and American. The piece entitled the "Spirit of Poetry," by Mr. Boker, is a poem of high merit. We intended to quote some passages from it, but are prevented by want of room. As a whole, the Snow Flake strikes us very agreeably. There is a degree of care and taste manifested in the mode in which it is gotten up, a freshness and purity, as well as variety in the subjects, that must make it a decided favorite in "that season when firesides are cheeriest, and snow flakes most plentiful."

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual, for 1849. Phila.: Brower, Hayes, & Co.

Art is the natural handmaid of religion. It argues well for the state of public morals, to see the large number of

works of an artistical character now competing for public favor, in which the religious feeling of the community is relied on for securing purchasers. The Christian Keepsake has been several years before the public, and has acquired an enviable character. Its pages are adorned with gems of pious thought, made attractive by a sound literary taste. The engravings for the present volume are unusually fine.

The Lady's Annual; a Souvenir of Friendship and Remembrance, for 1849. Edited by Emily Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Among the tasteful and attractive gift-books of the season, the Lady's Annual will come in for a share of regard. The illustrations, if not characterized by much novelty, are yet both numerous and varied, and the literary contents are chiefly from American female writers.

The Friendship's Offering and New Year's Gift, for 1849. Boston: Phillips & Sampson.

The Friendship's Offering is an old established favorite, of which it is needless to speak, except to say that the present volume is fully equal in all respects to its predecessors.

The Christmas Blossoms, and New Year's Wreath, for 1849. By Uncle Thomas. New York: Gates & Stedman.

Of all the holiday books for children which we have seen, the Christmas Blossoms decidedly takes the lead. In its embellishments and its mechanical execution throughout, it is made with as much care and finish as the best of the larger annuals. The stories, too, are written in a mingled spirit of gravity and good humor, of playfulness and earnest, that awakens the attention of the youthful reader, while it tends to make him wiser and better for what he reads. No parent will regret having placed such a book into the hands of his child, which is more than we can say for some of the things that one is tempted to buy for a "merry Christmas."

Leaflets of Memory; an Illuminated Annual, for 1849. Edited by Reynell Coates, M. D. Phila.; E. H. Butler & Co.

The Leaflets is beyond question the prince of American annuals. There is an air of elegance in its appearance the present season decidedly in advance even of the former volumes. There is, too, more variety, and more significance in the engravings, and the illuminations are greatly superior to any thing in that line of art which has heretofore appeared in this country, except perhaps the illuminated poem in Read's Female Poets. There are four of these illuminations, each one of which is a gem of art. They are not mere masses of gaudy coloring, but contain elaborate and tasteful designs, executed with the most exact and finished workmanship. The engravings, too, are not mere pictures thrown together at a venture, but are obviously significant and subordinated to a purpose. Every picture has its story, and gives food for thought, while as a harmonious and graceful composition, it gives pleasure to the beholder's sense of the beautiful. The literary department of the annual is, as it has been from the first, under the editorial care of Dr. Coates. The public need no stronger guaranty for the general character of its contents. We notice in the present volume an unusual number of articles from the editor's own pen. Among the other contributors, we notice with pleasure the names of Mr. Boker, T. Buchanan Read, B. Horner Coates, Miss Sprout, &c.

The Female Poets of America, with Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By T. Buchanan Read. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co. 8vo. 1848.

Mr. Read, the author of this sumptuous volume, has been already before the public for some time, and in various capacities. He is extensively known as a writer for the Magazines. He published, two or three years

since, a volume of poems, which was decidedly successful. He has very recently published another volume. (noticed in our December number,) which promises to be still more successful. He has, moreover, an enviable reputation in his profession, that of a portrait painter. Besides portrait painting, he has executed also several works of imagination, such as his delineation of Longfellow's Evangeline, and of Boker's Donna Alda, which have attracted no little attention. He now appears before the public in a new capacity, in which his qualities as a poet and a painter have both been called into requisition. The volume under consideration is adorned with twelve large steel engravings, giving the heads of as many of our leading female poets. All of these heads are from actual portraits made by Mr. Read himself. We are not personally acquainted with all of the originals, but of such as we are acquainted with, Mrs. Hale for instance, we can vouch for the engraving being a striking likeness. Mr. Read has exercised also his taste as a poet, and a man of letters, in selecting the extracts from the published pieces of our female writers, and in characterizing their merits in his biographical and critical notices. As to biography of contemporary female writers, a compiler labours under peculiar difficulties, in consequence of the false delicacy of the sex—even of married women—in regard to dates. Even the love of fame is, in most cases, held subordinate to the ridiculous desire to conceal one's age. Mr. Read, however, seems to have made the most of the scanty facts vouchsafed to him. The extracts contain many beautiful specimens, and will tend to increase the reputation of our female writers, both at home and abroad. There are no less than seventy-two authors, whom he has deemed worthy of a place in his book, of whom nearly all are now living. Mr. Read has introduced them to the notice of the reader by a poem, which is itself an exceedingly beautiful production. This poem is rendered still more beautiful, by being printed in colors, after a masterly design by Devereux. There is nothing in the book more striking in all respects, than this exquisite illuminated poem.

The work altogether is one of the most elegant gift books of the season.

The Book of Pearls: a Choice Garland of Prose, Poetry, and Art. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

There seems to be no end to the large and costly annuals which the publishers have issued the present season. The "Book of Pearls" is one of the new candidates for favor. It is of the large octavo size, now most fashionable for this species of literature, and contains twenty-five steel engravings. These are of various degrees of excellence, and some of them are very fine. The literary matter includes many distinguished names both English and American. Among the latter, we notice an exquisite song by Boker. It is a gem of the first water.

Foot-Prints. By R. H. Stoddard. New York: Spaulding & Stoddard. 48 pp. 8vo.

If it should fall to our lot to introduce a new poet, in this matter of fact age, we should feel entitled to a place next to Le Verrier's in the list of world-benefactors; and if we found our poet among the classes whose hands are generally supposed to be too hard to hold the pen to advantage, we should expect an extra portion of esteem from the American public. New poets used to pop up like mushrooms, in the warm sun of popular favor; now, if they flourish at all, it must be like the mistletoe, by a sort of chance, and in spite of uncongenial circumstances. There are many apologies for this state of things in over-written Europe, but we in America, can afford to be more generous, and judge an author by his merits, without pleading a glut in the market as an apology for neglect.

The author of the slender volume before us can afford to be thus judged. The very best way to treat the few

poems thus modestly set forth, is to let them, speak for themselves; and if we add that the writer is one whose every-day life is one of hardy toil, we do it only in order that the reader may appreciate the delicacy and grace of his verse, and the taste which marks his selection of subjects and images. He appears to us thus far to excel particularly in description; and the reader will probably agree with us, after reading the characteristic scraps which follow:

THE INDIAN WOOD.

There's a wood we call the Indian Wood
Near our pleasant neighborhood;
The trees are tall, and the trunks are dark,
With crooked limbs and a seamy bark,
Studded with knots, in fantastic shapes,
And covered with mosses, spotted and dun,
And hung with vines whose clustering grapes,
Are ripening red in the summer sun.

Oh! many, many the trees, I ween,
Waving their plumes of leafy green;
The towering pine, with its fringed limb,
The ash, the birch, and the poplar slim,
Laden with rods, the silvery beech,
The willow, the maple beside the spring,
And the century-oak, whose branches reach
High o'er the rest, the Forest King.

The wren, the robin with breast of red,
And a quaint little bird with a tufted head;
The thrush, the black bird and the jay
Build their nests in the wind-tossed spray;
The tap o' th' woodpecker rings like a flail,
And crickets and locusts chirp around;
And the frisking squirrel, with bushy tail,
Drops his filbert shells on the ground.

Here and there are brooks and springs,
And pathways wide, and openings,
Like aisles in an old Cathedral grand,
And trees like pillars on every hand,
And over all a dome of green,
With spots of sky where the boughs are bare,
Azure and white, and the noontide sheen
Streams in like a tress of angel-hair.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

THE Old House lies in ruin and wreck,
And the villagers stand in fear aloof;
The rafters bend, and the roof is black,
But bright green mosses spot the roof;—
The window panes are shattered out,
And the broken glass is lying about,
And the elms and poplars cast a shade
All day long on the colonade.

The lawn in front with its sloping bank,
A garden sweet in its happier hours,
Is covered with weeds, and grasses rank,
Usurp the place of its faded flowers;
Adders bask in the summer sun,
And rusty toads and beetles run
Over the paths, the gravelly floor,
Where children played in the days of yore.

A light wind bloweth—the front door swings
And creaks on its hinges—the sun lies there,
There's a web stretched over it full of wings,
And the spider watches within his lair.
I see the stair-case slant, and wide
The empty hall and rooms inside,
The floor is covered with damp and mould,
And the dust floats up like a mist of gold.

I hear a noise in the echoing hall,
A solemn sound like a stifled sigh;
And shadows move on the dusky wall
Like the sweep of garments passing by;

And faces glimmer amid the gloom,
Floating along from room to room;
The Dead come back, a shining train,
And people the lonely house again.

But the extract which follows will prove that Mr. Stoddard does not mean to content himself with excelling in description. It is taken from a poem called "The Gods."

Nature was but a blind and erring guide,
Groping in darkness towards The Source of Light—
She could not lead her followers aright
In paths unknown to her, but wandered wide,
Lost in the labyrinth, till Heaven in love
Sent star-eyed Revelation from above,
To anoint, and take the scales from off her eyes,
And lead her to the skies.

At last the hour arrived, the hour foretold
By seers and prophets in the days of old,
And God was manifest below, and Truth,
That fled the darkened world in Nature's youth,
Came back like Morning through the gates of Night
And filled the Earth with Light;

Then you, ye Gods! began to fade away,
Shrinking and trembling in your lofty fanes,
And all your sacred Nymphs and vestal trains,
And all your canting Priests with cunning grey,
Heaped dust upon their heads, and rent in woe
Their robes, and wailed your solemn overthrow.
And lo! the hour when CHRIST was crucified
Fulfilled and sealed your doom, and Earth denied
The sins and idols of her early years,

And bowed with shame and tears,
Tottered along the pathless realms of Space!
And hoar Olympus shaken to its base,
Disowned, and cast ye from its cloudy height,
Like falling stars adown the gulf of Night!

A series of poems called "Portraits," offers much that would do credit to an older head. We would gladly increase our list of extracts, but inexorable space forbids, and we can only commend the book to those who love truth and nature, promising them something to admire in every page.

Elements of Meteorology, with questions for examination; designed for the use of schools and academies. By John Brocklesby, A. M. &c. 1848. New York: Pratt, Woodford & Co. Phila.: E. C. & J. Biddle.

The health, the happiness, and sometimes even the lives of men are affected, in a variety of ways, by the influence of the phenomena of the atmosphere, and yet it is only within a few years that observing and reflecting men have given much attention to the subject. Even now the science of meteorology is in its infancy; as it investigates and explains things of daily occurrence in the presence of all, it must be of universal interest. If it shall ever acquire a place among the exact sciences, as we must hope it will, it must, from the nature of the subject, be by the concurrent observation of large numbers of persons, acting in various geographical positions, at the same time. We therefore greet with pleasure every attempt to spread the knowledge of it already obtained. This book of Professor Brocklesby is intended to facilitate the introduction of the subject as a branch of instruction into schools generally; and it seems to be well suited to the purpose:—its plan is comprehensive, and its style attractive. We commend it to the favorable examination of teachers and others interested in the education of youth.

N. B. We have ready numerous other notices of new books, but have been obliged to defer them to the next month, in consequence of the great number of annuals, and other gift-books, which at this particular season always claim the preference.

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CONTENTS.

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1. The Announcement to the Shepherds, | Rev. Albert Barnes. |
| 2. Liberty Introducing Science and the Arts, | Prof. James Rhoads. |
| 3. The Mother and Child, | Miss Eliza L. Sproat. |
| 4. Too Late, | Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. |
| 5. A Passage in the Life of an Artist, | Mrs. E. F. Ellet. |
| 6. Joy in Creating, | Mrs. E. C. Kinney. |
| 7. Autumnal Musings, | W. H. C. Hosmer. |
| 8. What is Poetry? What is it good for? | John Neal. |
| 9. My Little Cousin's Album, | Prof. James Lynd. |
| 10. A Vision of the Soul, | Augustine Duganne. |
| 11. Aunt Betsey's Fireside Lectures, No. 1, on Scandal, | Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D. |
| 12. Newport Beach, | Henry T. Tuckerman. |
| 13. A Wish.—From an unpublished Play, | Mrs. Frances S. Csgood. |
| 14. Sonnets, | George H. Boker. |
| 15. Tomo and the Wild Lakes, | Rev. John Todd, D. D. |
| 16. Lines to ———, | Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D. |
| 17. A Village Fourth of July, | Alfred B. Street. |
| 18. All about Beaux, | Mary Smith. |
| 19. All about Belles, | John Brown, Jr. |
| 20. Song of the Ephemeron, | Marion H. Rand. |
| 21. Lovely Rose-Bud, | Mrs. C. R. Townsend. |
| 22. The Black Rover—A Story of the West Indies, | Charles J. Peterson. |
| 23. Sonnets, | George S. Burleigh. |
| 24. The Haunted Chamber, | C. H. Wiley. |
| 25. The Marriage of Abel—Fragments of Early Times, | Joseph R. Chandler. |
| 26. Lines, | Mrs. Frances B. M. Brotherson. |
| 27. The Student Soldier, | Professor Joseph Alden. |
| 28. The Image Broken, | Anne C. Lynch. |
| 29. Sight-Seeing in Europe, | Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. |
| 30. Hero and Leander, | Rev. W. H. Furness, D. D. |
| 31. The Floral Calendar—January, | Prof. James Rhoads. |
| 32. Editorial Notices. | |

A CARD.

In issuing the **THIRD EDITION** of the *January* number, a sense of gratitude induces us to tender our **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**. To our brethren of the press who have given our undertaking such a warm and general welcome, to the public who have given us the still more substantial and intelligible token of a largely increased subscription list, and finally to our particular friends who personally or by letter have bidden us "God speed" in our work, we desire now, first of all, and most emphatically, to tender our very grateful and sincere acknowledgments. We are happy to say, also, at the same time, that the numerous good wishes which have been proffered to us have turned out to be prophetic, even beyond our own most sanguine expectations. Our circulation, in fact, has been more than doubled since the publication of the December number.

It is not our intention that any number of Sartain's Magazine shall be inferior to the "specimen" which we offer at the beginning of the year. On the contrary, our aim, and our hope, is, that every number shall outstrip in excellence its predecessors.

It is particularly requested that persons wishing to communicate with the editors on any subject connected with the Magazine, would do so through the publishers, *N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.*

C. SHERMAN, PRINTER, 19 ST. JAMES STREET.